The Saturday Evening
POST
May 19, 1956 — 15¢

MAY 15 '56

WHAT I SAW INSIDE RED CHINA
By ROBERT GUILLAIN

FIGHT OVER FLUORIDATION

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14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer has Revolving Shelves... Magnetic Door

LH-14N. Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—*or* White. With either right- or left-hand doors.

Revolving shelves put all foods at your fingertips... Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, automatically!

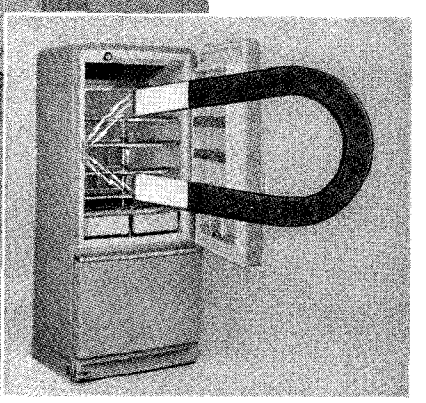
There's plenty of room in this newest 14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for the large or growing family!

It's actually *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet: a separate automatic-defrost refrigerator compartment at the top where it's most convenient . . . a true zero-degree freezer built into the bottom as a separate appliance that holds up to 130 pounds.

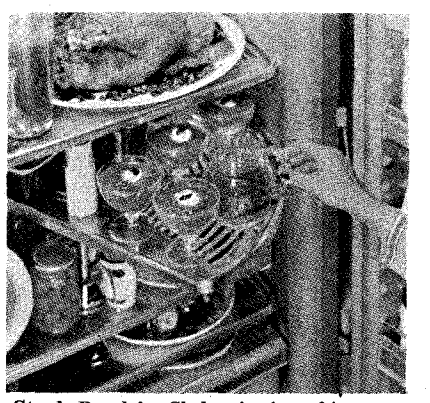
Handy G-E Revolving Shelves in the refrigerator section put everything where you can reach it easily. You just turn a shelf—and all that food in back rides right out in front—*in full view*.

Another wonderful convenience is the new magnetic door on the refrigerator section. It closes automatically and silently *and seals more effectively than ever*. So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

Ask your General Electric dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. Look him up in your local classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



Magnetic Door closes automatically. Permanent G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door does the trick. Helps seal the door tightly, too. Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe.



Sturdy Revolving Shelves in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. And shelves may be adjusted up or down to accommodate bulky foods—just press the button and turn the shelf.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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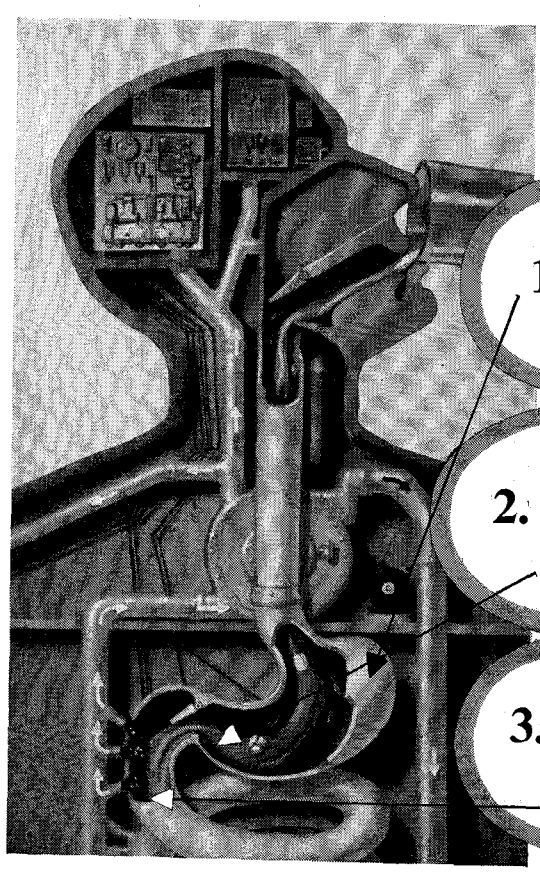
Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

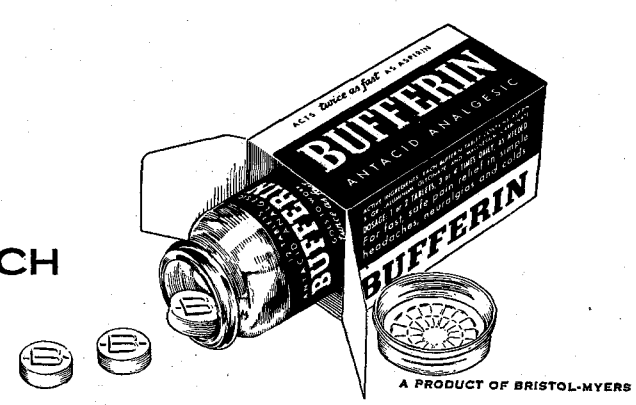
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

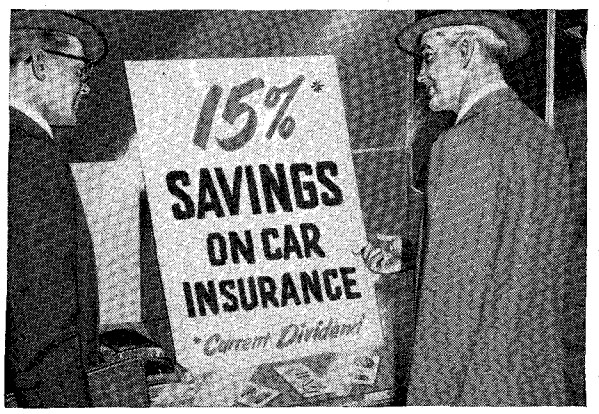
The accident nobody saw

BUT LIBERTY MUTUAL FOUND THE WITNESS

5 A.M. at a deserted, downtown intersection. Two cars collided. One belonged to a Liberty Mutual policyholder. He felt he wasn't at fault, but there wasn't anyone there to help him prove it.

The Liberty claimsman handling this case had a hunch there *must* have been a witness. For several weeks he went back to the scene of the crash at the same gray hour on the same day of the week. On his fourth trip he investigated a light on the sixth floor of an office building. There he found a night watchman who actually had seen what happened. His story cleared the Liberty policyholder.

When you're a Liberty policyholder you get intelligent, painstaking protection against financial loss due to legal liability. And your cost is low. Savings to policyholders, through dividends, are currently 15% in most states.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U. S. A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF LIBERTY is shown in Best's Reports (*standard authority*) where the company gets the *highest* financial rating: AAAAA. You really can feel secure when you're backed by Liberty Mutual. Financial strength is on your side — and Liberty is *the company that stands by you.*

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

When Norman Rockwell was a boy he was unwillingly conveyed to an eye doctor because his vision wasn't up to snuff. He was mad about having to become a four-eyes. And when the eye man, instead of rigging him up with the egg-shaped lenses common in those days, gave him round, moonlike specs which then were just becoming chic, Norman's pals made him madder by naming him Moony. Being able to see, Moony became a painter; and the pain of that nickname recently floated out of his subconscious and became a painting. So, hurrah for glasses. . . . As for you, Red, on the cover, aren't you happy that glasses will improve your school marks? You say naw? Well, how about improving your batting average? Is it imagination, or did Red's face relax a little then?

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 209

The greatest star of the screen!

Hollywood's ever-increasing and ever-welcome custom of filming explosive stories right where they explode is especially bountiful in the case of "Bhowani Junction," filmed by M-G-M in Eastman Color and CinemaScope in Pakistan.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Bhowani Junction," you'll doubtless recall, is the railway town where John Masters set the seething scene of his best-selling Book of the Month.

★ ★ ★ ★

There today's India clashes with age-old taboos. And there, M-G-M has starred Ava Gardner in her most ravishing and demanding role to date.

★ ★ ★ ★

She portrays the golden-skinned "chee-chee," the Eurasian half-caste whose tangled love-life mirrors the many conflicts surging across this exotic land.

Stewart Granger plays one of the three vastly different—and violently differing—men into whose arms the chee-chee is hurled in the torrid course of her search for the one love strong enough to blot out her past and bring her happiness for the future.

★ ★ ★ ★

Across teeming market-places, temples sacred and profaned, across breath-takingly vivid vistas, the romantic suspense mounts from moment to moment and from man to man.

★ ★ ★ ★

Will the chee-chee charmer's quest end with the proud British officer? Powerfully played by Granger, he is a man of some scruples and many contradictory desires—a riddle of a man caught by his own passions in the middle of a mystery.

★ ★ ★ ★

Will she stumble on a purer love in the hovel of the native firebrand?

★ ★ ★ ★

Will she find her mate and herself in the disturbed adoration of the handsome Eurasian adventurer who is as much bronze flesh and hot blood as she herself?

★ ★ ★ ★

Here are truly new heights of adventure and romance that hold you spellbound at "Bhowani Junction," where strangers kiss and lovers sometimes kill, where midnight terrorists lurk and violence overtakes a woman's runaway emotions.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our thanks to producer Pandro S. Berman, director George Cukor, writers Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat, to handsome newcomer Bill Travers, to accomplished Abraham Sofaer—and to the abiding, brooding beauty of India.

★ ★ ★ ★

They've all made very sure that M-G-M's "Bhowani Junction" is off the beaten track—in a very special, very rewarding class by itself! —*Leo*

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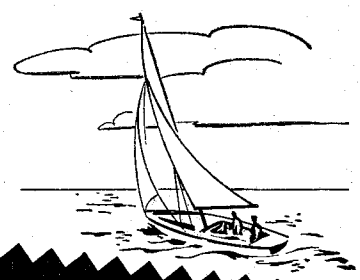
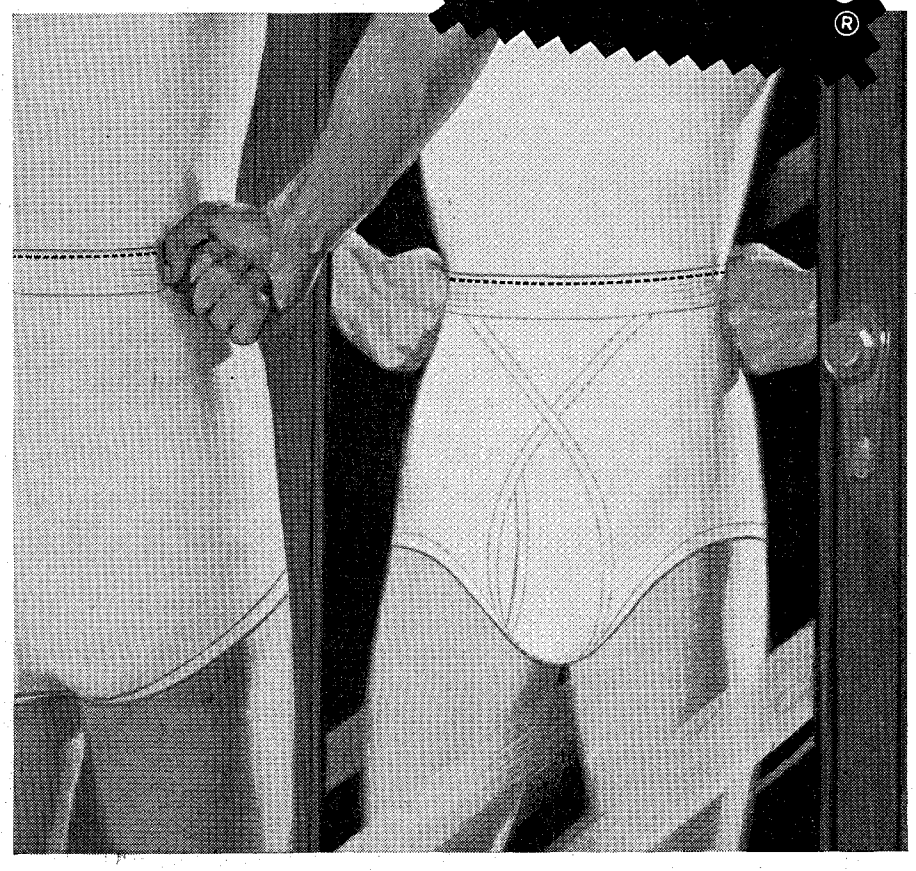
Trim your lines, men!



Get rid of "underwear bulk" with...

Healthknit®



Save up to ⅓ on quality underwear

What a difference in the way you feel and look in smart, trim MacDee Briefs. It's all part of the modern swing away from bulky, uncomfortable old-style underwear.

Young men started it! ALL men are catching on. For this is a man's style piece of underwear.

You're relaxed, secure. You get the support you need. Everything you wear fits better—looks better—feels better.

So men—trim your lines. Experience a new feeling of complete comfort and well-being. You'll never go back to old ways again.

At better stores everywhere, 95¢ to $1.00
Boys' sizes, too.

And for sheer value and quality, you'll pay up to a third more—and still not find all these MACDEE features:

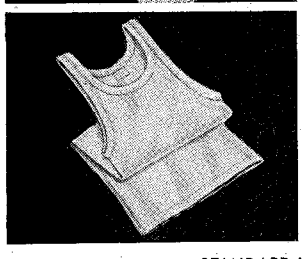
1. Exclusive patented Kris-Kros® Tapes for firm support top to bottom, make entire garment work as one unit. Better front tailoring!

2. Seamless seat construction; no seams to sit on, rip, or tear.

3. Special elastic waistband. Leg binding supported by invisible elastic for lasting, snug fit. All elastic is heat-resitant, guaranteed for life-of-the-garment.

4. Highest grade long staple cotton yarns.

5. Shrink-resistant knit, washes in a jiffy. No ironing required.



Top Off MACDEES with Healthknit Utility Shirts . . .
It's a work shirt, a sport shirt, an undershirt! Nylon reinforced neck holds its shape—*always!* No-bind tailored armholes give free and easy action. Only $1.00.

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Letters

Umpire's Blues

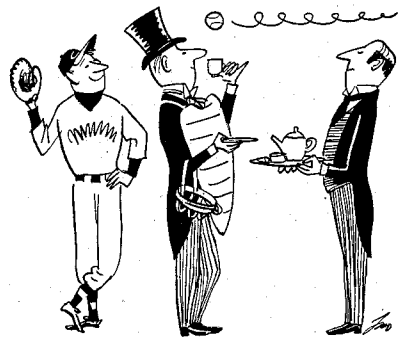
Dear Sirs:

Larry Goetz hits the nail on the head [AN UMPIRE SQUAWKS BACK, as told to Joe Reichler, April 14]. I've been a baseball fan for years, but unfortunately the game has slowed up to such an extent that I have practically deserted it completely for the reasons that Mr. Goetz so aptly describes.

BERT WEIS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If "Crybaby" Goetz had his way, and baseball became dignified, the fans and players would be served tea and crumpets, wear white tie and tails, maintain



churchlike behavior, be introduced to each umpire, and baseball would soon disappear.

JANE TAYLOR
Triangle, Va.

Dear Sirs:

One of the most unsportsmanlike things I have read. How will Goetz ever again be able to render impartial decisions affecting players against whom he has registered a permanent peeve?

EDWARD H. RAWLS
Mt. Vision, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Nobody is forcing Larry Goetz to stay on as an umpire.

AL J. HANTEN
Evanston, Ill.

Stay on the Farm?

Dear Sirs:

Re: HOW LONG CAN WE STAY ON THE FARM? by Winifred Bryan Horner [April 14]. . . .

After averaging eighty hours a week for the last year with no holidays, no Sunday off, then to net fifty cents an hour for my time—well, how long can I keep that up?

JOHN J. OBERHOLTZER
Bird in Hand, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I, for one, am sick and tired of all the moaning and groaning going on by and about the farmers! The biggest set of crybabies the nation's got.

B. T. BOYCE
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Instead of trying to make crybabies out of us, the article gives a pretty good picture of the present farm problem.

WILLIAM H. SHEHAN, JR.
Parkton, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Horner . . . needs a good shaking. . . .

She and her husband have done better than they know. Their equity in that $66,000 investment she speaks of must be substantial and certainly a goodly increase over the $7500 they started with.

ROGER E. BAKER
Walla Walla, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

If the charming Mrs. Horner really longs for the tangible things of this world, she should trade one of her money-losing heifers for a bottle of ink. Within the memory of the present generation, a lady of no greater talent amassed a tidy fortune by writing about an egg [THE EGG AND I, by Betty MacDonald].

ERNEST DAGGETT
Centralia, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In all the nearly forty-five years I spent on a farm it was neither prices, Democrats nor Republicans that hurt the farmer. It was "Acts of God," such as early frosts, late frosts, floods, droughts and grasshoppers. Most of the other trouble is with the farmers themselves. Instead of paying up their debts during the good years, they go hog-wild and expand, expand, expand, as if they were going to ride the "gravy train" forever. And then, boom! A drought or price drop and they can't take it.

MRS. GLANN C. ROGERS
Drew, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

While the passing of the small-scale, inefficient farmer may be regretted in some quarters, he no more deserves to be supported by the already overburdened taxpayer than any other businessman who proves a failure in his line of work, and both must make way for more efficient producers.

WILLIAM DRESSER
Bay City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

How long can you stay in farming, Winifred Bryan Horner? Just as long as you thrill to the sprouting seed, the pipping egg, the breakfast-time stack-up of baby pigs, the cunning heifer hiding her first calf. . . .

Thresh God's grain, till His soil, breed His cattle, clean the mud off His children's boots! Live abundantly "on earth as it is in heaven."

Soil bank? Subsidy? Price support? Allotment? Parity? Let the politicians toss these around a few more years and somehow they'll find out how to replace parity with "fair-ity."

MRS. W. F. GERARD
Columbia, Mo.

Foreign Crises

Dear Sirs:

I love my country!! I don't particularly love the whole bloomin' world!!! Therefore, your editorial ISN'T THERE ONE CRISIS UNCLE SAM CAN IGNORE? [April 14] said exactly what *most* people feel.

MRS. RUTH M. ELDER
New Kensington, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Our Washington officials are so obsessed with the idea that they must "lead the world," they think they must run it. And a mighty poor job they are doing.

GEORGE M. MONTROSS
Detroit, Mich.

(Continued on Page 6)

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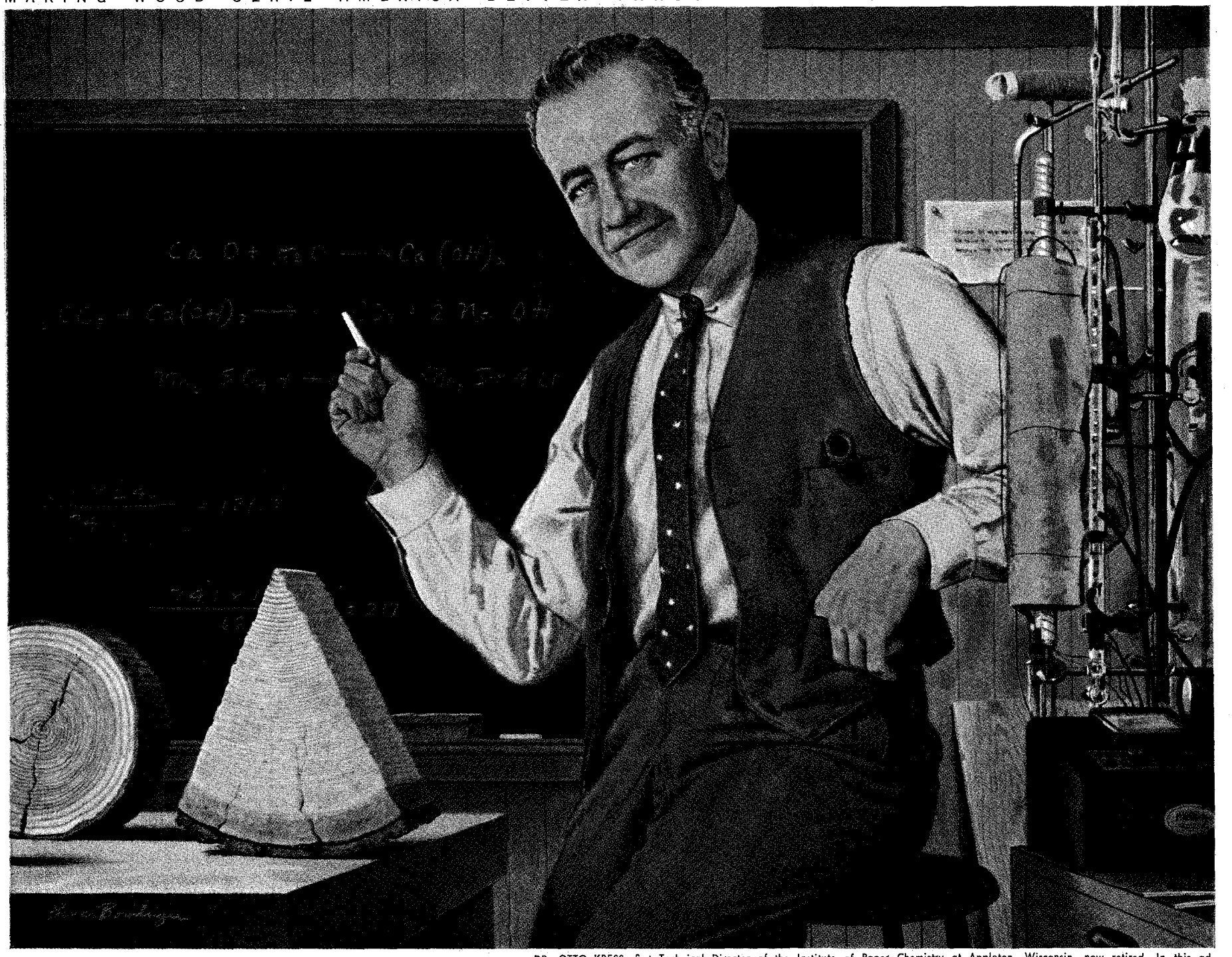
MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH



DR. OTTO KRESS, first Technical Director of the Institute of Paper Chemistry at Appleton, Wisconsin, now retired. In this advanced school sponsored by industry, he and his associates trained selected graduate students in all phases of pulp and paper research and production. Many of today's executives and technicians in the vast woodpulp industry learned their profession under Dr. Kress.

better use of tree farm crops by practical wood chemistry...

Pacific Northwest tree farmers experimentally thin dense young fir stands to improve growth rate and quality. Wood removed can be used for pulp processing, broadening use of tree farm crops.

In 1867, the development of the first process to chemically separate wood fibers expanded the possibilities for new products made from wood. This important discovery became the foundation for today's modern chemical pulp and paper industry. Through the efforts of such practical scientists and teachers as Dr. Otto Kress, this industry is now supplying the people of America with a wide variety of paper and paperboard products, rayon, acetate, cellophane, plastics and many other items made from chemical wood pulp. Dr. Kress, in particular, devoted most of his professional life to the improvement of papermaking technology and the training of graduate students to take their place in the industry.

To provide a permanent supply of wood for the growing list of forest products in use today, tree farmers are growing timber as a crop... through planned harvesting, protection and reforestation programs. In America, there are more than 7,700 privately owned tree farms consisting of about 38 million acres of scientifically managed forestlands. All Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are tree farms. *For a free booklet on tree farming, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington.*

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

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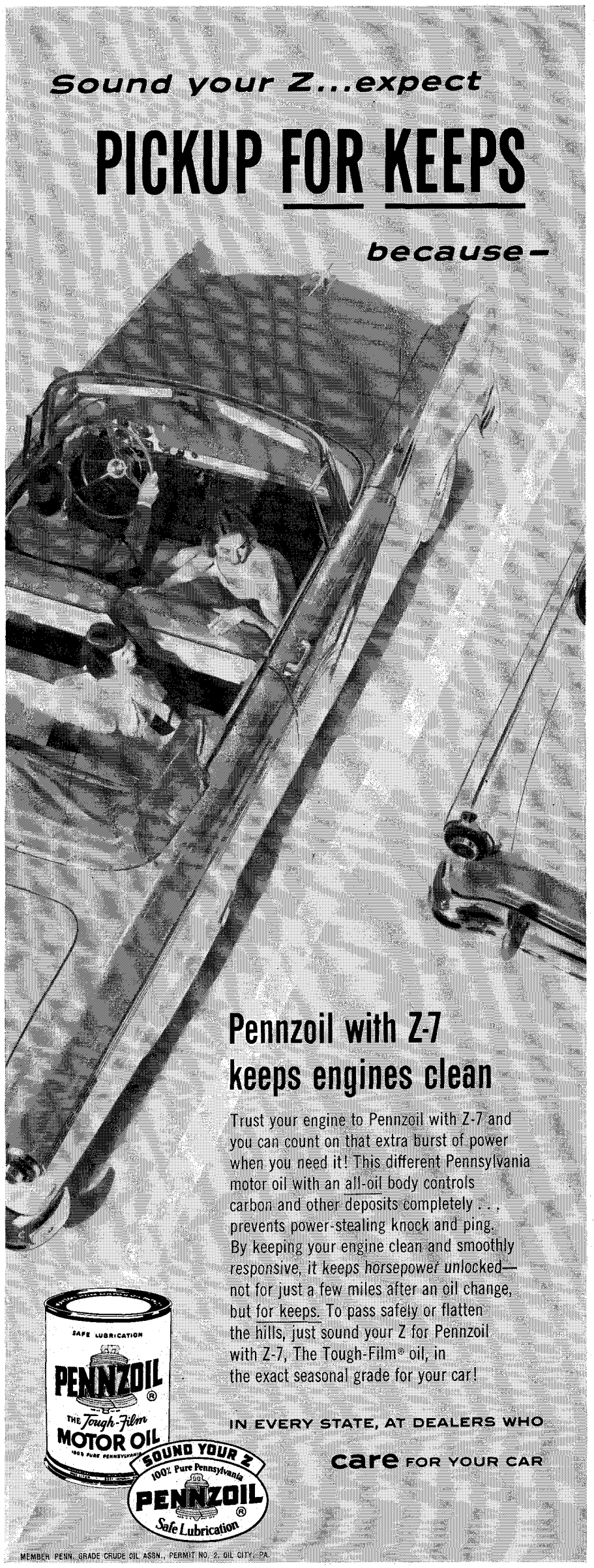
Sound your Z...expect
PICKUP FOR KEEPS
because—
Pennzoil with Z-7
keeps engines clean
Trust your engine to Pennzoil with Z-7 and you can count on that extra burst of power when you need it! This different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body controls carbon and other deposits completely . . . prevents power-stealing knock and ping. By keeping your engine clean and smoothly responsive, it keeps horsepower unlocked—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. To pass safely or flatten the hills, just sound your Z for Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!
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SAFE LUBRICATION
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MOTOR OIL
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Unusual Soldier

Dear Sirs:

Roderick MacLeish's NIGHT OF DISASTER [April 14] is the most refreshing story I have read in a long time. At last, a story about a soldier who can speak without obscenity and respects himself as well as others. Such people do exist, in spite of the spate of war novels at the pigpen level.

MARIE F. TAYLOR
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Roderick MacLeish's . . . depth and human insight made for one of the most powerful (if the adjective hasn't lost its meaning) stories that I have read.

WARREN LINDSAY
Sackville, Canada

Lilliputian Demon

Dear Sirs:

Get those two adults on your April 14th cover by Dick Sargent to a doctor immediately. Their condition is obvious even to a layman (mother)—shock!

MRS. MAX SYNDERGAARD
Kaysville, Utah

Dear Sirs:

The fact that we consider such situations amusing . . . is responsible for a large part of our juvenile delinquency which is fast becoming an evil of such proportions as *could* make of us a nation of spineless cowering Goliaths ruled over by a horde of Lilliputian demons.

MRS. W. B. WILLIAMSON
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Sirs:

Any mother knows what happened at a glance—what I want to know is where to get that 49c lamb!

MRS. W. F. SHANNON
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

How did the man ever get his boy to be still long enough to get him into the paper bag? I couldn't do it. Our guys, bless 'em, wiggle too much.

MRS. ROBERT GOTTIER
Pomona, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Unbend that bow and use it to better purpose!

SFC. W. H. JOHNSON
Laurel, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I don't think I'd dress my little boy as an Indian. I'd buy him a Dick Tracy

outfit. Then, if he gets out of hand, you can handcuff him to something good and sturdy.

MRS. DICK WARNER
Schenectady, N.Y.

Florida's Teen-Agers

Dear Sirs:

Surprising was that article by Gov. LeRoy Collins [*as told to* Glenn D. Kittler, April 21] on HOW WE SOLVE OUR TEEN-AGE PROBLEM, referring to Florida.

It was news to our school authorities, police, courts, newspapers and parents. They are all worried by the increasing juvenile delinquency, the almost daily crimes reported in the press. Youthful misconduct of a serious nature has become the biggest headache for law-enforcement agencies. . . .

Florida, like all states, faces a developing juvenile problem. Governor Collins knows that.

H. BOND BLISS
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder how Governor Collins is able to make the statement, "In Florida, not one of sixty-seven counties has a juvenile delinquency rate anywhere near the national average . . ."

ROBERT G. MARSHALL
Tallahassee, Fla.

● *The statement was based on the findings of the Kefauver subcommittee on juvenile delinquency.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for Governor Collins and the wide-awake citizens of Florida!

ALICE M. AUDRIETH
Bayside, N.Y.

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Goodyear Truck Tire Reputation Plus SUPER-DURABLE 3-T Cord

MAKES THIS LOW PRICE SENSATIONAL-

A tire design must be mighty good to be the choice of America's biggest trucking fleets for years. That's Goodyear's famous HI-MILER RIB—and today, built with Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord, *it's better than ever!*

3-T Cord, made only by Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempering Process, has proved to the trucking world its strength and durability. It has cut bruise-breaks and blowouts to new lows – gives long mileage and more recaps.

And there's no extra charge for 3-T Cord! It's included in the low, low price of the HI-MILER RIB!

So why take chances using worn tires? Why take chances on unproved tires of any kind? Play *safe* with Goodyear quality – Goodyear 3-T Cord—and this low Goodyear price! (15″ and 16″ sizes also available in *tubeless* at moneysaving prices.) Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

$19.95* only for Goodyear 3-T Cord HI-MILER RIB

***Size 6.00-16** plus tax and recappable tire – yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced at most Goodyear dealers'. Prices subject to change.

AND BUDGET TERMS AT MOST GOODYEAR DEALERS'!

Pay as little as $2 WEEKLY for a *pair* of genuine Goodyear truck tires!

Hi-Miler – T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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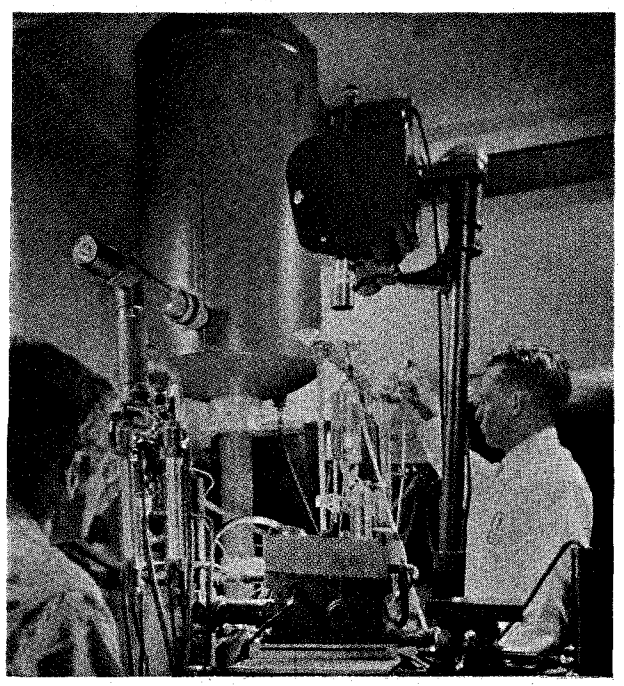
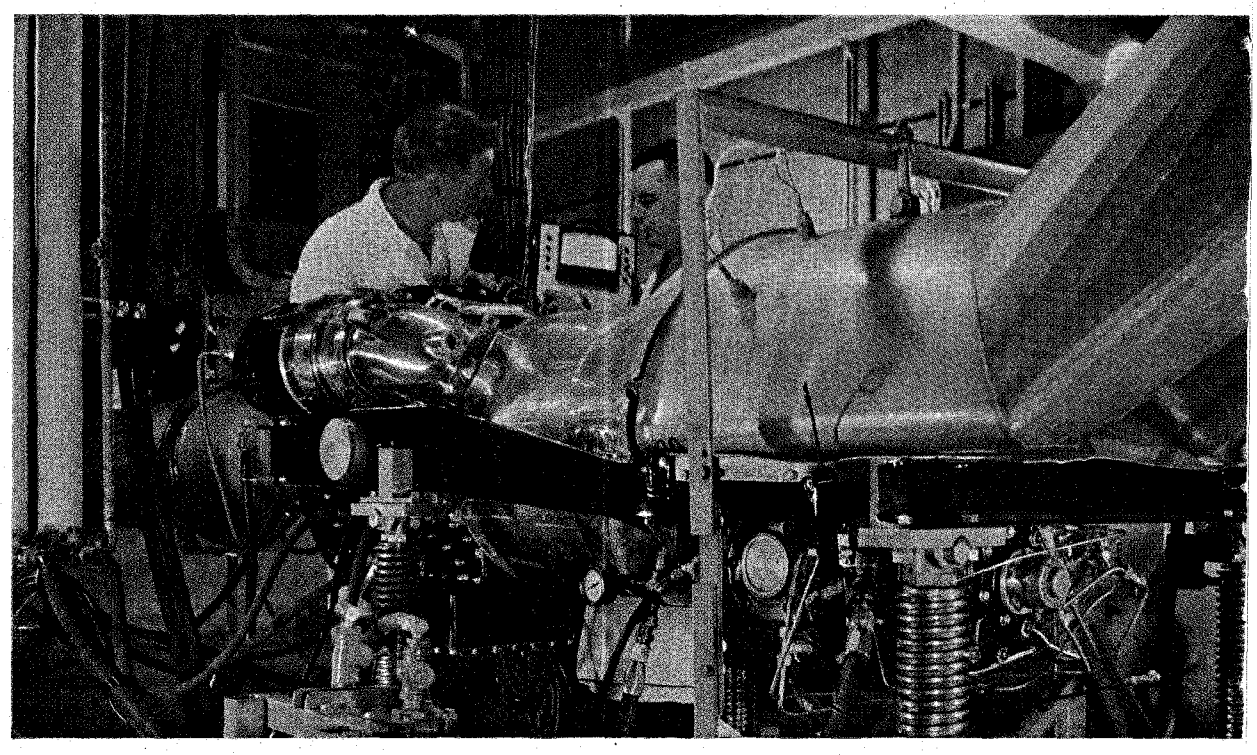
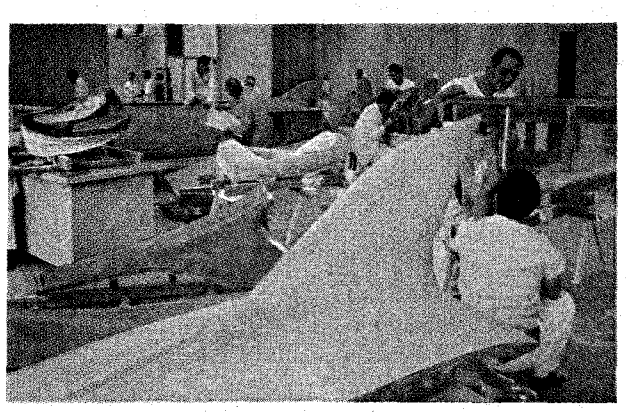
At this new Technical Center w



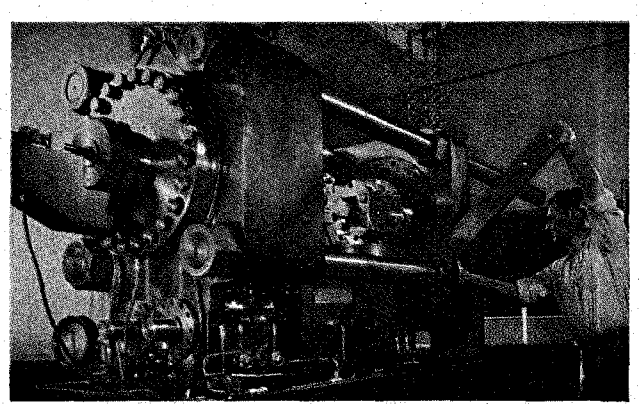
Probing for Engine Progress: General Motors Research men keep seeking to make today's piston engines more efficient. Here, a high-speed camera peers through a quartz window cut into an experimental one-cylinder engine—increases knowledge of combustion.



Pioneering the Way in Power: The problem of perfecting the automotive gas turbine engine requires a deep knowledge of thermodynamics, painstaking design, new metallurgy, skilled craftsmanship, and the most advanced testing facilities. Above, GM Research men are hard at work on the highly promising Whirlfire GT-304 gas turbine engine, used in the experimental laboratory-on-wheels—Firebird II.



Sculpting the Shape of the Future: Over a thousand stylists and technicians at the vast new Technical Center are working to shape the future in automotive and other product design. Above, the rear section of the Firebird II is being sculptured in plaster during preliminary design stages.



Testing Metals for Tomorrow: This huge fatigue-testing machine tests metals for ability to stand up under punishment. The new Technical Center has one of the world's most elaborate experimental foundries, where metallurgists produce better metals for the world of tomorrow.

New Horizons in Health: In laboratories like this, GM scientists engage in many projects seldom identified with industrial arts. These include such humanitarian developments as the first mechanical heart and the Centri-Filmer for purifying vaccines.

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Left to Right: Main Research Building, Service Building, Manufacturing Development Building (behind water tower), Engineering Building, Styling Building and Styling Auditorium Dome facing 22-acre lake, focal point of GM Technical Center.

welcome the challenge of the future

WE HAVE JUST dedicated one of the most far-reaching industrial projects ever undertaken by an American business.

It is the vast General Motors Technical Center, built on 330 acres of beautifully landscaped campus northeast of Detroit.

More than four thousand scientists, engineers, stylists and technicians are at work within its twenty-five modern air-conditioned buildings—making it the largest institution in the world devoted to progress in the industrial arts and sciences.

As such, through Research, Engineering and Styling it helps make next year's automobiles, home appliances, Diesel engines and our other products better than this year's models.

Beyond that, at the Technical Center men of inquiring minds are delving into the unknown in search of new materials, new forces, new techniques that will maintain America's technological leadership for generations to come.

Here scientists are rearranging molecules and repatterning alloys to produce sturdier metals, more efficient lubricants, more powerful fuels.

Here engineers are experimenting with ways and means of adapting these discoveries to the production of more useful things for the public.

Here stylists are plotting new designs that will insure greater beauty, comfort and convenience in the shape of things to come.

One result of all this—seen by millions at our recent Motoramas—is GM's latest dream car Firebird II. Built of gleaming titanium, powered by a gas turbine engine and styled like a jet aircraft, it may foreshadow the motorcar of tomorrow.

But the horizons of the Technical Center stretch far beyond the motor vehicle into many diverse and fruitful activities for the common good. It has already developed the first successful mechanical heart, a new Centri-Filmer for purifying vaccines, and is engaged in many important humanitarian projects.

Thus equipped, General Motors welcomes the challenge of the future. We hope to open new fields of knowledge that will help to build an even more dynamic and prosperous national economy—and attract more and more young people to technical careers.

in technical progress

GENERAL MOTORS

leads the way

See the GM Technical Center on TV—NBC—Sunday afternoon, May 20.

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Editorials

Supreme Court Decisions Put States on the Spot

State officials and others who are concerned about the encroachments of the Federal Government in matters which have hitherto been the affair of the states and local communities are alarmed by the implications of recent decisions by the Supreme Court. Following up its decision outlawing segregation in public schools, the court, in the Steve Nelson case, seems to take the view that the forty-eight states may not pass laws dealing with internal subversion or punish those convicted under such statutes. In the Slochower case the court, in a five-to-four decision, denied the right of the state of New York arbitrarily to bar from public office persons who take refuge behind the Fifth Amendment.

The irony of the Slochower decision is that the New York City Charter containing the provision which the court has upset was passed in 1938, following the Seabury investigation of corruption in New York City a few years earlier. Since the adoption of Section 903 as part of the New York Charter, public officials who refuse to waive immunity in the course of such investigations do so on pain of losing their jobs. We are not aware that this requirement has been regarded over the past quarter century as an outrageous denial of personal liberty as long as it applied to politicians or bureaucrats. But when a Fifth Amendment professor runs afoul of this provision, the heavens fall and the country is astounded by another Supreme Court decision restricting the right of a state to decide for itself what kind of people to retain in its school system.

As is often true of Supreme Court decisions, the dissenters in the Slochower case seem to make better sense than the majority. Justice John Harlan, for example, pointed out that the teacher in question was not necessarily suspected of guilt because he had availed himself of the Fifth Amendment when asked concerning past Communist Party membership. The question in Justice Harlan's view was not whether there was an inference of guilt but "whether a state violates due process when it makes a claim of privilege grounds for discharge." The justice added that "a state may justifiably consider that teachers who refuse to answer questions concerning their official conduct are no longer qualified for public-school teaching on the ground that their refusal to answer jeopardizes the confidence that the public should have in its school system."

Plainly, the implications of these recent decisions go beyond the qualifications of schoolteachers. The issue is rapidly becoming whether or not any field remains which the states may safely regard as their legitimate concern. If New York may not establish its own qualifications for the employment of public officials, including schoolteachers, what becomes of the right of some seventeen states to curtail the excesses of labor leaders by "right-to-work" laws? And if the effort to deal with subversion and treason is to be the monopoly of the Federal Government, what chance will there be to combat the communist conspiracy without an enormous and possibly dangerous enlargement of Federal police activity?

A bill has already been presented in the House of Representatives providing that state laws shall not be nullified by the existence of a Federal statute unless the Federal law specifically so provides or unless the two laws are completely inconsistent. Up to now, this proposed statute has received little attention, but the trend of recent high-court decisions will certainly stimulate new interest in it among the now alerted states.

There's a Touch of the Jerk in the Slickest Politician!

The professional politician is commonly accepted as a genius in his trade, but there are occasions when the jerk, which lurks beneath the suavest exterior, shows through. The performance last month by the Democratic majority in Congress after the President's veto of the bogus farm bill provides a fascinating example of the triumph of the jerk over political acumen.

It can be argued, as James Fenimore Cooper argued in The American Democrat, now available as a Vintage Book (Knopf), that the public "reasons and thinks differently this year, or this month even, from what it reasoned and thought the last." If that is the case, the politicians may be right in believing that the customers are naïve enough or sufficiently lacking in moral understanding to take seriously the effort of the Democrats in Congress to make capital out of being wrong. First they concocted a catch-all bill designed, first to dazzle the farmer with dreams of avarice, and second to make a veto inevitable. Then, when President Eisenhower vetoed the bill in one of the most persuasive messages of his career and put it up to Congress to pass his soil-bank program instead, the Democratic statesmen really went jerk. After bleating for two days over Ike's callous indifference to human suffering, they proposed that Congress appropriate $1,200,000,000 to carry out a soil-conservation program which they claimed had been passed back in the New Deal days by a Democratic Congress, but had somehow or other got lost!

There are, of course, Democratic leaders who are not indifferent to principle in government and who are not jerks. Many non-jerks acted like jerks in their partisan anxiety to put the President on the spot. Gov. Frank Lausche, of Ohio, characteristically called attention to the shabby performance of his politically inspired fellow Democrats by declaring that he would have vetoed the farm bill faster than the President did. At a time when a frank statement of honest belief is supposed to be a political blunder, we'll go out on a limb and predict that this supposed blunder will do Governor Lausche no harm, and that all this horsing around in Congress will not fool half as many people, even in the farm areas, as the supposedly shrewd calculators figure. Never—or anyway hardly ever—underestimate the mental power of the American citizen!

Several Important "Crimes of Stalinism" Haven't Been Solved

Nobody can predict how far the calculated confessions by the Soviet leaders will go, or how many gullible Westerners will take them seriously. Khrushchev may actually denounce Stalin for deporting Mrs. Khrushchev to a concentration camp in Siberia, where, according to Time and Tide (London), she still remains.

However, before the enthusiasm for repudiating Uncle Joe dies down, there are a number of mysteries of concern to Americans which we should like to see cleared up. For example, which deluded member of the Stalinist "cult of individualism" murdered Gen. Walter Krivitsky, the defected Red Army Chief of Intelligence, in a Washington hotel on February 10, 1941? The general had made the mistake of predicting that Stalin would become Hitler's ally. Also what became of the Soviet assassins of Carlos Tresca, who was murdered in New York in 1940? Tresca allegedly knew the score on the efforts of the communists to infiltrate Italian anti-Fascist organizations. Those were the days when it was Government policy never to offend the communists, and nothing effective was ever done to apprehend Tresca's murderer.

Any revelations on the setting up of Red cells in the Federal bureaucracy during the New Deal, or the use made of the material supplied by Alger Hiss and others, would be velvet.

But the $64,000 question to which we hardly expect to get the right answer is how the communist conspirators developed what John Dos Passos, in a recent article in the National Review, called the skill "with which they managed to direct the thinking of half-educated and inexperienced young people among Americans of middle-class origin." If we knew how the Red propagandists managed to sell their lies to so many idealistic young people, they would be welcome to clam up on everything else.

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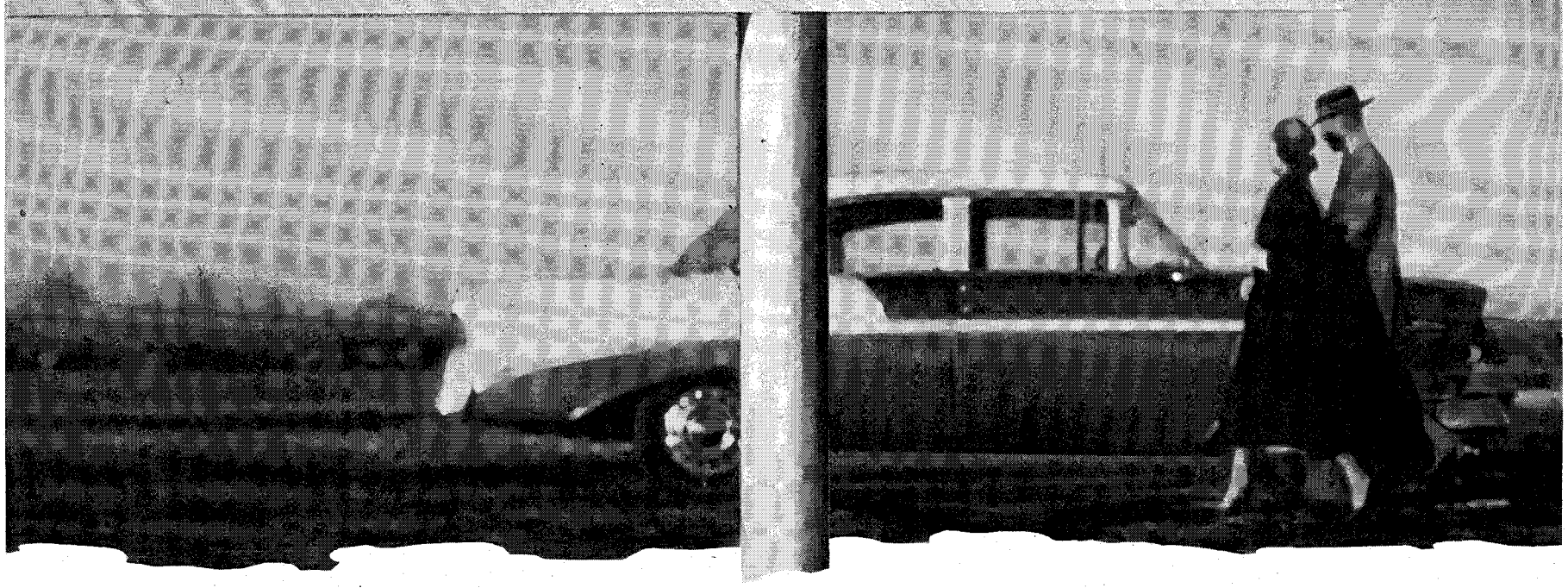

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Copper Man... new robot-like electronic device that virtually thinks for itself. Experiences near-human sensations, reacts in near-human ways to extreme weather conditions. Developed and utilized by the Army Quartermaster Corps to test experimental clothing for our Armed Forces. Actual tests under extreme weather conditions show Havoline Special 10W-30 thinks for itself, too!

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Amazing motor oil... new Havoline Special 10W-30 is the motor oil that thinks for itself... saves you thinking about which seasonal grade to use. It's *light* for instant cold starts, has *body* to bear up under intense engine heat. Keeps your engine clean, alert, surging with power—no matter how unpredictable the weather! So change today, change regularly. For Havoline Special 10W-30, see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had!*

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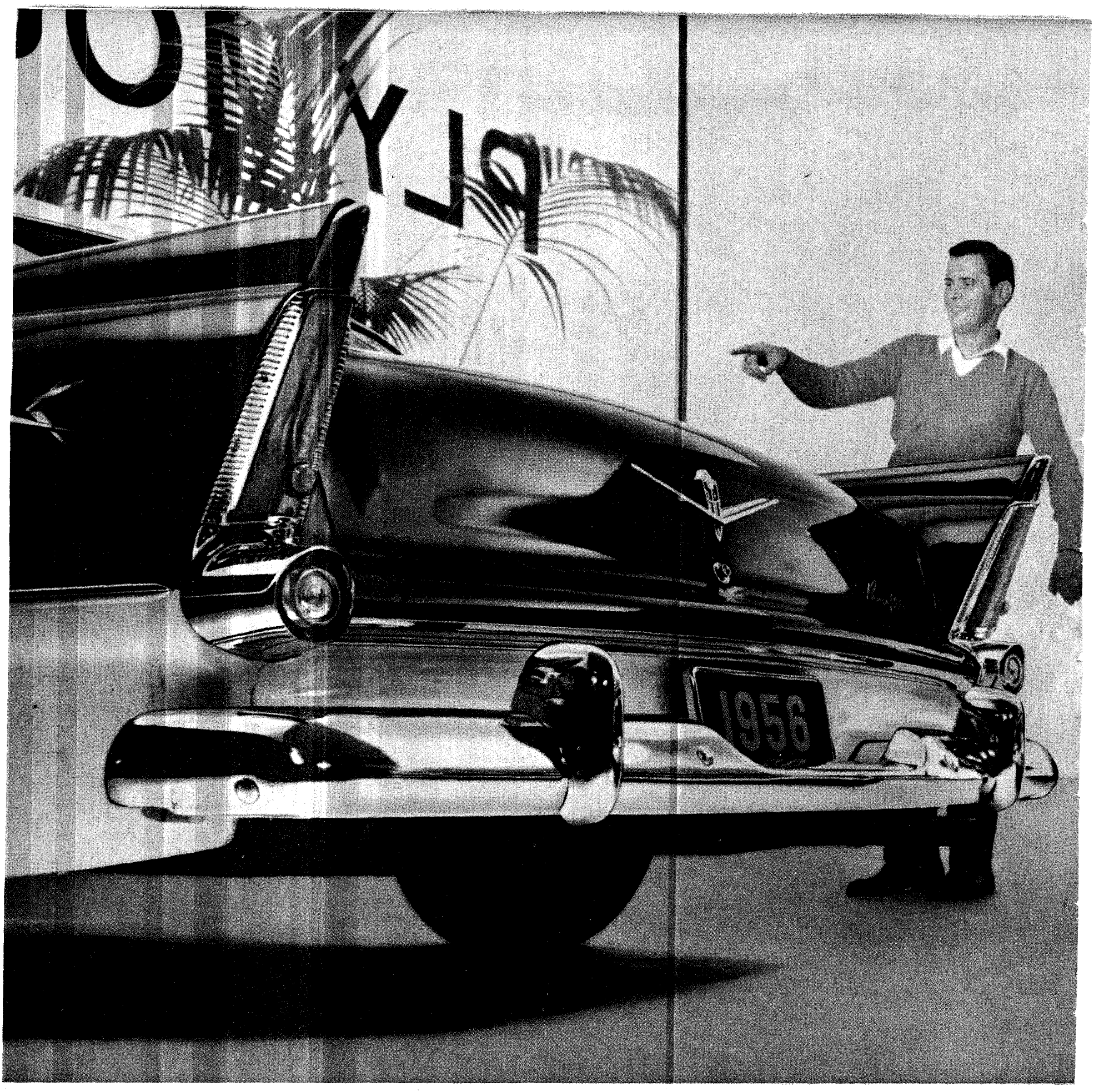
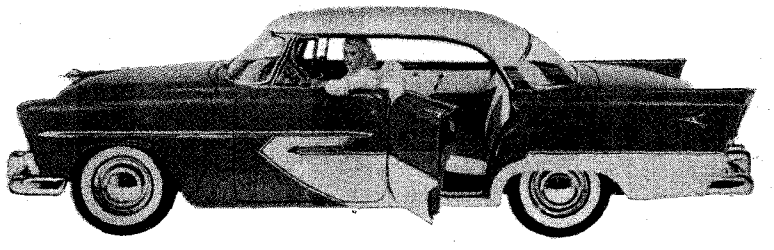


THE PROOF IS HERE ↑↓ MORE CAR

The pictures show the glamour... the words give all the facts.... No wonder owners of other low-price cars are switching to Plymouth '56



Most recent figures show an actual 118 per cent increase in the number of people who switched to Plymouth from other makes!

They changed because they get so much *more* for their money. That means more in *every* model . . . even the least expensive Plymouth line! Here are the big Plymouth advances *that you can't get on any other car in the low-price 3.* But you can have them in all 3 Plymouth low price-ranges—Plaza, Savoy and Belvedere!

MAGIC PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING (shown at right), a positive mechanical control—the easiest and safest ever devised... BIGGEST, LONGEST CAR OF THE LOW-PRICE 3... WIDEST FRONT SEAT... MOST

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The car that's *going places with the Young in Heart!*

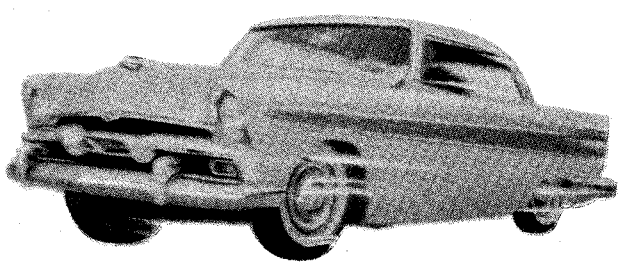
You get a money-saving deal on every *Plymouth! Above, left, Plymouth Belvedere 4-door Hardtop Sedan; right, Savoy 2-door Hardtop Sport Coupe. Below, left, Belvedere 4-door Hardtop.*

FOR YOUR MONEY! PLYMOUTH '56

FRONT-SEAT HEAD ROOM . . . MOST REAR-SEAT LEG ROOM . . . ALL-NEW AERODYNAMIC STYLING . . . *tomorrow's look today!* The only car of the low-price 3 that *is* all new . . . and looks it!

TOP THRUST AT TAKE-OFF . . . plus split-second, safer passing . . . through exclusive Plymouth advances like 90-90 TURBO-TORQUE . . . NEW HY-FIRE V-8 ENGINE, up to 200 hp . . . NEW POWERFLOW 6 . . . up to 131 hp, and POWERFLITE fully automatic transmission.

BIG, VITAL SAFETY EXCLUSIVES like SEPARATE SAFETY BRAKE . . . SAFEGUARD DOOR LATCHES . . . 2 BRAKE CYLINDERS IN EACH FRONT WHEEL for safer, controlled stops. *See your Plymouth dealer today!*



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Get the news: "Plymouth News Caravan" with John Cameron Swayze, NBC-TV. "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" CBS-TV.

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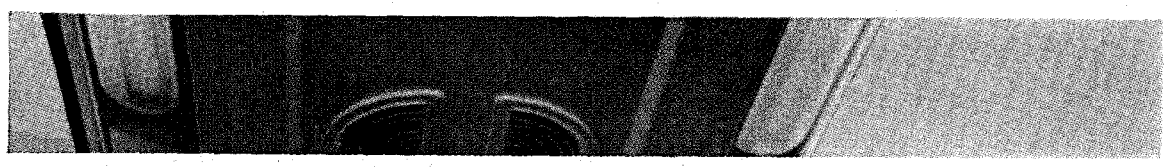
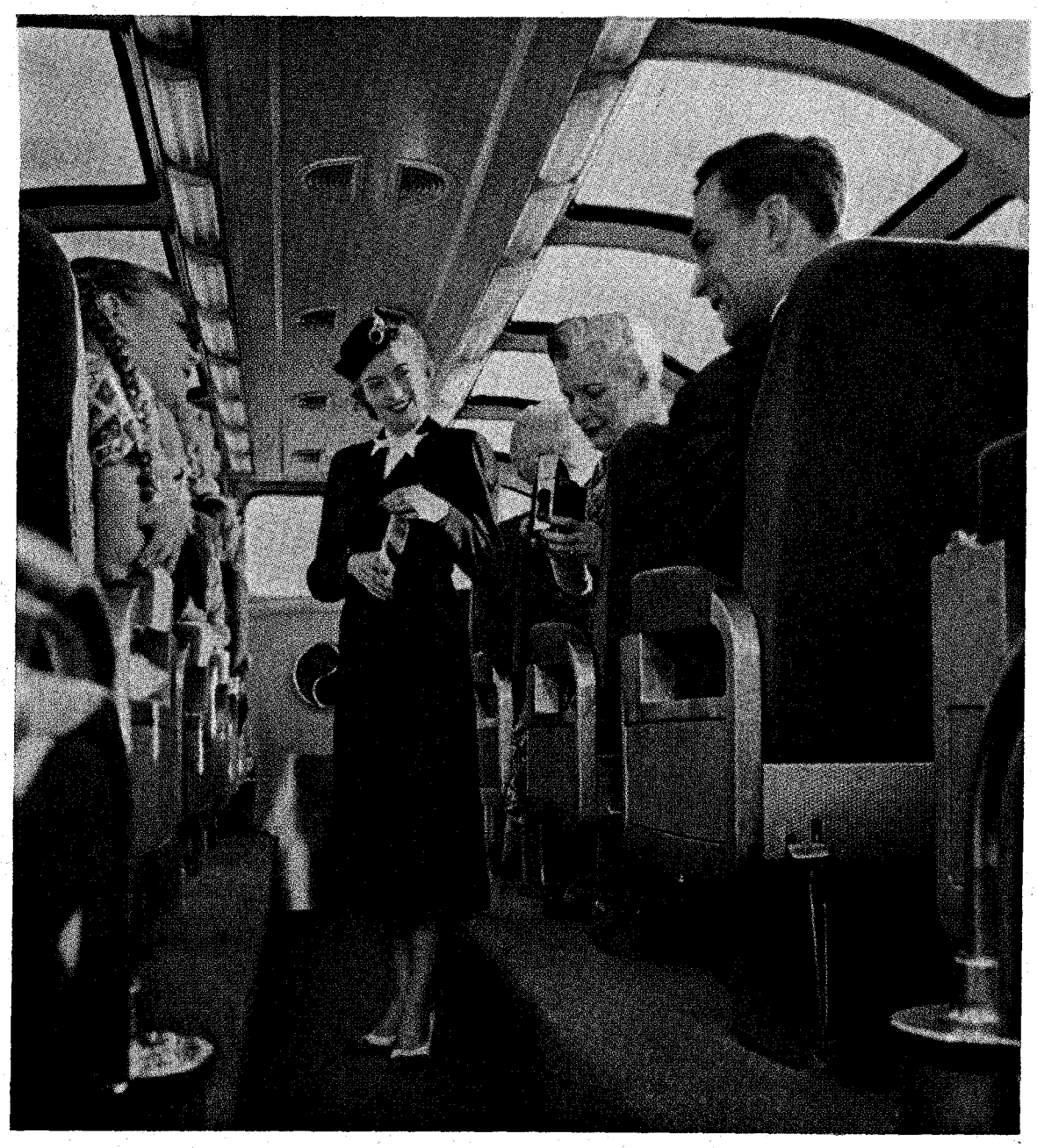


THIS IS THE TRAIN THAT HAS EVERYTHING!



It is the only train between Chicago and the North Pacific Coast that offers you four Vista-Domes . . . the attention of a friendly Stewardess-Nurse . . . the fascinating Traveller's Rest buffet-lounge...plus truly superb meals. This train is the...

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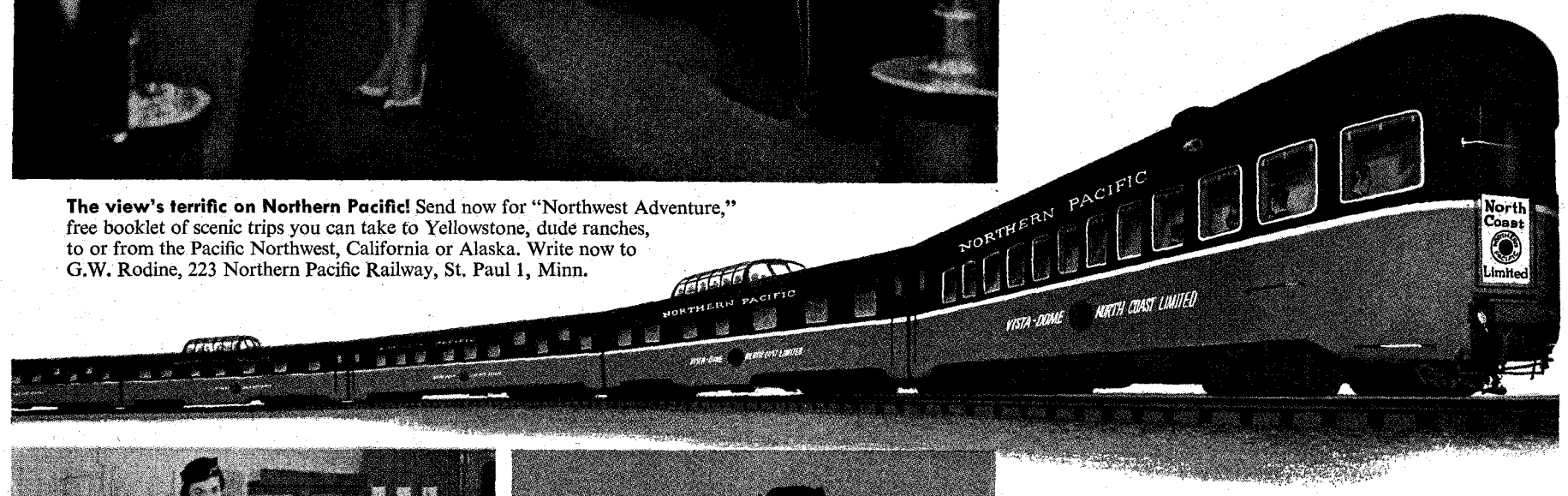
One of the world's *Extra Fine* trains!

The view's terrific on Northern Pacific! Send now for "Northwest Adventure," free booklet of scenic trips you can take to Yellowstone, dude ranches, to or from the Pacific Northwest, California or Alaska. Write now to G.W. Rodine, 223 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.



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HEADACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? BACKACHE?

BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

YOU CAN TAKE BAYER ASPIRIN ANY TIME

It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever— WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET

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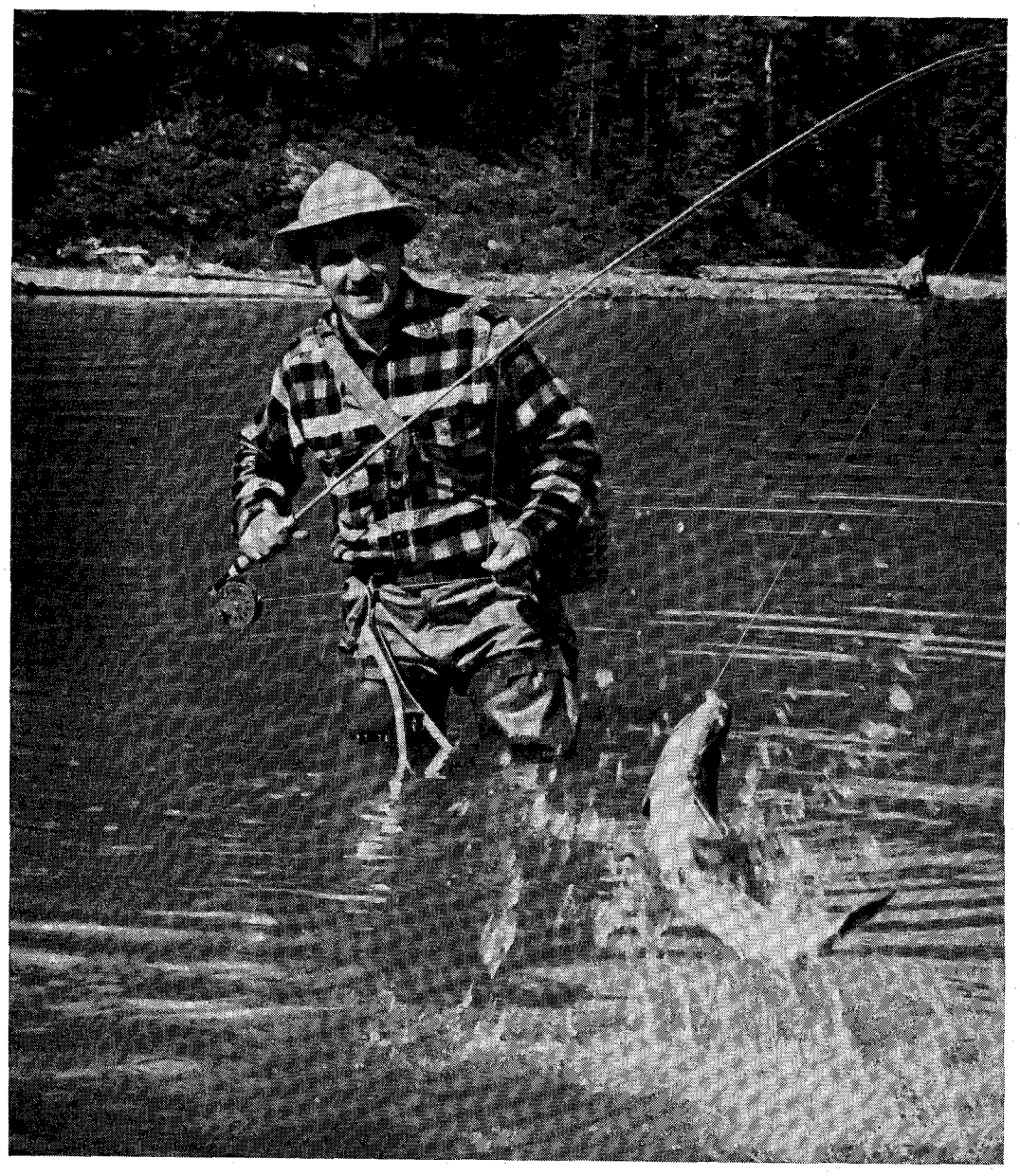
HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—When the day's housework leaves you tired, irritable and headachy, try this simple procedure. Take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax*. See how quickly this puts housework cares behind you so you can have a pleasant evening.



HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST!—It's time for fishing and all the other outdoor fun that goes with warm, sunny days. To make sure a headache never spoils *your* fun, always keep Bayer Aspirin handy. Two Bayer Aspirin tablets will relieve your headache—and will do it with amazing speed.

MINOR ARTHRITIC PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST—The minor pains of arthritis or rheumatism need never keep you from enjoying a happy, active life . . . for Bayer Aspirin will give you quick temporary relief whenever you need it. The same is true of neuritic and neuralgic pain, too. Bayer Aspirin relieves this distress—*fast!*

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST—Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what happens. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly*. It does the same in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you fast relief.

BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—This happy girl would never be able to play shuffle board if she were suffering from a backache. But that's where Bayer Aspirin comes in. It eases away backache or aching muscles in a hurry. And besides giving you the *fast* relief you *want*—it also gives you the *gentle* relief you *need!*

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Bob Hope

CO-STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S

"THAT CERTAIN FEELING"

In VistaVision—Color by Technicolor

says

Photo by Gene Lester

"BOLEX is one home movie camera even the pros are proud to own!"

Bolex is a superb Swiss movie camera styled for those who want the very finest in movie equipment. That's why in Hollywood, for example, you'll find professionals and amateurs alike admiring the matchless craftsmanship in every Bolex detail.

The moment you first hold a Bolex in your hands you can't help but agree. The genuine Morocco leather covering . . . the fittings that lock together with tooled precision . . . the motor that purrs like the masterpiece of Swiss workmanship it is.

These are *quality* features that help make Bolex a movie camera you'll be proud to own. Whether it's an H-16, like the one pictured above . . . or a B-8, like the one shown on the right, you'll get better home movies with a Bolex.

BOLEX 8 mm camera features on the C-8 and B-8 assure easier filming . . . professional results.

Simple Drop-in Loading takes only 10 seconds, saves 20% in film cost over magazine cameras.

Optical Zoom Viewfinder, precision Swiss optics match lens in use—you see exactly what you will film.

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Standard D Lens Mount allows you to use the finest Kern-Paillard lenses from wide-angle to telephoto.

Geared Footage Counter for accurate control of film. Easy to read indicator with audible click at end of film.

Single Frame Filming allows special titling, animation and trick effects. Complete with cable release.

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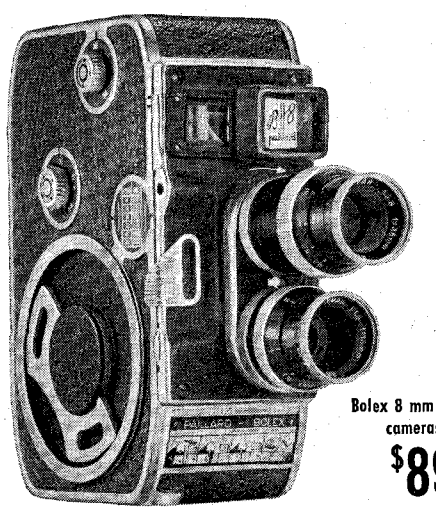

Bolex 8 mm movie cameras from

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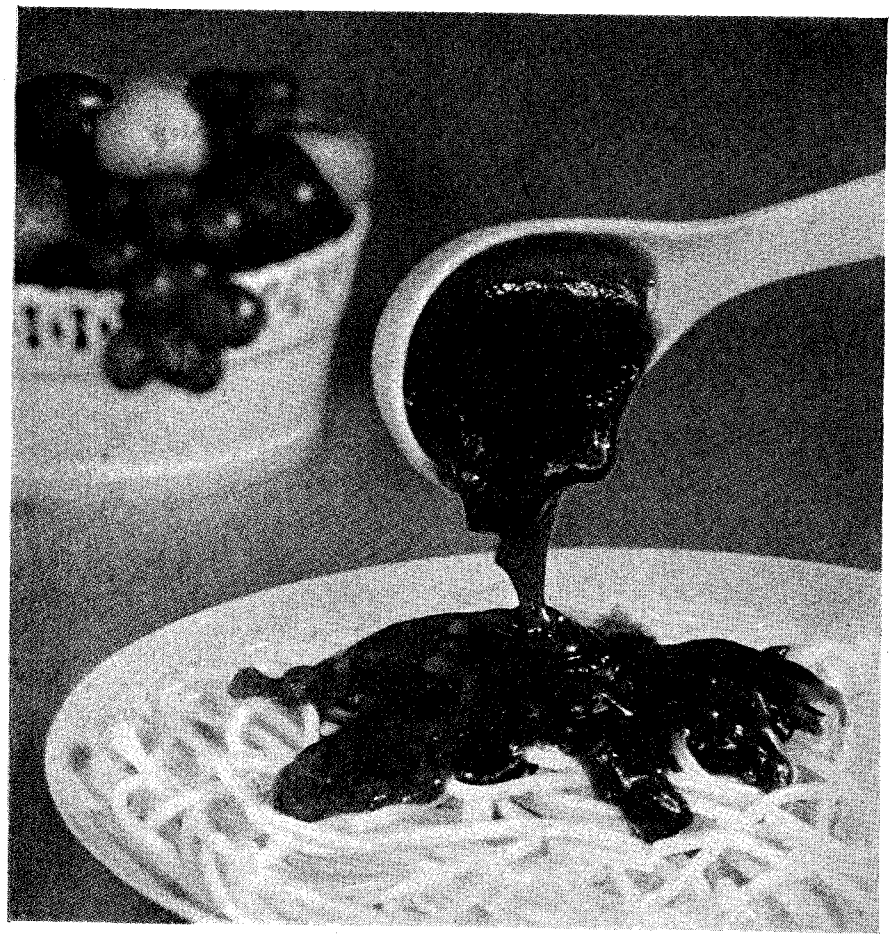
"Glorify your everyday dishes with real Italian flavor"

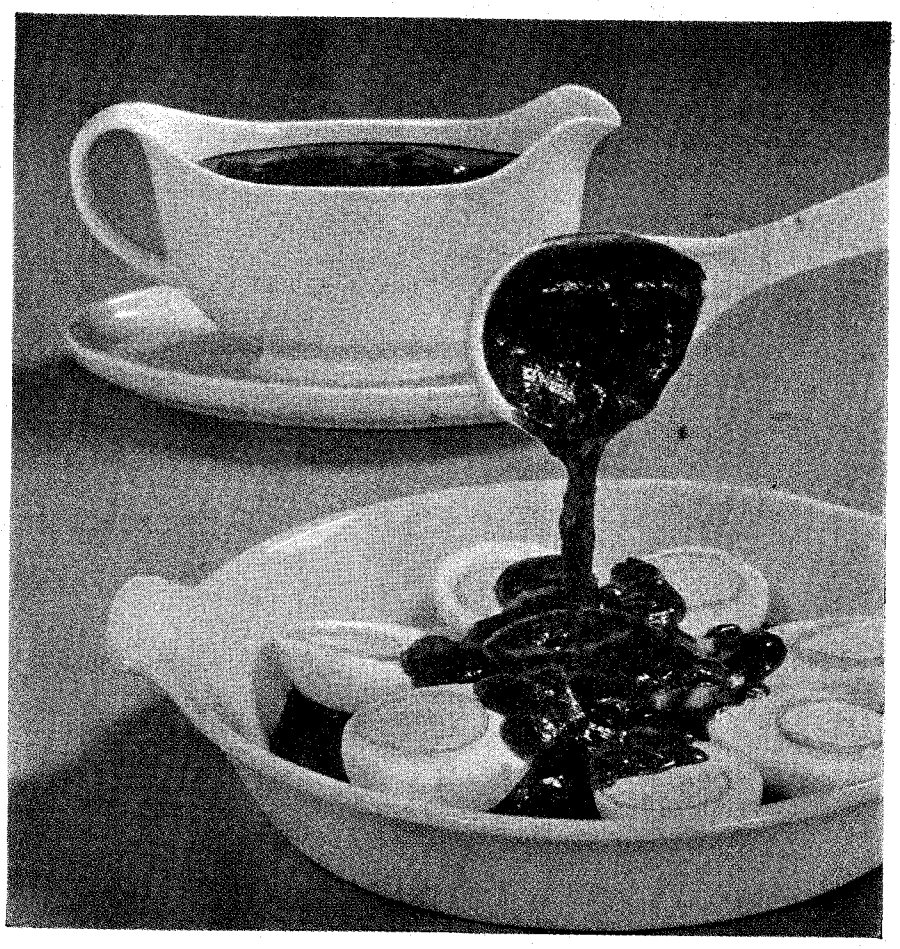
Adding matchless Italian flavor to your plain-cooked foods is easy as pouring on one of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's Italian-style Sauces.

In no time—you're enjoying the lively kind of dish you would hope to discover in Italy . . . perhaps at a table overlooking a colorful Mediterranean harbor.

Secret of this inviting flavor is Chef's fine old Italian sauce recipe. Choice, sun-ripened tomatoes are simmered gently, slowly, then smoothly combined with juicy browned beef or tender mushrooms—and, to add that certain zip, seasoned with characteristic Italian spices. And all *you* do is heat and serve!

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® real Italian-style sauces





Spaghetti with Mushroom Sauce

Please *everyone* with this quick Italian favorite. Just heat and pour Chef Sauce with Mushrooms over steaming spaghetti. So easy—nothing to add!

Wonderful what Chef Sauce does for noodles, rice, vegetables, too! Get the big 15½-oz. size for large casseroles, the handy 8-oz. can for family cooking. Chef Sauce costs only pennies a serving . . . makes Italian-style meals in minutes.

Eggs Boy-Ar-Dee

6 hard-cooked eggs. ½ cup water
1 8-oz. can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat
3 tbs. buttered bread crumbs

Halve eggs lengthwise. Place in greased shallow baking dish. Pour on rich Chef Sauce plus water. (Remember—it's already seasoned perfectly.) Sprinkle top with bread crumbs. Bake 15 to 20 min. at 375°F. till lightly browned. Serve on toast. Here's an Italian-style dish to delight 4 hungry people.

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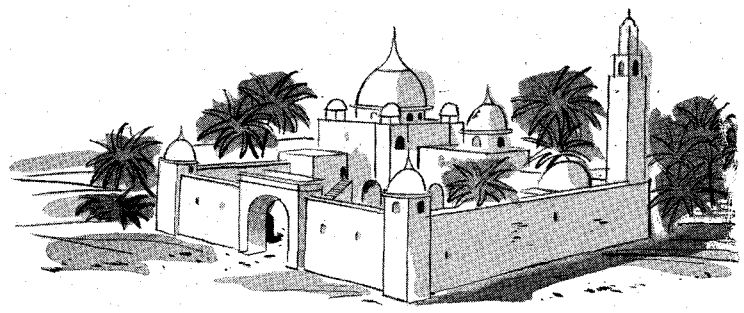


A cooler palace or a "buyers' climate"

Trane changes climates to your order

Under the blazing desert sun, where temperatures often soar as high as 140 degrees, staying *comfortable* can be quite a problem! But TRANE air conditioning equipment has tamed the temperature of the desert, and provided clean, conditioned air—refreshingly cool—for a prince's palace.

And, on the other side of the world, in countless American cities, in buildings of every size and type, TRANE is changing climates—for comfort, for industrial processes, for business. In America's shops and stores, for example, TRANE *Self-Contained Air Conditioners* create a "buyers' climate" that helps stop hot weather slumps—keeps customers coming in, even during the hottest, most humid season of the year.

These famous TRANE "packaged" Air Conditioners are quick and easy to install—anywhere. Their trim, slim lines blend with modern store and office design. But, most important, *they take the swelter out of summer*—provide the climate business needs and customers expect!

When you install a TRANE Self-Contained Air Conditioner in your store, shop or office, you'll have air conditioned comfort on a budget. For this air conditioner costs less to own, and less to operate than you'd expect! It uses new, modern refrigerant that does more cooling per penny of electricity consumed. And you'll save precious *floor space*, too—because TRANE has made this unit exceptionally *compact* to give you complete air conditioning comfort in one of the smallest packages ever built!

Thus, every day, in widely divergent fields, TRANE is changing climates to your order . . . cooling factories, heating homes, ventilating schools—*serving everywhere that you find air.*

Whatever *your* climate problem, the manufacturing engineers of TRANE are equipped to serve you best because they're skilled in all four related fields of changing climates, taming temperatures—air conditioning, heating, ventilating and heat transfer. So for human comfort or industrial processing—for *any* air condition—turn to TRANE. See your nearest TRANE Sales Office or write TRANE, La Crosse, Wis.

The Trane Company, La Crosse, Wis. • Eastern Mfg. Div., Scranton, Pa. • Trane Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto • 90 U.S. and 19 Canadian Offices

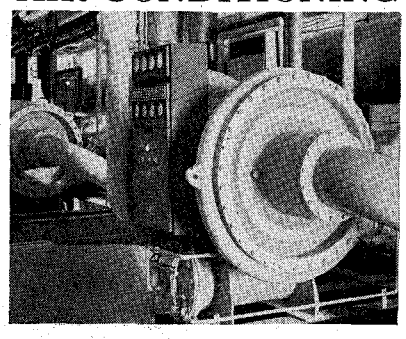
For heating, cooling, ventilating... for any air condition, turn to

TRANE

MANUFACTURING ENGINEERS

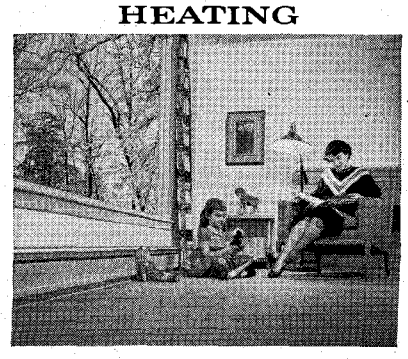
Skilled in all 4 related fields of:

AIR CONDITIONING



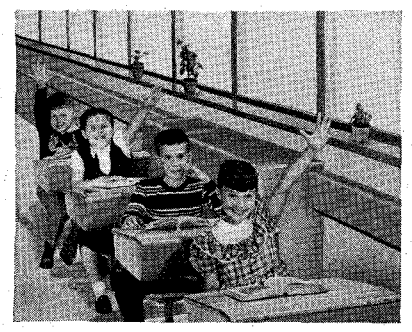
For office buildings, factories, hotels, TRANE makes equipment for the most modern air conditioning systems—like this famous TRANE CenTraVac, the industry's first hermetic centrifugal compressor. Stops, starts, runs *unattended!*

HEATING



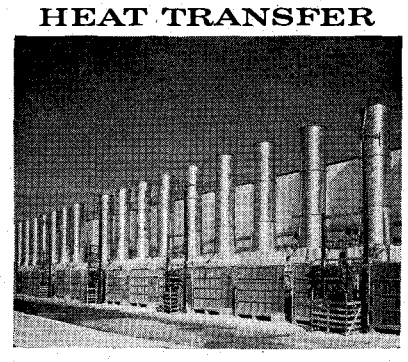
In the home, TRANE Baseboard Convectors heat where the cold begins—under windows, along outer walls—surrounding you with gentle, even warmth. You have complete decorating freedom—no limit on furniture placement or drapery length!

VENTILATING



For new, modern schools with sweeping walls of windows, TRANE Unit Ventilators eliminate icy downdrafts, circulate air evenly. No hot spots, no cold spots, no sleepy corners. Every pupil in the room has a fresh air seat!

HEAT TRANSFER



For diesel engine cooling, TRANE provides Fluid Coolers; for chemical plants, TRANE supplies Brazed Aluminum Heat Exchangers—more examples of how TRANE equipment everywhere tailors temperatures to fit every requirement.

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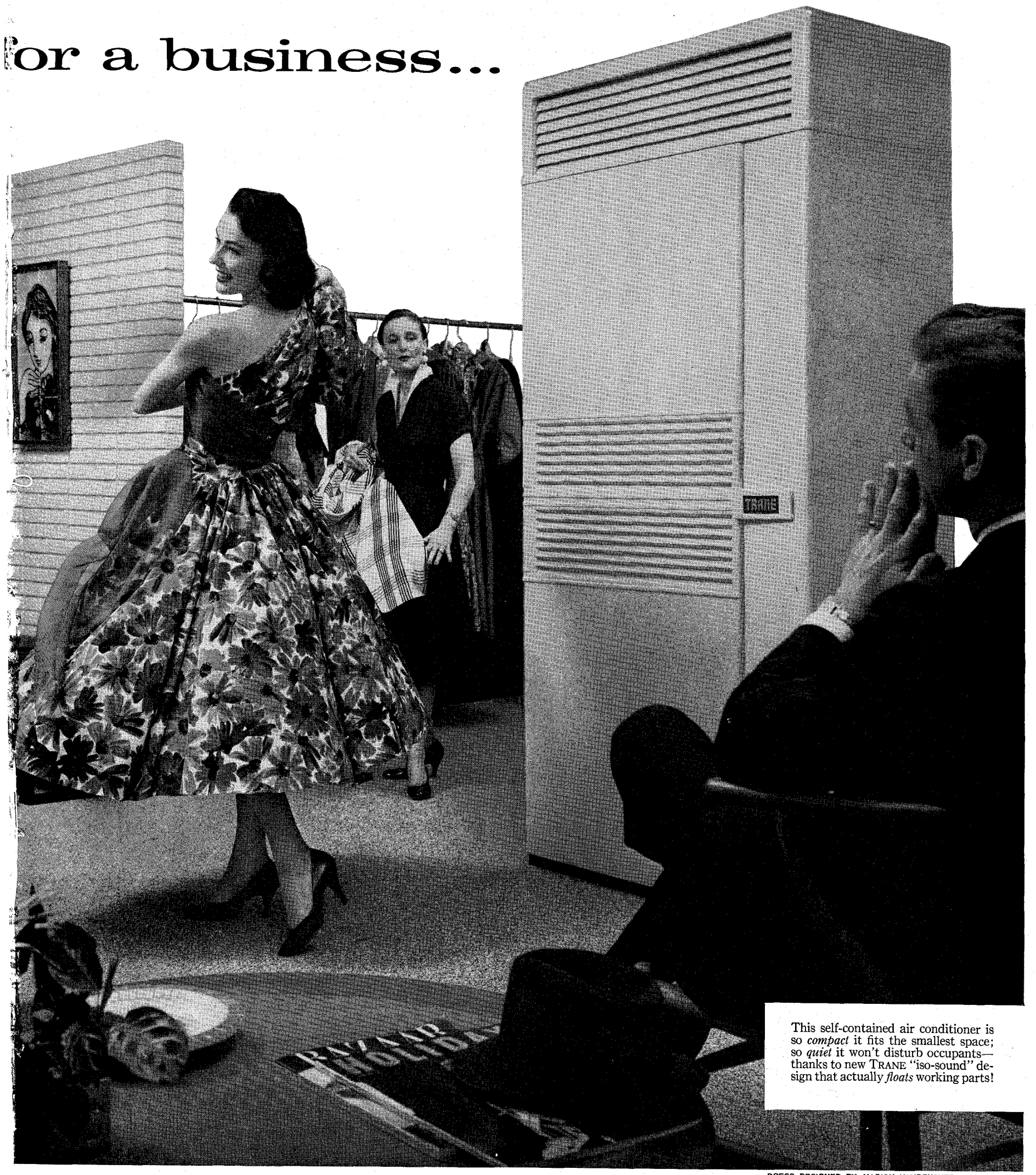
or a prince...

or a business...



This self-contained air conditioner is so *compact* it fits the smallest space; so *quiet* it won't disturb occupants—thanks to new TRANE "iso-sound" design that actually *floats* working parts!

DRESS DESIGNED BY MARION VANDENOVER, MINNEAPOLIS

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THE NEWLY-CROWNED MRS. AMERICA SAYS-

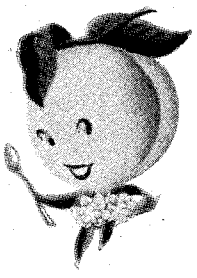
Quick plate suppers are fun!

Often in summer the new Mrs. America serves cling peaches from California as the mainstay of cool, simple suppers. Clings make such meals wonderfully tempting and satisfying, with their sunny, brilliant color and summery, sweet flavor. And they go so well with other quick foods—cheeses, cold meats, garnishes, potato chips.

The attractive loaf you see here is easy: Soften 2 3-ounce packages cream cheese, add a dash Tabasco sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon each grated onion and horseradish. Spread on sliced cold meats, cheese. Stack. Chill. Slice and serve with the beautiful peaches—from the cans marked "cling" on the label.

Cling Peach Advisory Board

CANNED Cling Peaches FROM CALIFORNIA



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PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

REMEMBER your high-school elections? Some seemed very important at the time. One at Abilene High School, Kansas, in 1908, was prophetic. To head the new school athletic association, they elected the baseball team's right fielder and star hitter (seated, center)—and so became the first to have a President D. D. Eisenhower. JEFFCOAT.

THIS solemn youth, no real Cossack, was so liberal he joined the American Civil Liberties Union in later years. Rumanian-born son of a United States oilman and Russian mother, he was prepping for Cornell when this photo was taken in 1909. As his house mother, I knew him as a shy boy. The world knows him as the late Ely Culbertson, famous bridge expert.

ELIZABETH S. HUTCHINSON.

LONG before gorgeous Gussie Moran ever rumpled a laced romper, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen was creating sensations of several sorts on tennis courts. "Divine Suzanne," as someone with an uplifting eye dubbed her, won the Wimbledon championships in 1919–23 and 1925. In 1926, after temperamentally keeping Queen Mary waiting to see her play, she became the first tennis champ to turn pro. Promoter C. C. Pyle hired her. Price: $50,000. C. C. THEISS.

We pay $50 for your personally taken photo showing unusual views of noted people or Americana since 1890. Send with full facts and stamped return envelope to Remember When?, Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

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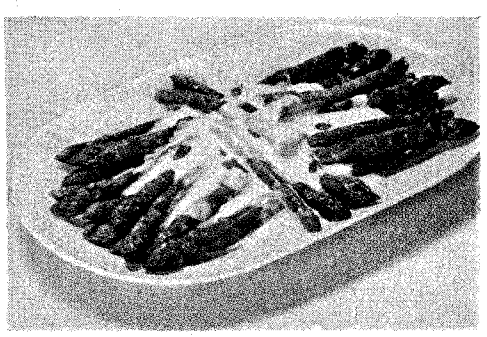
PREAM® is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. It's powdered for your convenience... always handy and so economical. It stays fresh tasting!

Meadow-fresh in taste . . . "creams" your coffee or tea instantly and deliciously! **A pleasure** to use—doesn't spill or spoil in daily use! **Cuts down** costs—you pay ⅓ less per serving than coffee cream. **So good** in cooking . . . gives a world of richness to simple basic sauces. For more fine recipes, write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

TESTED RECIPE

Never-lump White Sauce

Combine 4 tbsps. Pream, 1 tbsp. flour and ½ tsp. salt in saucepan. Add 1 cup water. Cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add 1 tbsp. butter. Makes 1 cup *thin* sauce. For *medium* sauce, use 2 tbsps. flour; for *thick* sauce, use 3 tbsps. flour. Proceed as above.



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PREAM

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SEALS AS IT ROLLS!

There's a world of difference between tires that are merely puncture "resistant" and The General Nygen Tubeless Tire which *seals as it rolls*. And you can withdraw the puncturing object without losing a single pound of air!

This is priceless protection in traffic and at night. And a wonderful convenience anytime. Call on your General Tire Dealer for a demonstration.

THE GENERAL TIRE...GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

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The Saturday Evening Post

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

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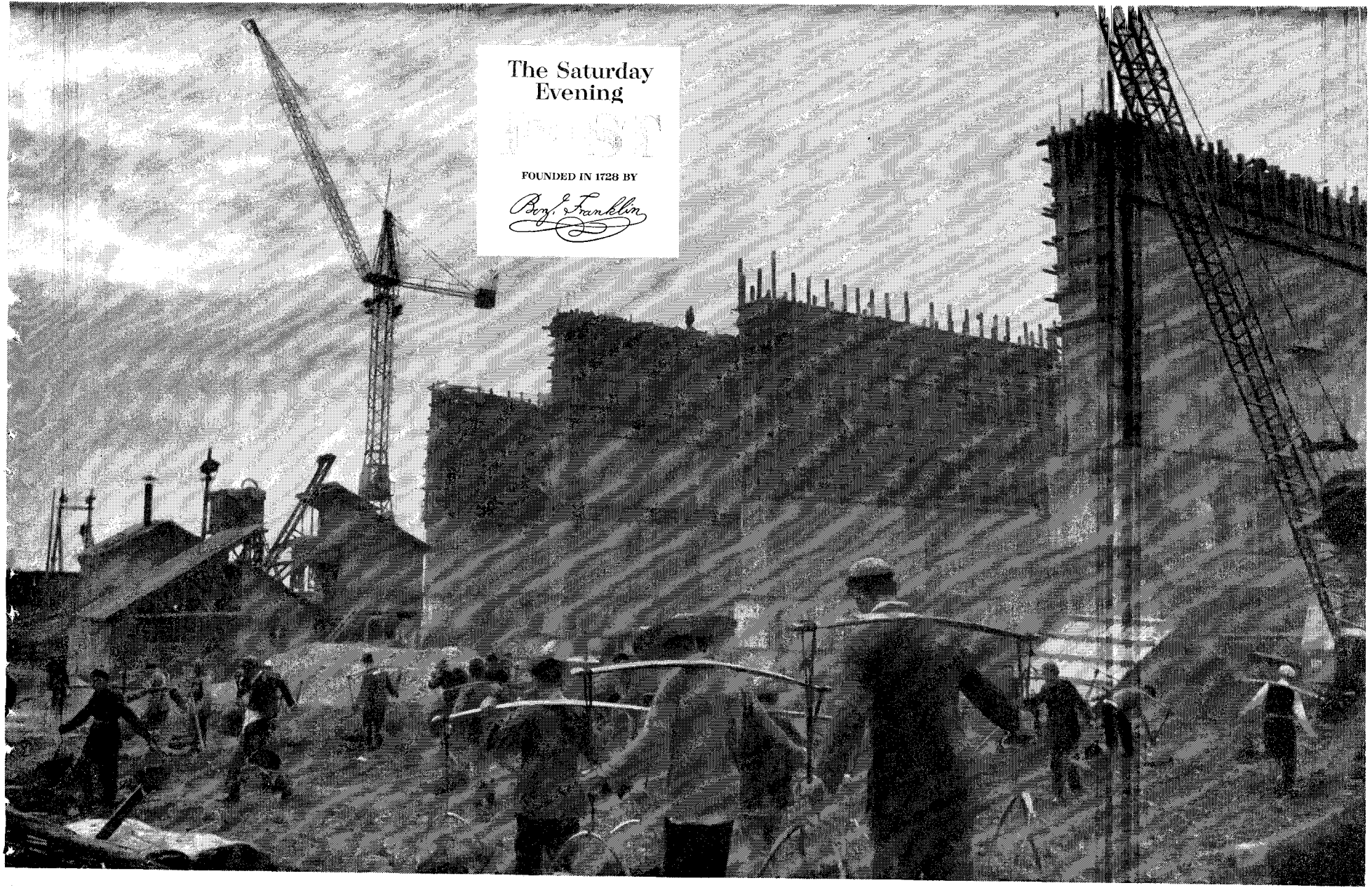


The massive new Yangtze River bridge at Hankow—a product of Russian brains and Chinese brawn. "The Russians," reports Mr. Guillain, "have made China their technical vassal."

I SAW COMMUNIST CHINA:

Nightmare For the West

This extraordinary report from inside communism's Asiatic stronghold reveals how China... after centuries of imitating nobody... has gone overboard in its Russification.

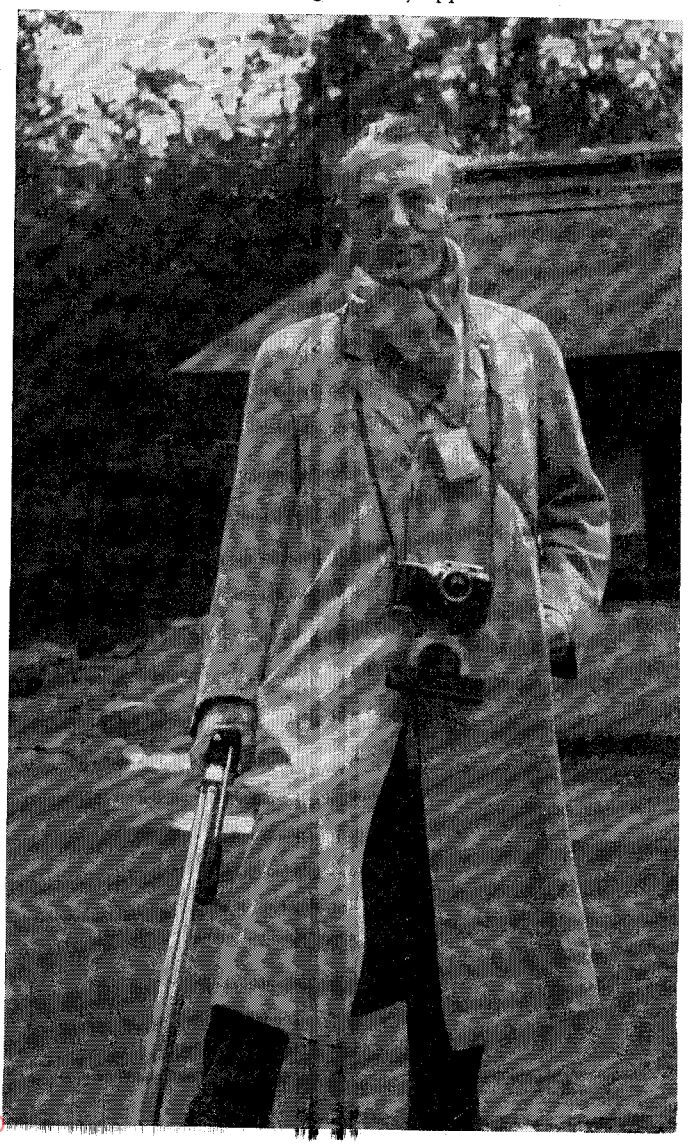
By ROBERT GUILLAIN

PART ONE "Ten thousand years for Chairman Mao Tse-tung! Long live peace!" The cries echoed against the red walls of Tien An Men, the gate of the Forbidden City in Peking. Up there under the yellow roof I could see Mao himself waving to the crowds. I was watching the biggest parade of the year in Red China, marking October 1, 1955, the sixth anniversary of the Communist Chinese revolution.

Five hundred thousand massed citizens marched in that parade, and most of them were young men and women under thirty-five.

I was standing in the section reserved for the press, directly facing the unending stream of people. Some of us were newspapermen, mostly from communist countries. But we were far outnumbered by the most surprising group I have ever seen in a press gallery. We had been almost pushed out of our press section by a compact mass of army officers. We got the impression at first that they were Russian because every detail of their attire was Russian—their brand-new khaki-and-gold uniforms with gold and silver splashed all over them; the insignia of rank, the

The Chinese continually mistook the author for a Russian. "Everywhere, I was greeted by applause."



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In remolding the minds of men Red China is outdoing the U.S.S.R. Here, a group leader conducts a class in "right thinking" for stevedores on the Canton water front.

shoulder straps, the military medals and crosses spread from shoulder to shoulder across their chests, the black leather of their belts and boots. It was a shock to discover that the faces under the rims of those caps were Chinese faces, grinning back at the shouting crowds. These men were not delegates from Moscow's Red Army, but simply high-ranking officers of the Chinese "Liberation Army," who, for the first time, were proudly showing their new uniforms in public.

Also completely Russianized were the soldiers who marched by on foot or in Russian trucks. Infantrymen were wearing a sort of Russian-style khaki blouse, bound tightly at the waist by black belts, making them look like the classic Russian muzhik. Gen. Peng Teh-huai, minister of defense and hero of the Korean war, led the parade in a Russian car—Zis—and he looked exactly like a Russian general. In the presidential tribune, marshals Chu Teh and Chen Yi were precise replicas of their fellow marshals in Russia's Red Army.

Those new uniforms had made their first public appearance only that morning. The rank of marshal for the Chinese Red Army had been announced a few days before as I was traveling by train from Canton to Peking, beginning a two-month tour which was to take me to many out-of-the-way places in China. The newspapers revealed that the Chinese Army was being aligned completely with the Soviet Russian Army, not only in its uniforms and equipment but in its entire organization. This was only one of the many amazing changes which I was to see in China, as I revisited the country after six years. It came as a particular shock to me when I contrasted these ornate alien uniforms with the humble dress of the communist soldiers I had watched capturing Shanghai in the spring of 1949. During those days, while the last bullets were whistling in Nanking Road, I saw little men in green overalls suddenly running between the high buildings, dressed and equipped as simply as possible, without any distinction between officers and men. They were so Spartan in their appearance—and also in their behavior—that somebody beside me in the crowd exclaimed in words I shall never forget: "The Martians have come to Shanghai!"

However, those soldiers were intensely Chinese. They constituted an army of Chinese country boys just emerging from guerrilla warfare in their own familiar hills and plains, their uniforms dyed green with the juices of herbs from their own fields, their rubber sandals as silent as the naked feet of peasants.

Nothing shows more clearly than the Chinese Red Army's new uniforms the changes

Soviet "elder brothers" supervise Chinese engineers who plan to harness the Yellow River.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For almost twenty years Robert Guillain has been Far Eastern correspondent for French newspapers, reporting events in the far-Pacific area before, during and after World War II. Since 1947, Mr. Guillain has acted as staff correspondent in the Far East for the newspaper Le Monde, of Paris, today one of Europe's most respected newspapers. During a recent two-month tour of Red China, Guillain managed to penetrate areas not visited by any other noncommunist reporter since the Red conquest. Among out-of-the-way cities he visited were Lanchow, the great new rail center in Central Asia; Sianfu, an inaccessible old walled town; Harbin, the old Russian-built city of Manchuria; Chungking, China's wartime capital; in addition to Peking, Canton, Shanghai and Mukden. Unlike most correspondents who have been admitted to Red China since 1949, Mr. Guillain could draw upon an encyclopedic knowledge of prewar China and of noncommunist China during the first four postwar years.

which six years have wrought. Gone now is the striking simplicity and rabble-in-arms appearance of those early days. Gone is all trace of the things which seemed to make Chinese communists uniquely Chinese. Many other things than army uniforms now have been replaced by strident imitation of Russian ways.

My next striking encounter with what might be called Russia-in-China came in Manchuria, today the outstanding example of that new world of Eurasia which is being built under Russian supervision. In a way, Manchuria has never before been so Chinese, and every Chinese has been taught to consider it the pilot province and model region of his country. But at the same time it has never been so thoroughly under the influence of its Russian counselors, who are wise enough to stay always in the background. In Manchuria, China thus has a "head" which is not really Chinese. I shall undertake to show how the same thing is happening everywhere in China; no observer who knew China before and after the communist conquest could reach any other conclusion.

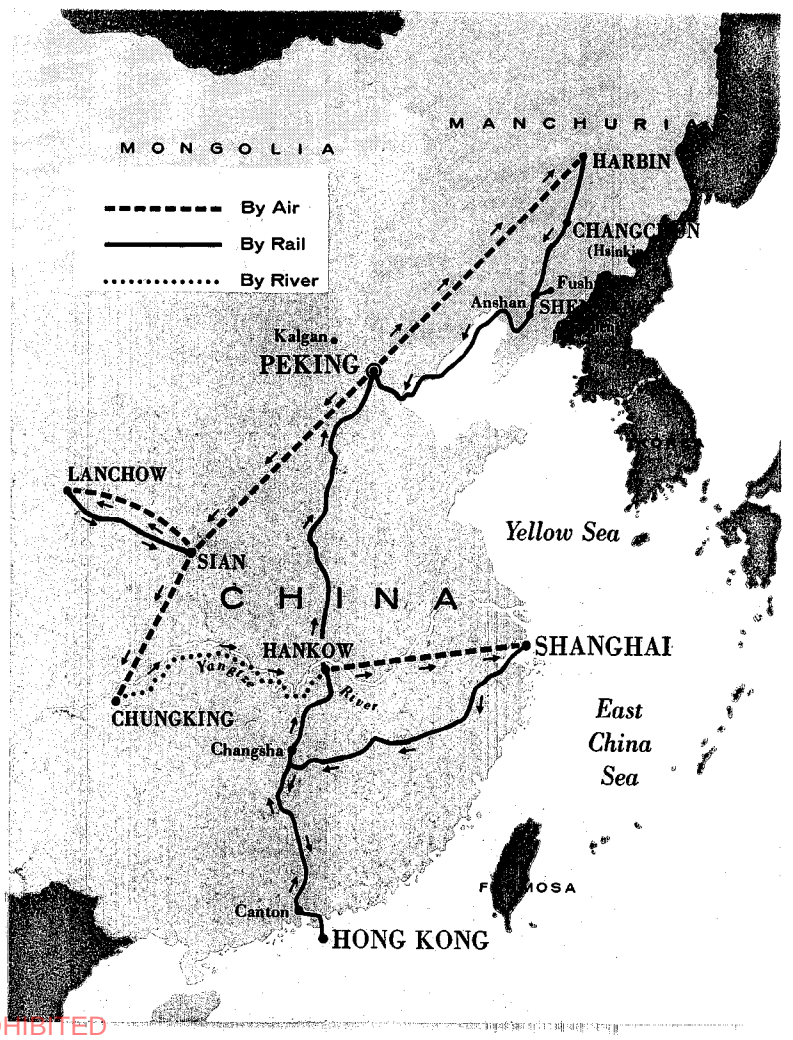
I was particularly eager to get a good look at Manchuria, not only because of its vital role in Red China but also because I had visited this northeast province when I first came to the Far East in 1937. At that time the Japanese were using Manchuria as their base for the Sino-Japanese war, which had called me to the Orient as a war correspondent. So I was very pleased last October when I was told I could fly from Peking to Harbin, a city which no other western correspondent, I believe, has been permitted to visit since 1949.

The Harbin I remembered was still a city of White Russians, who in 1937 numbered more than 30,000. They felt more at home there than anywhere else in China because Russians had originally laid out Harbin as their Far Eastern railroad center. But now the 7000 remaining White Russians behave like ghosts. All are old and poorly dressed. One of them whispered to me, "There are no jobs for us."

On the street one day I saw a dignified old Russian gentleman approaching me, still carrying an (Continued on Page 107)

Mao Tse-tung takes a salute from a parade celebrating the sixth anniversary of the Red conquest. With him, at left, in Russian-style uniform, is Marshal Chu Teh.

Roman Catholic Bishop Alphonso Ferroni, weighing only 70 pounds upon his release from three years' imprisonment by the Reds, is living refutation of the Chinese claim, "We enjoy complete freedom of religion."



The route followed by the author. "Russian influence," he discovered, "pervades every phase of Chinese life and penetrates into Chinese brains."

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

To Cushing, the rookie, a policeman's badge meant the right to kill....

Within the Law

By JOHN CUNNINGHAM

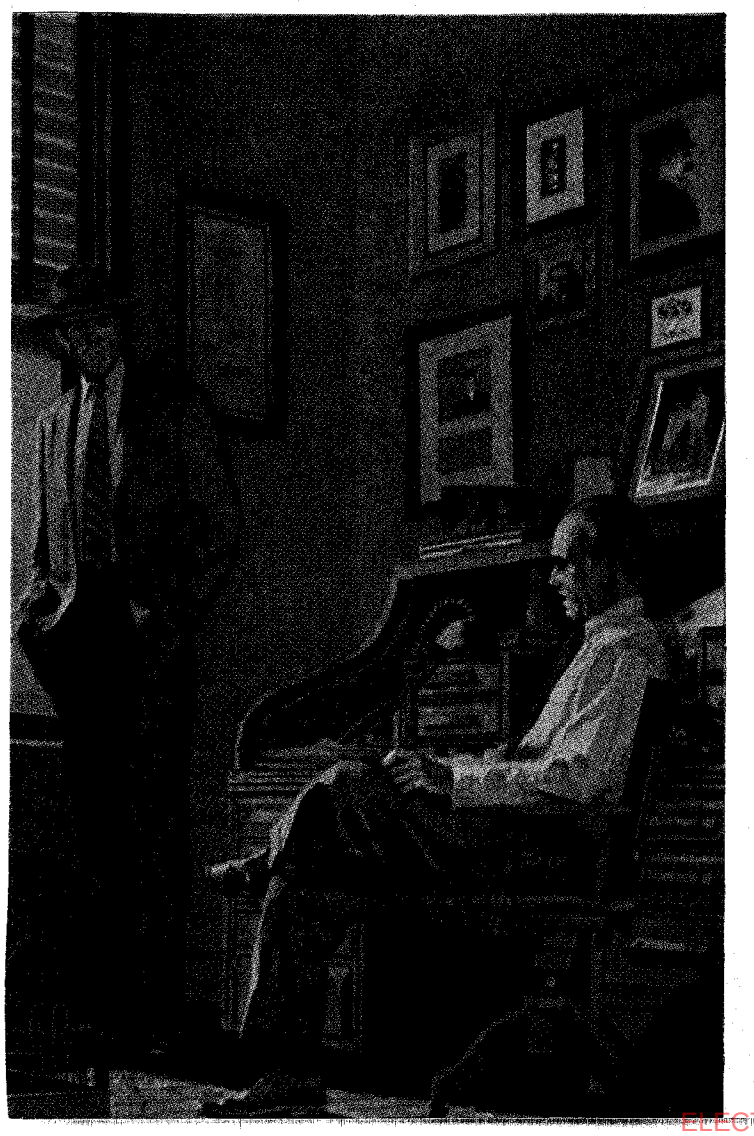
Capt. Frank Brodie, of the Santa Lucia City Police, stood watching the chief shove stuff into the drawers of his desk, trying to make at least the top of it look as though everything were under control.

"I got a problem," Chief Brigham said, crunching the drawer shut on a heavy missive from the State Highway Patrol. He snapped off his desk light, and the moonlight came down pale and serene through the feathery pepper tree outside the windows. There was a faint haze of fog creeping up from the Pacific. "My best friends aren't telling me. I'm a Himmler. A Beria. So are you, Frank."

The high, hard scream of a police siren rose somewhere west among the office buildings and soared away northward. Brigham sighed. Another scream rose—the old-fashioned wail, rising and falling, of an ambulance.

"Old Mrs. Peltak," Brigham said. "Holdup in Peltak's liquor store. Scared her into a heart attack. Same man—same red-and-black sedan, same P-Thirty-eight. That's the fifth."

Illustrated by Robert Moore



"I know. I heard," Brodie said, waiting. No change in his narrow, thin-nosed face. His eyebrows were a grayed red. The freckles would never age. The ring on the top of the cage of parakeets hanging from his finger was beginning to cut. He set the cage down on the floor and the parakeets complained sleepily. One of them cursed softly in Spanish. "He's a wetback," Brodie said. "I got him cheap."

"Good night!" Brigham said. "More of those things? How many have you and Fannie got now?"

"These'll make seventy-nine. Can I help it if Fannie wants to live in a birdhouse?"

"It might help to keep them out of the station, though," Brigham said. "Wait'll the Times hears how the rookies call you Lovebird. Soft cops. We can't catch P-Thirty-eight, but we can beat up juveniles."

"So you don't like Fannie's parakeets," Brodie said patiently. "So far, you got three problems: A real flashy run of armed robbery, somebody's hollering about police brutality again, and I got too many parakeets."

Brigham winced. In the moonlight he looked like an old-time movie's idea of a vice czar, the same smooth pallor, same slick black hair. A troubled king of the underworld.

"Never mind P-Thirty-eight," Brodie said. "He's an amateur. Red-and-black sedan seen three times. He hasn't got education enough to steal a new one. So he's cocky. So we'll get him. Soon."

"So maybe next time he'll kill somebody with that Luger of his."

"Not a Luger," Brodie said. "A Walther."

"All right, all right, you cautious fact hound. It should be a cannon if Ma Peltak dies of her heart attack. Scaring an old lady is just as bad if you say 'Boo' at her—if it kills her. If I had three more cars —— But no, they got to appropriate two hundred thousand for a new golf course for the tourists, God bless them, but no more officers, no more cars; the city can't afford it. I give myself six more months before the commissioners can me. At this rate."

"Then I get to be chief for a change," Brodie said. "I started knifing you in high school. Remember?"

Brigham grinned at him. "Good old Lovebird," he said. The grin died. "Here's the worst problem, Frank. Not P-Thirty-eight or the Times or the irate public, God bless it. It's this: You remember the kid that was in that rumble the other night, that they took up to the hospital with the dislocated shoulder? Well, his mother was in to see me this morning. The boy said the arresting officer did it when he shoved him in the car. That's Cushing. She was screaming, Frank. One of those female cyclones. I'm Beria. A Fascist. A Moscow stooge. My men are goons. Frank, that's the second complaint on Cushing. There've been others. Always the young ones. You're in charge of training. What's the trouble?"

Brigham said,
"One more slip out of him
and I'll bounce him."

"I know what you mean," Brodie said. "I've noticed it."

"What are we going to do about it? I don't want to suspend Cushing. He's got a wonderful war record; he's as smart as a whip. It's just too easy to say he's mean. But I see the same attitude more and more."

"I know Cushing pretty good," Brodie said. "He comes over sometimes to play poker with our crowd."

"Is it the Army training?" Brigham asked. "Does shooting Chink communists make them simple-minded? If it does, I'm sunk. All our rookies are vets."

"It's not that," Brodie said, thinking carefully. "It's the wars. Cushing was twelve in 1945. In the Army in Korea. All our kids nowadays have been brought up on wars. So maybe they think that force is the solution for everything. Rough stuff. You know the talk. You hear it all the time. Even from the grownups. 'Shoot a few of those juvenile delinquents—scare them off the street. Beat 'em up. That'll teach 'em.' And Cushing —— The fact of it is, he isn't mean, chief. He's honest. He's even half a crusader. He hates crooks." The narrow, lean face was concentrated, the mouth pursed. "How can you crack down on a man who is really honest? He just doesn't see. He means the best."

"You get close to Cushing, Lovebird. Soften him up someway. I don't want to lose him; he's a good boy. And I can't lose all my cops. I haven't got enough as it is." Brigham looked at Brodie for a moment through the broken shadows, through the moonlight. "But I can't have the force full of potential killers, Frank. A cop has to have self-control, patience, the right kind of guts. One more slip out of Cushing and I'll bounce him."

Brodie sighed, heavily and wearily.

"I know! I know!" Brigham said. "You nurse them (Continued on Page 98)

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As Cushing's thumb rocked the hammer back again, Brodie struck at the gun.

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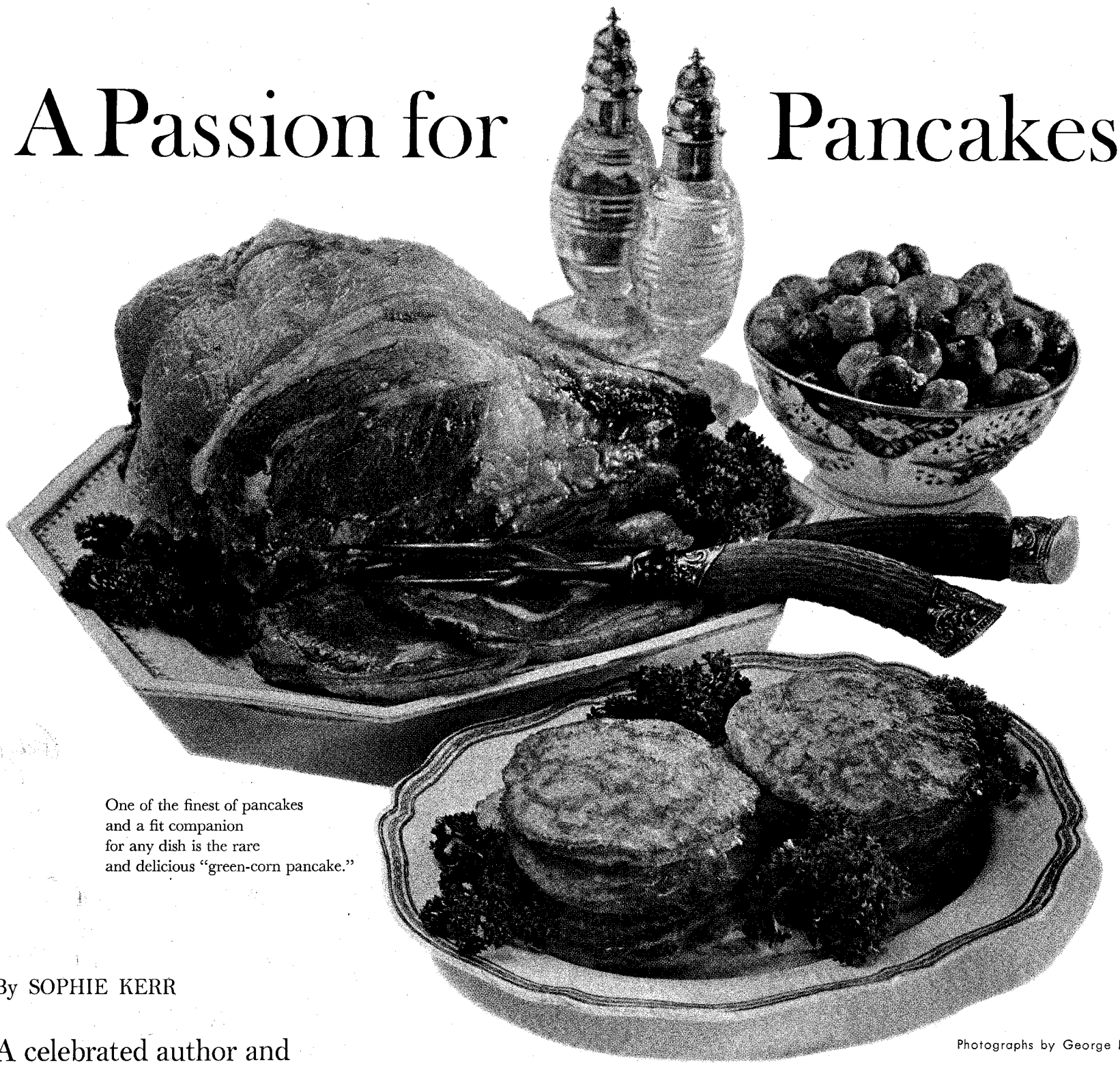
A Passion for Pancakes



One of the finest of pancakes and a fit companion for any dish is the rare and delicious "green-corn pancake."

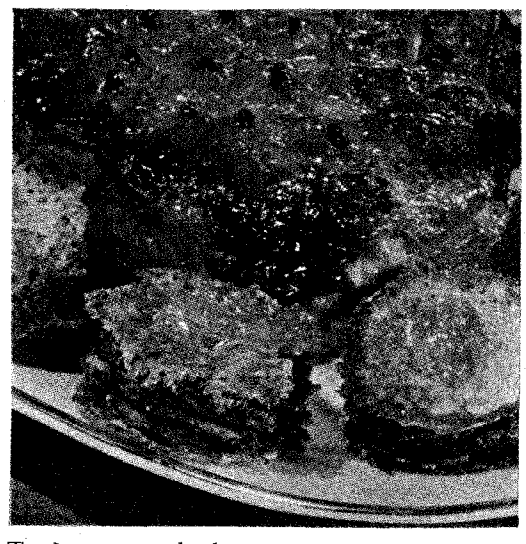
By SOPHIE KERR

Photographs by George Lazarnick

A celebrated author and cook presents her arguments and recipes for some of the world's tastiest dishes.

The big thing about pancakes is that they always taste like more. People who like pancakes are inclined to eat too many, followed by remorse and dieting. The dieting fads of recent years did the American pancake no good at all. It wasn't smart to have pancakes for breakfast; the right people took orange juice, black coffee and gluten-bread toast. It wasn't fashionable to have pancakes for lunch, and no hostess dared offer pancakes of any variety at dinner, lest she be thrown out of the Social Register. Cookbook editors and people who dream up recipes for newspapers and magazines passed by the word "pancake" with averted eyes.

But what a difference today! Pancakes appear on the menu at clubs and de luxe hotels.



Tender corn-meal cakes ring a clove-dotted ham.

They greet us at breakfast in all their hot buttery toothsomeness, they appear at lunch snuggling alongside the chef's specialties, and at dinnertime buckwheat circlets are right in there with the caviar.

Pancake suppers now flourish in churches and clubs all over the country. There are pancake contests in localities where good food and good appetites are openly encouraged. For the past few years a Kansas town has put on an annual pancake race in competition with the famous pancake race which is held in Olney, England. Fleet-footed housewives skim over a course of some 415 yards holding a skillet containing a pancake, which they must flip over during the run. The English pancake race is a traditional event of Pancake Day, which is, of

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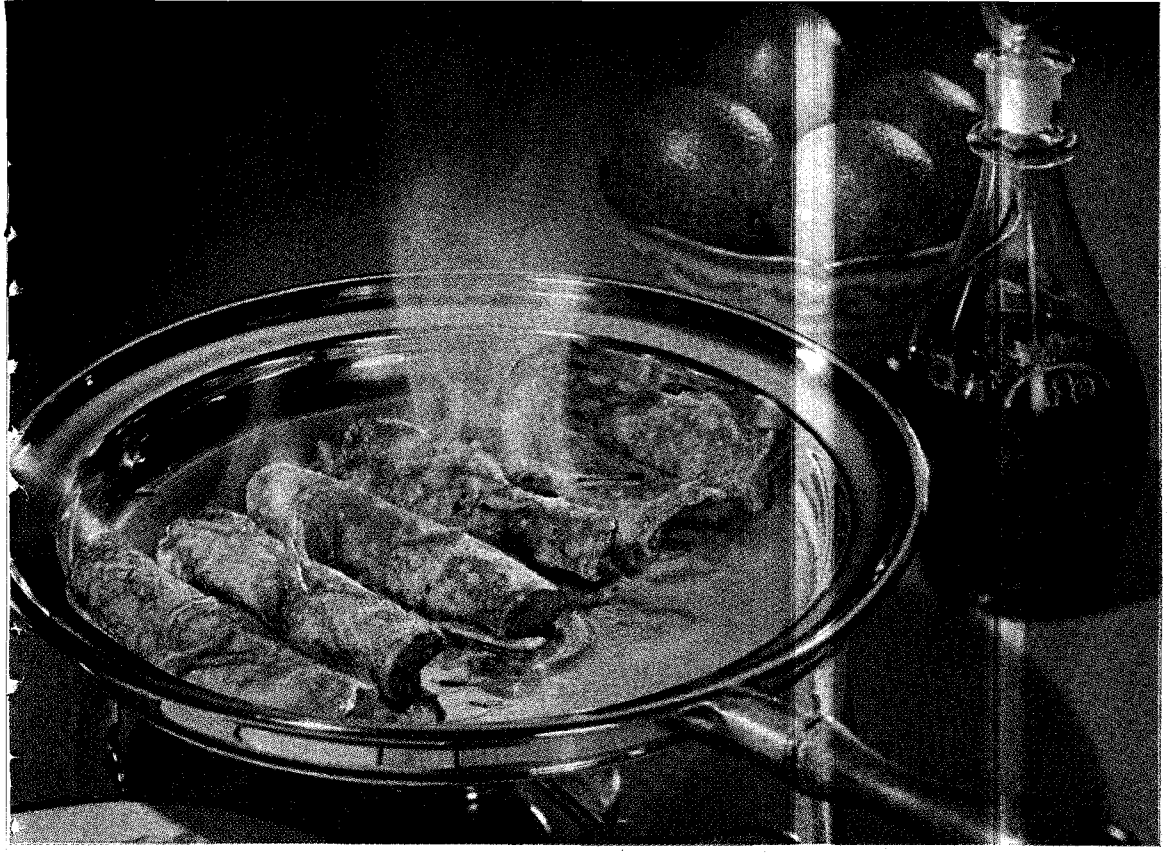


Thin, fragile crepes suzette, bathed in flaming brandy, are the most aristocratic pancakes.

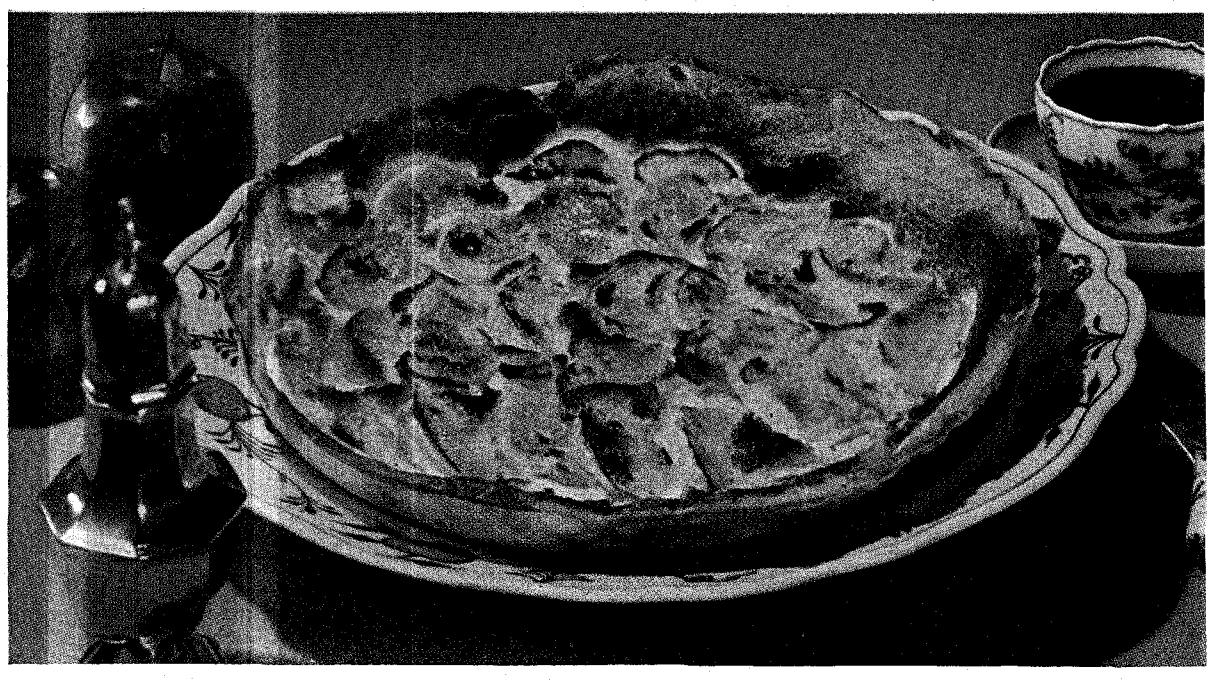
course, Shrove Tuesday. There's an old London street cry that goes like this:

On Tuesday Shrove there sounds a bell,
To passers-by it rings to tell
Prepare to eat your pancakes.

My choice of the early British pancake promoters is one Thomas Tusser, a sixteenth-century farmer who wrote one of the first do-it-yourself books. Mr. Tusser called his work Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry United to as Many of Good Wifery. In it he counseled the good wives of 1557: "Fritters and Pancakes enough you see you bake," a smart piece of advice for any day or age.

There is scarcely a country that hasn't its own variety of pancake. The Finns have a special one for St. John's Eve, served with ripe red raspberries; the Scotch bake oaten cakes on a griddle, the East Indian has his everlasting chapatty, and the West Indian is in there pitching with pumpkin pancakes and poofties.

A Swedish specialty: pancakes topped with lingonberries.



Platter-sized *Pfannkuchen*, filled with apple slices, are a German variation.

There are German pancakes as big as a full moon, and with apple slices in them they are superpancaking. The Russians make blini, yeast leavened, with buckwheat and rye flour. The French Bretons put cottage cheese in some of their pancakes, and make a giant pancake of buckwheat flour with the fancy name of Specialty of the Country People of Morbihan. It is spread with soft butter and sprinkled with sweet cider.

The French pancakes best known over here are the little crepes suzette. They should be small, very thin and frail, touched with orange zest and various well-chosen liqueurs, and given a final bath of warm brandy, to be set alight with a blue flame as the pancake goes before the ultimate consumer. At their best they are a delight, (Continued on Page 146)

While almost every country has its national pancake, none other, says the author, is tastier than the oyster pancakes of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

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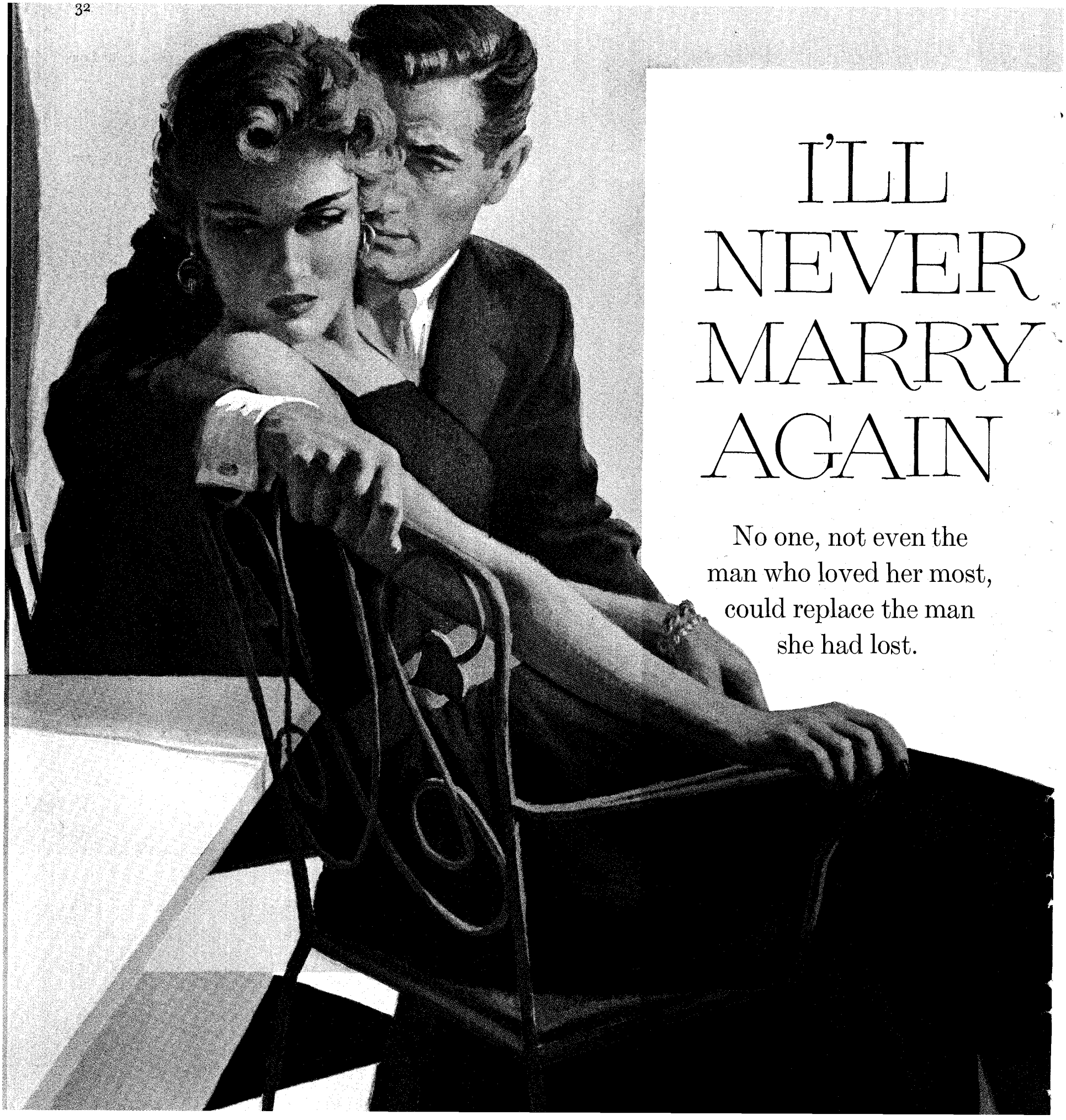

I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN

No one, not even the man who loved her most, could replace the man she had lost.

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By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

When they were seated at their table, Lora Hartwell looked across at Mark and smiled. Whenever he took her, and he had taken her a number of places in the past year, it was always right. They were never too near the orchestra if there was an orchestra; too close to the pantry door; too far from the floor show if there was a floor show. There was nothing she would change about Mark, himself. She liked the color of his dark-blue eyes. He was handsome without being too handsome, tall but not so tall that he had acquired a stoop. His voice had variety and warmth; his mouth was generous and well-shaped. There was only one thing wrong with Mark Chandler, and nothing could be done about it. He was not Ned Hartwell.

They ordered and, as they ate, talked with the ease and pleasure of old friends. They had many mutual tastes, and Lora was still surprised to discover more. This evening she found that he shared her enthusiasm for the books of George Borrow; he had even read one she had missed and promised to bring it to her at her mother's apartment the next day.

"Why don't you have dinner with us?" she suggested.

There were some things on which she consulted her mother first, but inviting Mark to a meal was not one of them. Lora knew what her mother hoped. Two years of widowhood was too long, in Grace Putnam's opinion.

"I have a better idea," Mark said. "How would you like to drive to Long Island with me for Sunday lunch? I'd like you to meet my mother, and I'd like her to know you."

Lora looked up at him swiftly, and he laughed.

"This isn't the business of getting maternal approval, Lora," he said. "I don't need any outside help to know how I feel about you. It's your approval I've been waiting for."

She felt hot and frightened and panicky. She had known for some months that Mark was in love with her, but she had hoped that he would continue not to tell her.

"There's no hurry," he added, smiling.

There was also, thought Lora, no hope, and she should tell him that. She had never told him anything about Ned Hartwell. Even thinking about Ned made her eyelids sting, her grief return as complete and devastating as on the day he had died.

Mark had tickets for the theater, and after the play he took her home, said, "See you tomorrow, then," and strode off.

Grace Putnam looked up expectantly when her daughter came into the big duplex living room. "You're home early. Did you have a nice evening?"

"Very nice," said Lora, taking off her hat.

"That frock is becoming to you," Grace told her. "Thank heaven you've lost that dusty Arizona look you kept so long!"

Lora smiled, faintly. "Mark wants me to have lunch with him tomorrow," she murmured. "On Long Island."

"At his family's?" Grace's face brightened. "Good!"

Lora shrugged, and turning away from the hope in her mother's eyes, saw the yellow envelope of a telegram on the table.

"Oh," murmured Grace. "Your grandmother is dead, Lora."

"No!" She read the brief message:

LORENZA PUTNAM DIED IN SLEEP LAST NIGHT. FUNERAL MONDAY.

"I'll go right up there."

"Don't be absurd!" Grace said. "There's no reason for you to go. There are plenty of people there to take charge."

"I want to go," said Lora stubbornly.

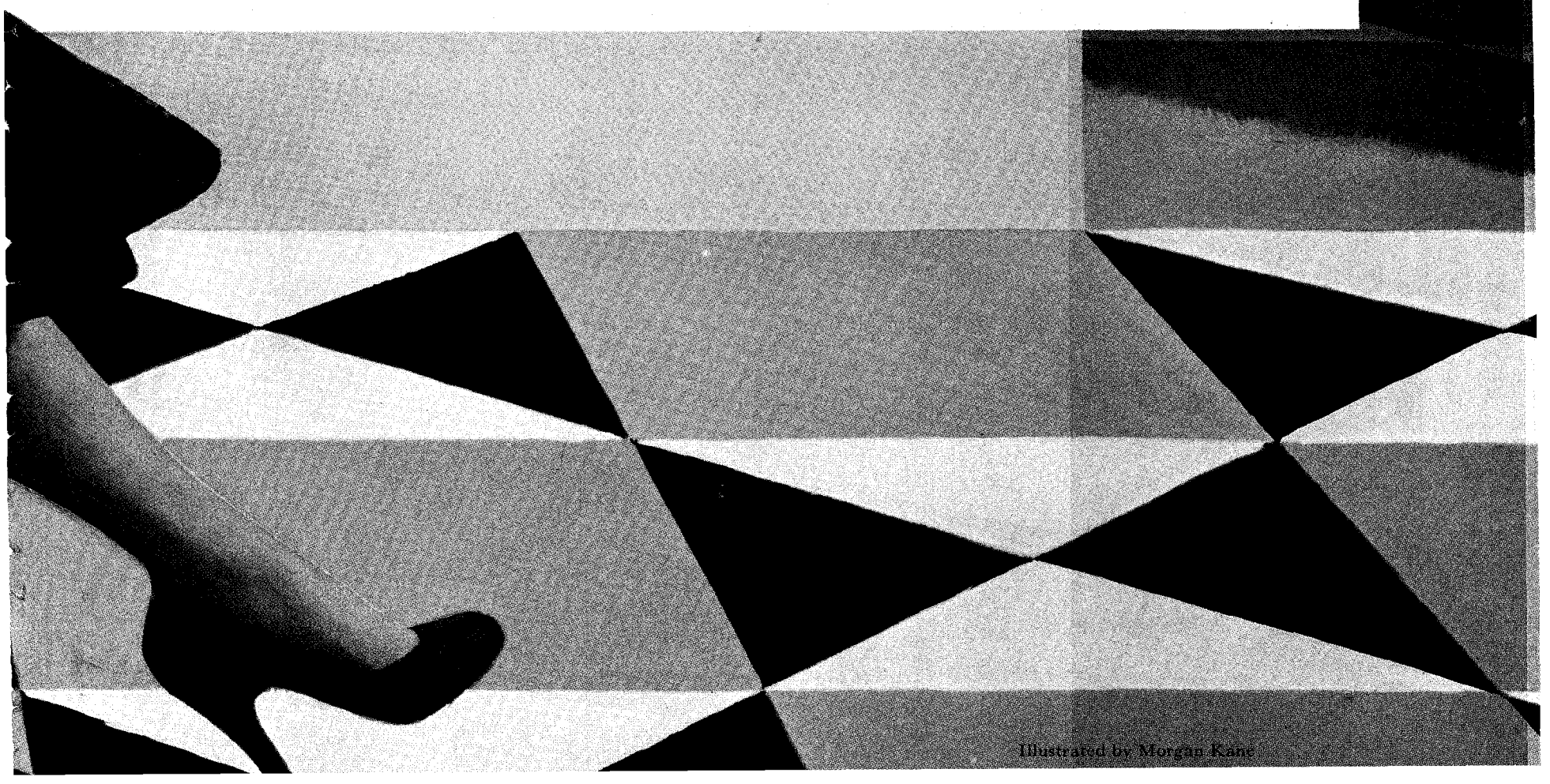
Grace Putnam had never liked her mother-in-law, nor pretended to like her. "It will be cold and dreadful," she objected. "You'd probably get pneumonia, besides getting all upset again."

"It won't upset me," Lora contradicted her. Her grandmother had been old, and not afraid to die.

She telephoned Mark in the morning.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You were fond of her, weren't you? Can I do anything to help?"

(Continued on Page 72)



Illustrated by Morgan Kane

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Rising Star of Britain

By BEVERLY SMITH, *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

One of our stanchest English friends is spectacular young Anthony Nutting, who doesn't hesitate to fight for America in Donnybrooks at the United Nations.

Anthony Nutting speaks to Conservative Party club members in his home district. "He's not one of your egg-walkers and angle-players," says one American ambassador.

The chief of the British delegation to the United Nations and his wife at a funeral in New York City.

Quenby Hall, the family seat in rural Leicestershire, where Anthony was reared. It was from here, in 1945, that Nutting, then a twenty-five-year-old political novice, bucked the Laborite landslide to win a seat in Parliament.

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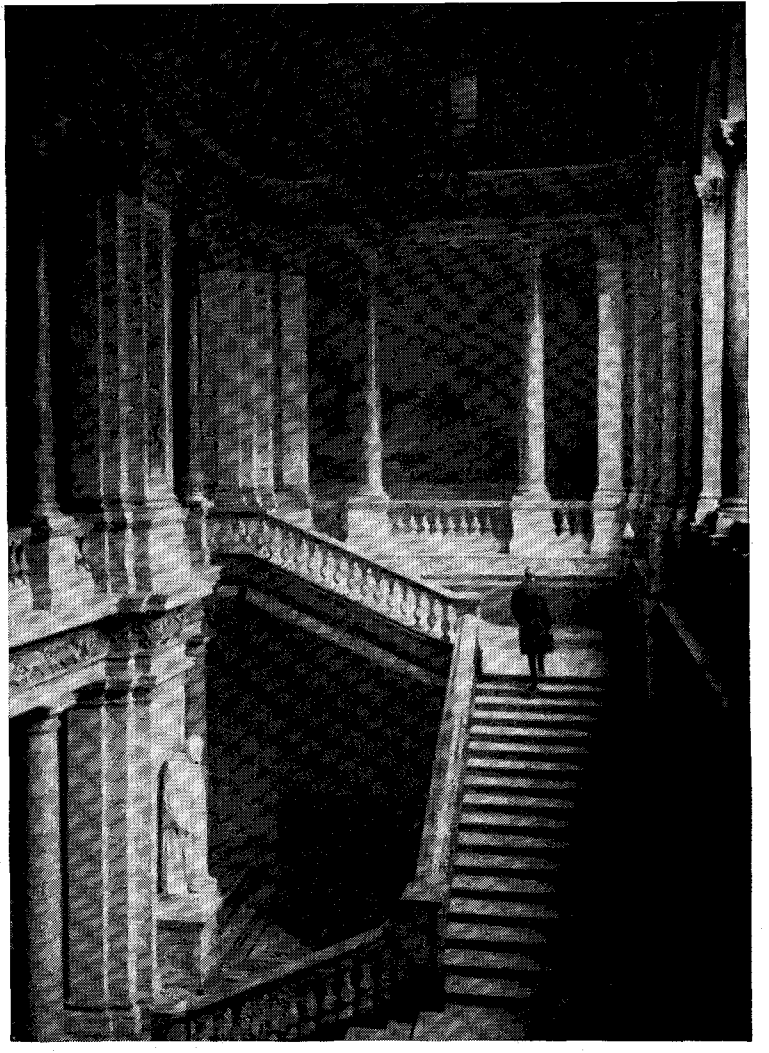
On December 8, 1954, the Assembly of the United Nations in New York was debating the case of the eleven American fliers then still imprisoned in communist China on false charges that they were "spies." The Soviet delegates had defended Red China's action with their usual stony stubbornness. Then a tall young Englishman walked with easy, slouching stride to the rostrum.

This was Anthony Nutting, who, only thirty-four years old, had recently been appointed a British Minister of State and entrusted with the responsibility of heading the United Kingdom delegation to the U.N.

Speaking clearly and slowly, but with a vigor rising to eloquence, Nutting proceeded to tear the communist case to tatters. He dwelt on the absurdity of believing that the eleven airmen would elect to go spying in China wearing their

Nutting didn't hide his boredom when, in December, 1954, Russia's Malik argued that Red China and North Korea should be invited to a U.N. debate on the Korean peace.

Ambassador Lodge and Nutting hold a conference at a recent discussion of the Eisenhower "Open Sky" disarmament plan. Sec. of Labor Mitchell is seated behind Lodge.



A bright young statesman in a dark and ominous world, Nutting mounts the stairway of the British Foreign Office.

American uniforms. Looking at the Soviet delegation, he said, "The idea is so fantastic that it is hard to understand how grown men can advance it." Turning to the delegates of fifty-eight other nations, he earnestly reminded them that the fliers were not just members of the United States Air Force, but also soldiers sent to fight by the will of the United Nations. He wound up with this moving appeal:

"Though they [the imprisoned fliers] cannot hear us, we can and must speak for them. Their lives, their freedom, their future, their safety are our responsibility. . . . They went forth to uphold our cause. We must uphold theirs."

As he concluded, the strict U.N. rule against any "demonstrations" was swept away in a torrent of applause from the crowded galleries. The U.N. Assembly, with only the Soviet bloc opposing, voted overwhelmingly for the resolution urging the fliers' release. Several months later the fliers were finally freed. Many factors combined to pressure the Chinese Reds into relaxing their grip; among them, the impact of Nutting's speech on the U.N. and on world opinion should not be forgotten.

In supporting the American position, as Nutting himself made clear, he was speaking for the government and people of Britain. In that sense he was merely doing his duty, but his heart was in it. The skill and force he brought to the task won him the gratitude of Cabot Lodge and other members of the American delegation. It also established the young newcomer as a power in the U.N., and a worthy successor to older Britons who had preceded him.

Among those in the gallery that day was the famous political cartoonist, Edmund Duffy, who has been a discerning and skeptical observer of the political scene for more than thirty years. Duffy was so impressed that he put Nutting down in his winter book as a possible future prime minister of England. (From experience, I know that Duffy's (Continued on Page 112)

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This is Charlie. He is one of the world's finest barbers. But you wouldn't want him to cut your hair...

NEXT!

By HARLAN WARE

Charlie Verborum unwrapped the gauze, shook the hair cloth, made change in nickels and dimes, hoped for a tip, didn't get it, and said, "Next!"

The outer door closed on a hurrying patron. Four were waiting: an old man, two high-school boys from the trailer park, and the plump stranger who had just come in.

"Hey, who's next?"

Van, the proprietor, wove a hot towel around his customer's nose. "Chair, gentlemen!" he urged. "Charlie's ready!"

Nobody moved. An offer relayed behind the upraised magazines brought the fat stranger to his feet.

"Well, thanks!" he said, surprised. "True Southern hospitality." All unsuspecting, he climbed into Charlie's chair, handing over horn-rimmed glasses for safekeeping. "No clippers on the sides."

Charlie nodded, lips buttoned.

"And don't shave the neck."

Charlie nodded again, lips still buttoned.

Then he was off and into it, a master barber at his quiet best: gentle, fragrant fingers pinned the hair cloth; electric clippers purred smoothly up the neck; he was silent, he was fast. Fast? Why, in eight hours one busy Satiddy in Bisbee, Arizona, taking only five-minute breaks to massage his fingers and ease his throat, he had rung up thirty-two haircuts, a record for the shop. In a career uncommonly crowded with adventure and

(Continued on Page 166)

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An opponent of fluoridation speaks up at town meeting in Dover-Foxcroft, Maine, where the plan recently was voted down for the third straight year.

In New York City, which does not yet fluoridate its water supply, 13,000 youngsters a year receive "topical fluoridation" treatments—i.e., their teeth are swabbed with fluoride.

The Fight Over Fluoridation

The water-treatment plan to prevent tooth decay splits our towns right down the middle. This battle is waged amid name calling and predictions of doom . . .

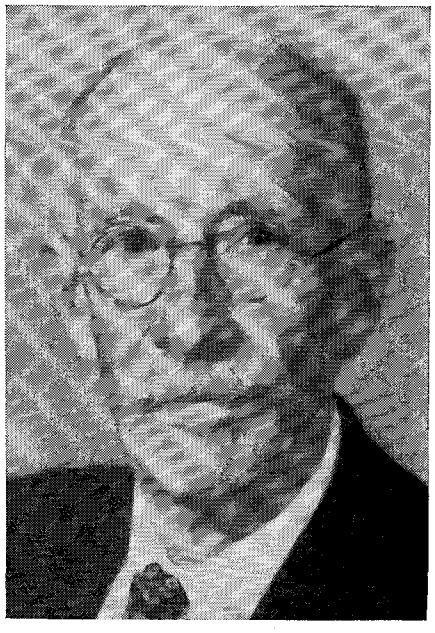
By J. C. FURNAS

Five years ago the curtain was raised for the performance of a dental miracle. The United States Public Health Service put its fluoridation show on the road at that time, recommending the addition of tooth-hardening fluoride to drinking water in all communities where that chemical was not naturally present in the water supply.

The promise was a new generation of Americans with less tooth decay instead of more. Competent scientists had ample proof that fluoridated water could prevent approximately two thirds of the tooth decay among children. They had checked the health of thousands of individuals of all ages, first in areas where the chemical was naturally present in the water supply, and then in places where it had been artificially added. In urging fluoridation, the health arm of our Federal Government had the backing of the American Dental Association, the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association and the National Research Council. All have passed resolutions backing the idea.

Science, it seemed, had moved in on dentistry with a "wonder chemical" (Continued on Page 142)

N.Y.C. Water Commissioner Arthur Ford is dead-set against water fluoridation.



N.Y.C. Board of Health's Dr. Haven Emerson calls fluoridation's opponents "nitwits."

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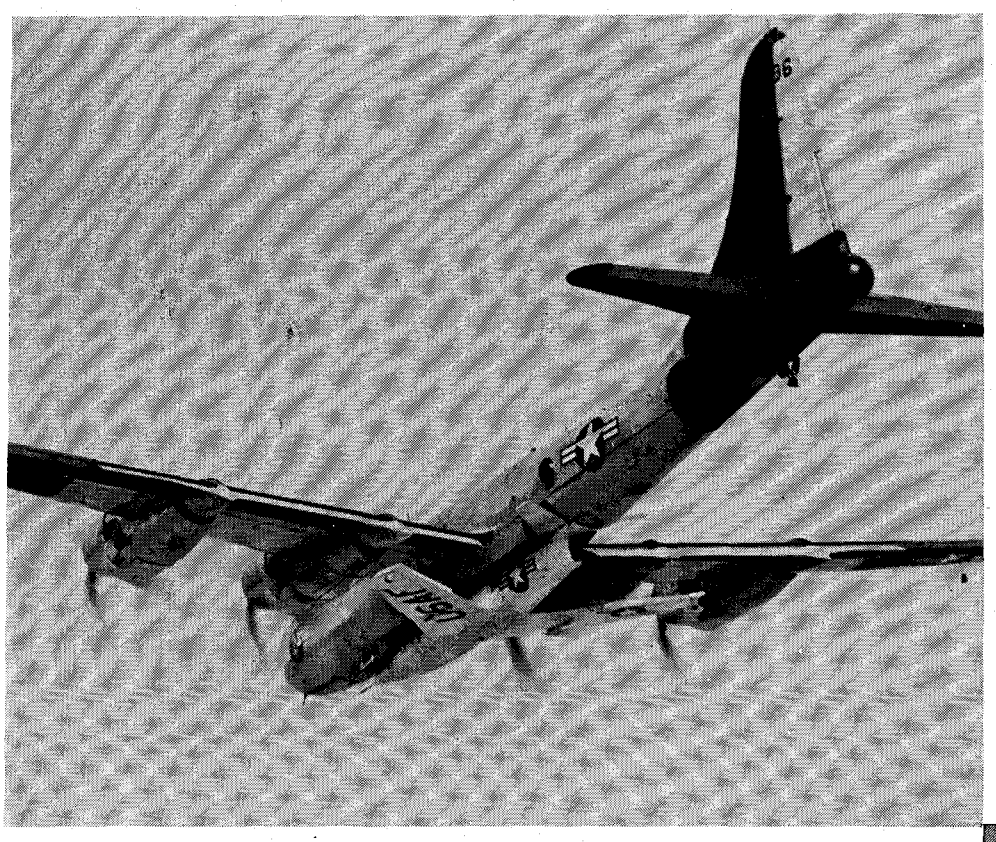
Lt. Col. Pete Everest, test pilot, and Bob Lapp, chief engineer of Bell Aircraft's X-2 project, at Edwards AFB, California. The X-2's job: To probe the "heat barrier."



A B-50 "mother" plane carries the X-2 aloft, conserving the small plane's fuel for a test run. Top speed for the X-2 is "probably around 2500 miles an hour."

By FRANK HARVEY

Inferno in the Sky

After the sound barrier comes the "heat barrier," where gasoline boils and ordinary metals melt like butter in a hot sun.

The cockpit of the X-2 is snug and warm. At maximum speeds, pilots may have to endure temperatures of 150° or more.

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Time out from danger for a supersonic family man. Pete and his wife, Avis, are West Virginians.

Lt. Col. Frank Everest—known as "Pete" around Edwards Air Force Base, in California, where he is boss test pilot—had been planning his latest death-in-the-afternoon routine for a long time when I arrived. Pete had this little sliver of an airplane called the X-2, which would go through the so-called sound barrier in low gear, and keep right on moving faster and faster until it got into an even tougher barrier: heat. The X-2's fuselage was made of K-Monel—a metal which would take vicious friction heat and not start melting like a Dali watch. The X-2's wings were not knife-edged—the standard adjective used to describe wings in the Aviation Writer's Handbook—but they were thinner and sharper than any wings I had ever seen, and they were made of steel—a special kind of steel which would take more heat than K-Monel even.

When Pete Everest and I stepped into the hangar where the Bell people were working on their X-2, the little plane was sitting on jacks amid a pile of its own innards. They'd removed some of the skin from the fuselage and we could see the big, king-sized beer cans which fed the rocket motor. Some of these tanks held liquid oxygen—"lox" the boys call it—and the others contained alcohol.

When Everest opened his throttle, the lox and the alky would spurt into the combustion chambers and go "whoo-oo-oom"—and two huge flames about 100 feet long, bright pink, full of dazzling "shock diamonds," would blast from the twin tailpipes. People twenty miles away could hear the roar. For quite a few seconds the tiny X-2 would be pushed along by more power than can be generated by a Navy heavy cruiser.

"She's a sorry-looking bird at the moment," Pete Everest said. "The boys are getting her ready for the full-power run."

"When does the full-power run come off?"

"It's classified," Everest said. "I don't even think of classified stuff when reporters are around. They might read my mind."

The full-power run of the X-2, of course, will be the fastest man has ever traveled. The X-2 will be carried up to 30,000 feet under the belly of a bomber, dropped, and Everest will open his throttle and hold it there. The rocket motor will shove him through the speed of sound immediately—in a few seconds he'll go through Mach 2, twice the speed of sound—then, still accelerating, he'll go on up to the "classified speed" the test calls for. Pete isn't talking, of course, but this speed will probably be around 2500 miles an hour. That's roughly Mach 3.5, the speed at which the leading edges of those thin steel wings may begin to glow cherry red and the glass windshield will be so hot that if Pete touched it he'd get a serious burn.

"I know test pilots are supposed to be completely without fear," I said to Everest. "But, just between you and me, how do you feel about this full-power run?"

"Any pilot who says he isn't concerned before a rough test hop is either a moron or a damned liar!"

"Do you think the airplane will get hot?" I asked.

"That's the purpose of the deal."

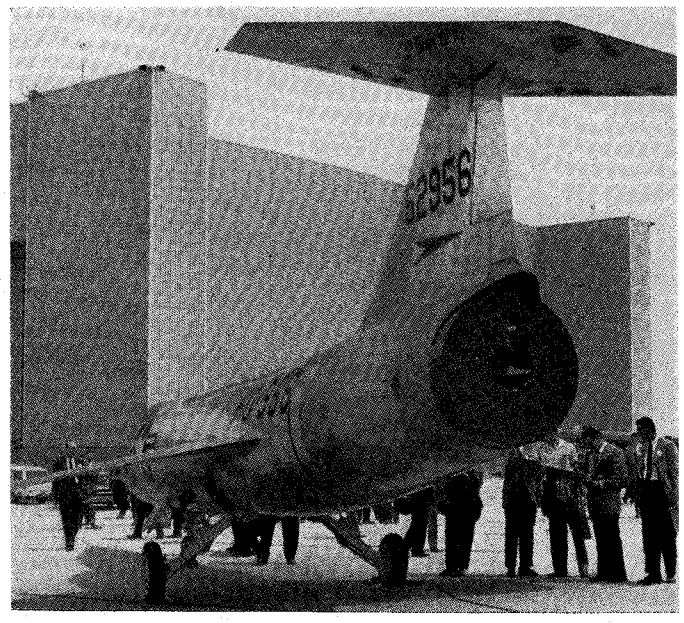
A dozen or more engineers were ministering to the X-2. Some of them were spreading some stuff over the top of the wings. It looked like plastic wood. Pete said it was silicone aerodynamic filler. It got hard. Then they went over it with special grinding machines—checking the contour of the wing carefully with a template—and when they got down to a gnat's eyelash, they finished off by rubbing with chamois skin.

That made the wing like polished glass, so that the boundary-layer air would not burble.

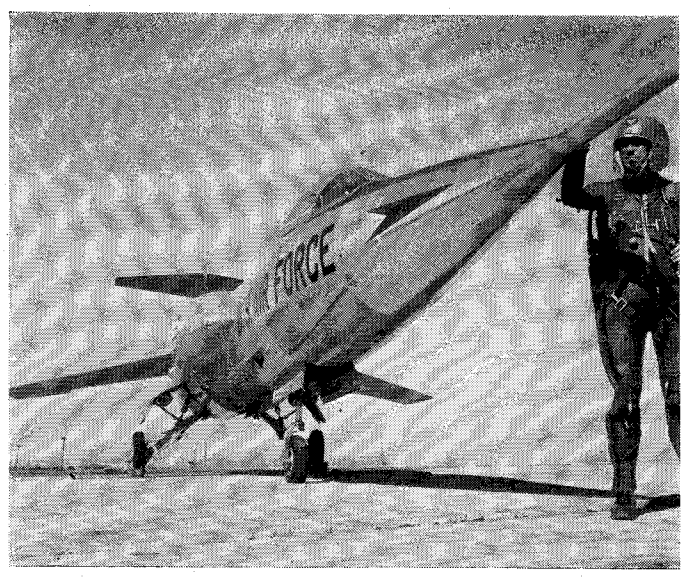
"What's this boundary-layer stuff?" I asked. "Everywhere I go, they always start talking about boundary layers."

Everest explained that the boundary layer was the secret of really high-speed flight. When an airplane moves through the air, it carries a thin film of air along with it that's stuck there like a coat of paint. Even the polished wing of the X-2, if examined under a high-powered microscope, would have trillions of tiny little pits and rough places. The air got caught and held in these pits, even at 2500 miles an hour. The thin film of air was called the boundary layer, and the heat was generated by the mass of the rest of the air scrubbing furiously past it. One of the tricks in keeping a plane cool, Everest said, was in keeping the boundary layer as slick and tight as the skin of an onion. When it broke free and began to burble, the plane heated up six times faster.

That was why the engineers were fussing so much with their filler and their chamois skins. The smallest ridge or hollow could raise Cain with the smooth onion-skin envelope of the boundary layer. The layer was extremely sensitive. Vibration could start it burbling. So could sound. (Continued on Page 139)



The F-104A Starfighter—slower than the experimental X-2, but fast enough to bring the heat barrier uncomfortably close. A removable cover shields the tail jet.



Test pilot Herman Salmon with the F-104A, which experts call "the world's fastest combat plane."

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By NORMA PATTERSON

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE SAVED

They told Miss Christie, "You can't do anything with riffraff like that." Why did she keep trying?

Now the school day was over. Five minutes ago the last footfall had echoed through the halls, the last whoop of release had sounded from the grounds, the last harried teacher had turned in reports. But for Miss Christie Emerson, principal of Latimer Grammar School, the hardest job was still ahead. She was face to face with it this very moment, and she hadn't an idea how it was to be handled.

The boy sitting across the room was the school's problem boy. Miss Christie had taught for forty-three years, and this was the one pupil from whom she had failed to get some response. Although she was working on reports and not looking at him, she knew he was not looking at her either. He seldom met anyone's eye. He would be gazing straight ahead, that leer on his face—almost a smile of satisfaction. Last night he had tried to set the schoolhouse on fire. Arson. A criminal offense. The evidence was nailed.

Miss Christie sighed. She had tried so hard to reach him, but now it was out of her hands. She could do nothing. They would turn him over to juvenile authorities for prosecution, and that meant the state reformatory.

Still without glancing up, Miss Christie spoke. "Buck, bring me the card index on that filing case, please." Her voice was detached, as if she were engrossed in her work. It was a trick she had used before. It eased the tension and it gave Miss Christie a little more time to think.

There was no movement in the room. She could picture the sneering response to her simple request, meaning *I'm out of your custody now. I'm big-time. Don't have to go to sissy school any longer. I'm a real character. Watch what I do to them up at stir.*

Then a foot scraped on the floor. Two feet. He shambled across the room, slouched back and dumped the box on the desk.

"Thank you. I'll be finished here in a few moments"—conversationally.

It wasn't that she handled them with gloves—when Miss Christie pitched into a kid he remembered it—but she tried to treat a boy as if he were a responsible human being. She often said, "This is a grownup world. The children can't understand our laws and attitudes, having had no adult experience, but they've got to abide by them, and I'd like them to know why, if possible, and to feel that they can depend on grownups for a square deal."

The door opened cautiously and the old janitor stuck his head in. Then, not scenting too much brimstone, he retrieved the wastebasket and trotted hastily away. Miss Christie's pen scratched on. *I'd give my prize possession to escape this next half hour.*

Last night the town had been aroused by fire sirens, and Superintendent Clint had phoned Miss Christie after midnight. "We've had arson at your school."

"No!" There had been cases of vandalism, but arson ——"A fire? Do any damage?"

"Not much. The night watchman discovered it almost at once."

"But who would set the school on fire?"

"We'll talk about it in the morning."

Miss Christie hadn't slept a wink.

This morning Superintendent Clint came into her office early. "Well," he said, "we've got the culprit spotted. The night watchman had a good look at him as he ran. But we want conclusive evidence before we crack down."

"It wasn't one of our boys, was it?"

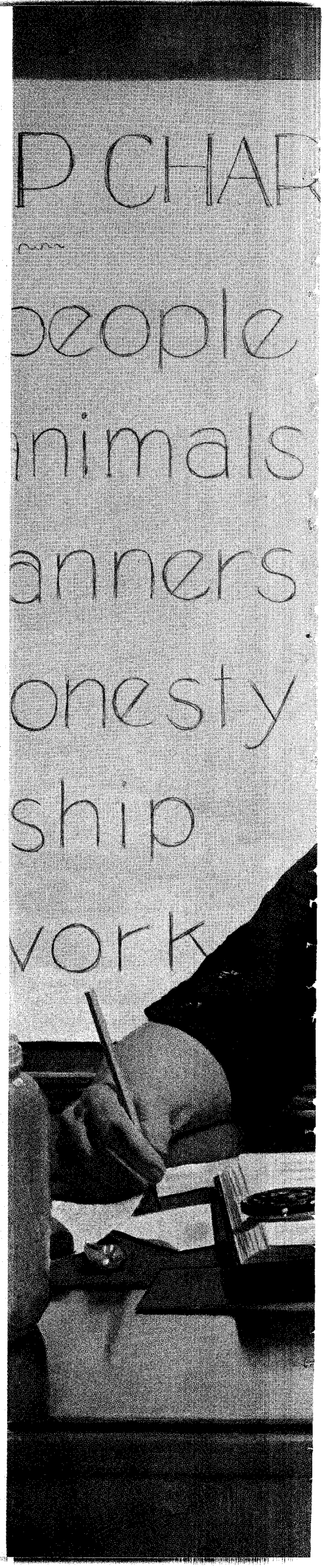
"Yes. Buck Torré."

"Oh, no. Not Buck."

The superintendent said impatiently, "Who else? He's the troublemaker here, a chip off the old block. You can't do anything with riffraff like that."

(Continued on Page 128)

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell



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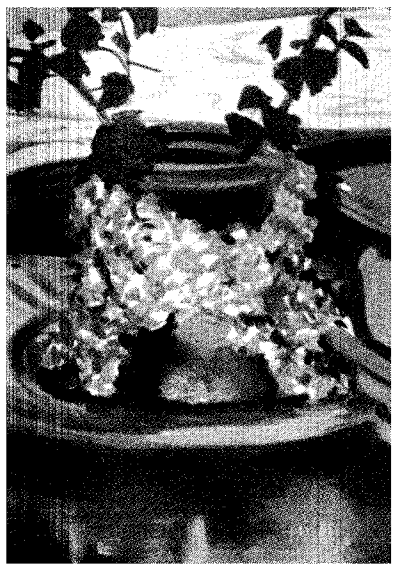

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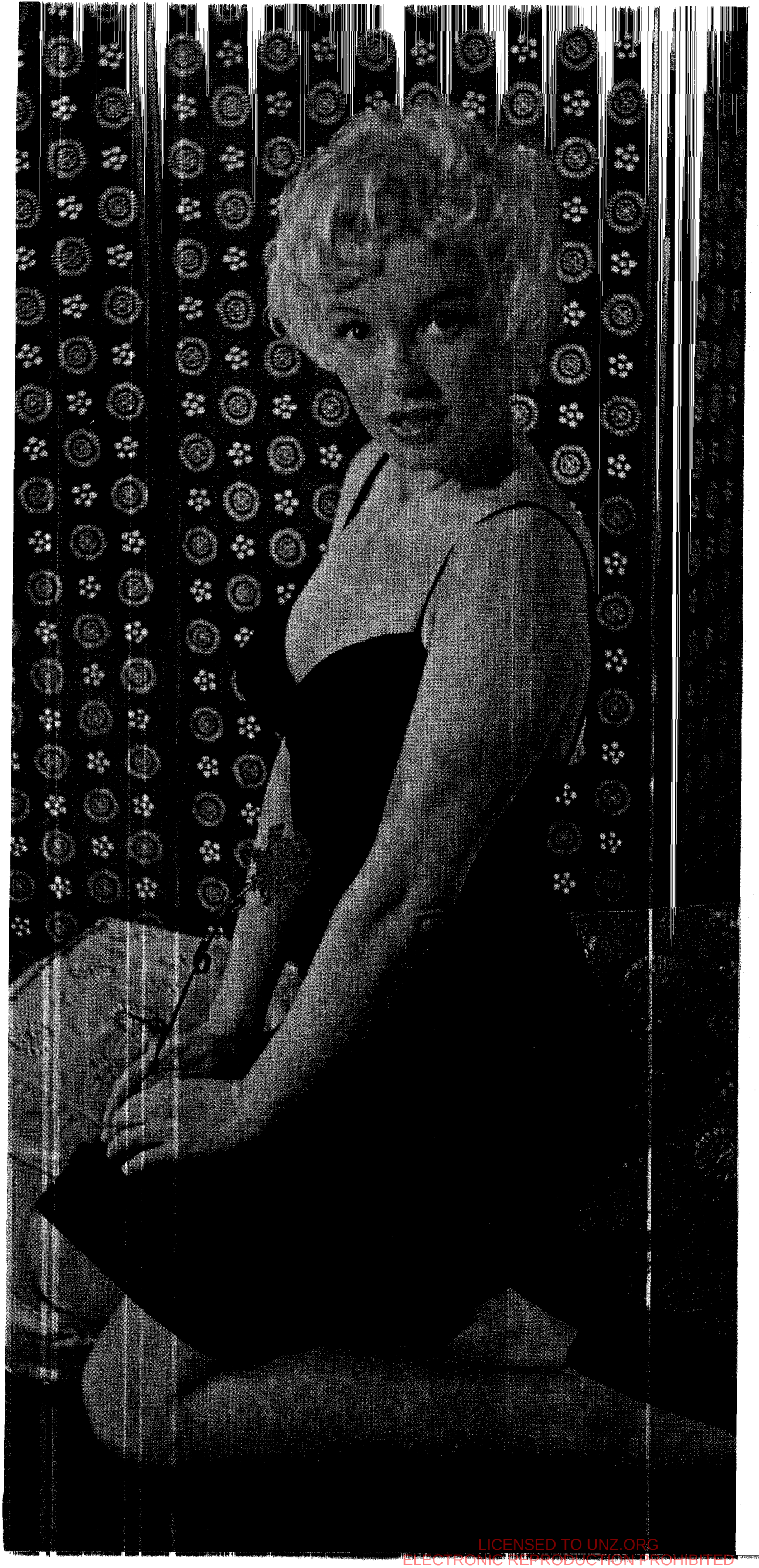

The New Marilyn Monroe

By PETE MARTIN

Blonde, Incorporated

The story of Marilyn's brief marriage to Joe DiMaggio, her battle with Hollywood, and her surprising new career.

CONCLUSION

I put this question to my friend and confidant, whom I call Flack Jones: "How did Joe DiMaggio happen to come into Marilyn's life?" Jones is one of my principal sources of Marilyn Monroe information. As a skilled and articulate employee of the publicity department of the 20th Century-Fox motion-picture studio, he had worked closely with Marilyn for several years before her highly publicized departure from Hollywood to live in New York and "learn to be an actress."

"Marilyn met him in a café one night on a blind double date," Jones said. "DiMaggio had heard about her and wanted to meet her. They met through friends and had dinner. Everything went just fine and dandy, until ultimately their friendship ripened into a romance which led to their marriage.

"But to complicate things, late in 1952 she decided to mix her first holdout with her romance," Flack Jones said. Then he corrected himself, "It must have been '53, for she had made River of No Return and How to Marry a Millionaire. Anyhow, she decided—or else her confidential advisers had persuaded her—that she was worth more money. But instead of stalking into Darryl Zanuck's office, slapping her next script down and saying, 'I won't do it!' she simply hid out. She sneaked down alleys, didn't answer her phone and couldn't be reached by anybody.

"This was before she ran off and married Joe DiMaggio, and the studio was taking a firm tone with her—a very firm tone. But when the romance reached full flower, the studio had to do a fast (Continued on Page 174)

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"Now wait a minute," Newt said, edging for his gun. "I'm sure this little lady don't want to quit without givin' us a chance to get even."

The swindlers had easy pickings—until they tried to play a girl for a sucker.

Crooked Game

By ED MONTGOMERY

Jesse Ainley came to town the year after The Run and he didn't look any more like a future governor and United States senator than anybody else who got off the train. You understand this was before Sadie Malloy and Banker Jenkins got him into politics. Them and Eight-Notch Newt Batson.

Jesse Ainley came to town with a valise containing his other shirt and such stuff, and a box that held seven guns. He stood on the station platform while he sized up the town and then headed for the Daily Pioneer office, a brand-new frame building on Main Street.

Wallace Sessions, the publisher, was setting type out of a 10-point case. He put the stick down and put his hand in his pistol pocket before he came up to the counter.

"Need some handbills printed up," Jesse told him.

"Well," Sessions said, "it's this way: I can either print up your dodgers or I can get out today's issue of the Daily Pioneer. I guess you can understand why I'm goin' to get out today's issue of the Pioneer."

Jesse had been looking at a copy of the Pioneer on the front counter, and he couldn't understand anything of the kind. But he didn't say so. He just went back, picked up another composing stick, found a printer's apron and started setting type out of a case of Studhorse Gothic. He had his dodgers set, made ready and run off on the job press by the time Wallace Sessions had set two sticks of straight matter.

Sessions read one of the handbills, which said that Mr. Jesse Ainley, world-renowned marksman, would give an exhibition of his plain and fancy shooting the next day on the courthouse square in behalf of the Faultless Arms and Ammunition Company.

"Looks like you know your way around a type case," Sessions said.

"I grew up in a print shop. That's what made a travelin' salesman out of me."

"Is that a fact?" Sessions asked thoughtfully. "What's it pay, bein' one of these trick shots?"

"Pretty good wages."

"That ain't enough," Sessions said.

"It ain't?"

"No, sir. Not for a likely-looking young feller like you that's got an opportunity to light in and grow up with an up-and-coming country like the Oklahoma Territory, the last dad-gummed frontier."

"I guess not," Jesse said doubtfully.

"What you ought to do, son, is buy this newspaper."

"I haven't got any money."

"Wouldn't take much."

"I haven't got any money."

"Oh," Sessions said. "Well, them dodgers'll be fifty cents. I won't charge you anything for the labor."

(Continued on Page 122)

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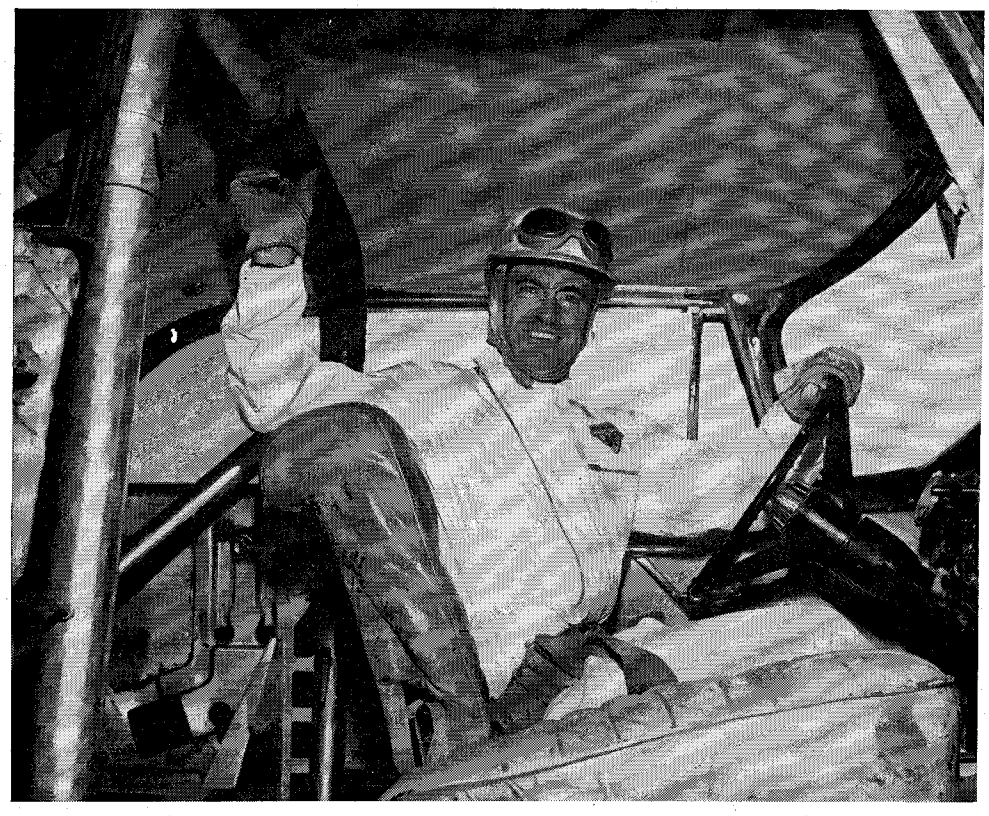
Death Rides Beside Me



Author Mundy, belted, helmeted and ready to roar. The "roll bar" keeps top from caving in.

As a champion race driver, the author has risked his life on every kind of course, from dusty dirt tracks to the Indianapolis Speedway.

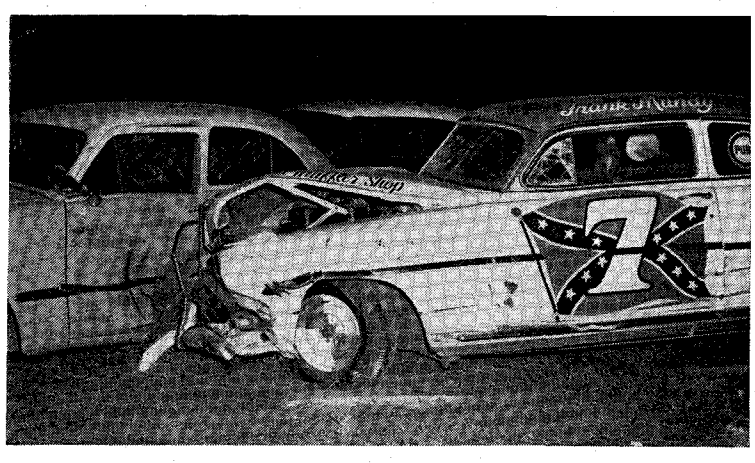
By FRANK (REBEL) MUNDY

as told to Furman Bisher

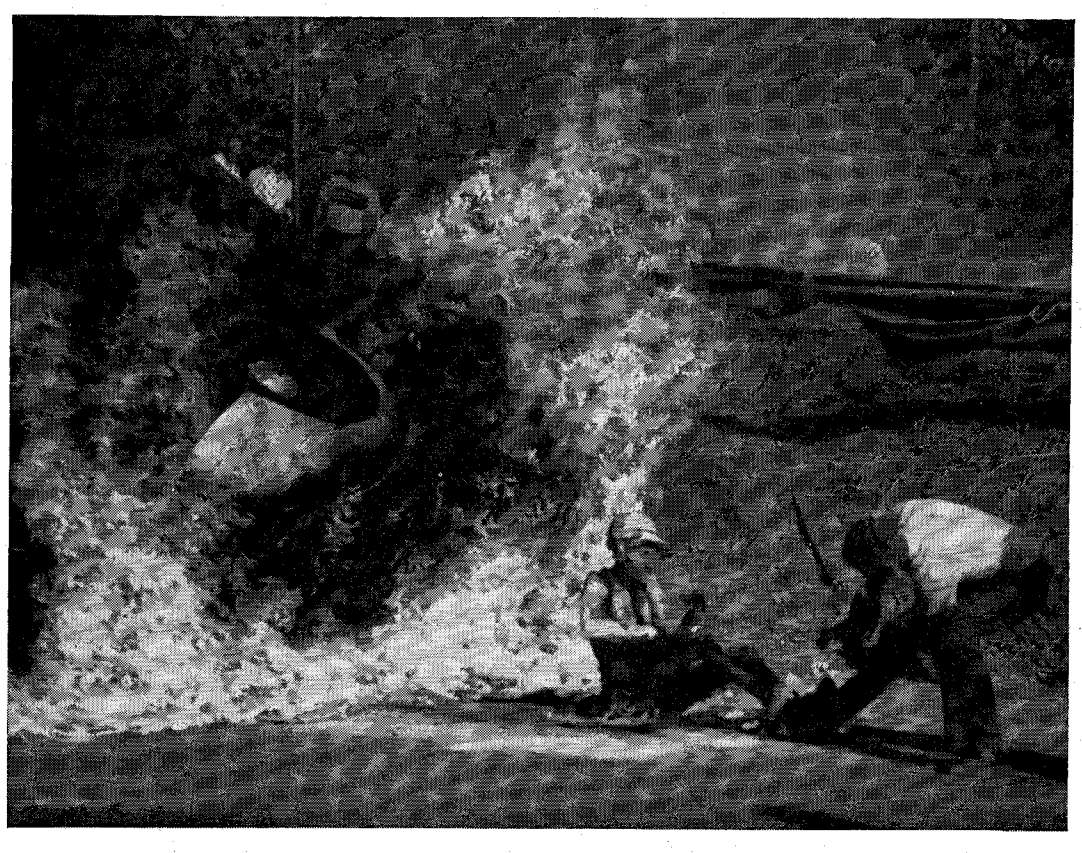
In a night race at Illiana Speedway near Hammond, Indiana, in 1953, I put my stock-car racer into a turn at eighty miles per hour and got the shock of my life. The steering wheel came off in my hands. There I sat, strapped to the seat of a runaway car, with nothing to do but wait and see if I was going to live or die.

During the next few seconds, while my car smashed through the fence and trees into an adjacent parking lot, I kept saying to myself, *Brother, let me get through this one alive and I'll never go back on a race track again.*

But I came out in one piece, and, of course, I kept on showing up at the tracks, just as I had after other scares in the past. I showed up often enough during the rest of the 1953 season to win the



Mundy cracked three ribs and wrecked five parked cars in Indiana in 1953 after the steering wheel of his car (right) came off in his hands.



Driver "Skimp" Hershey was fatally burned in this crash at Atlanta's Lakewood Park six years ago.

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American Automobile Association stock-car racing championship. I finished second in 1954, then won the title again in 1955. I guess I'll keep right on showing up as long as business is good.

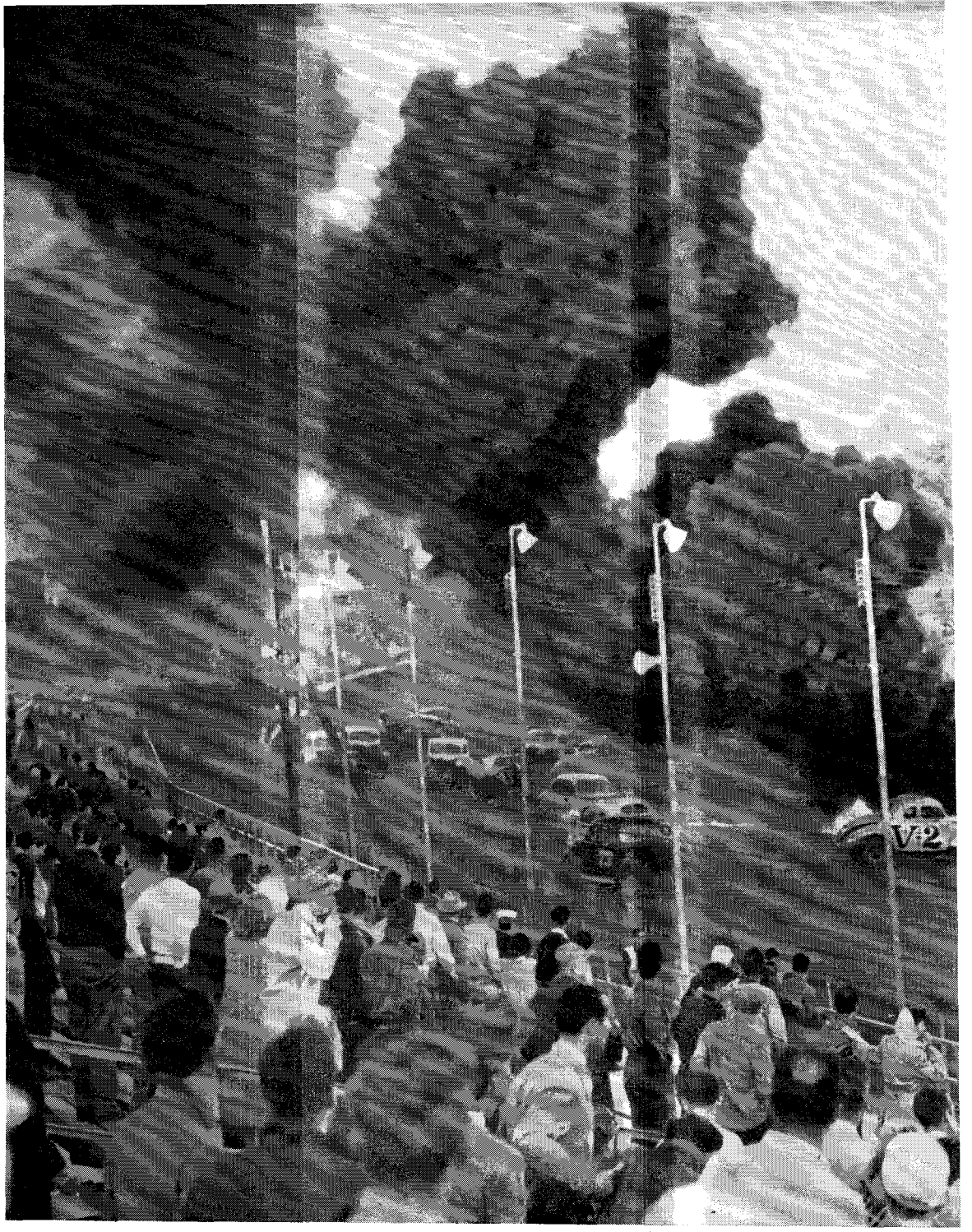
I got off to a slow start this year, but there are still a lot of races to be driven before the 1956 standings are settled. To tell the truth, there's really nothing else I like as much as getting behind the wheel of a racing car. It's like a disease or being an alcoholic. It gets into your blood, and you couldn't give it up if you wanted to, because you'd feel you were walking away from a challenge.

I don't drive for thrills alone, though. That was for my young and foolish days. I also drive because there's money in it. It has become a business with me. My office is the inside of my race car, and my brief case is my crash helmet. I may get mine someday, just like a lot of race drivers before me. But you always think that's something that happens to the other guy. You always think you'll be able to get out of any situation.

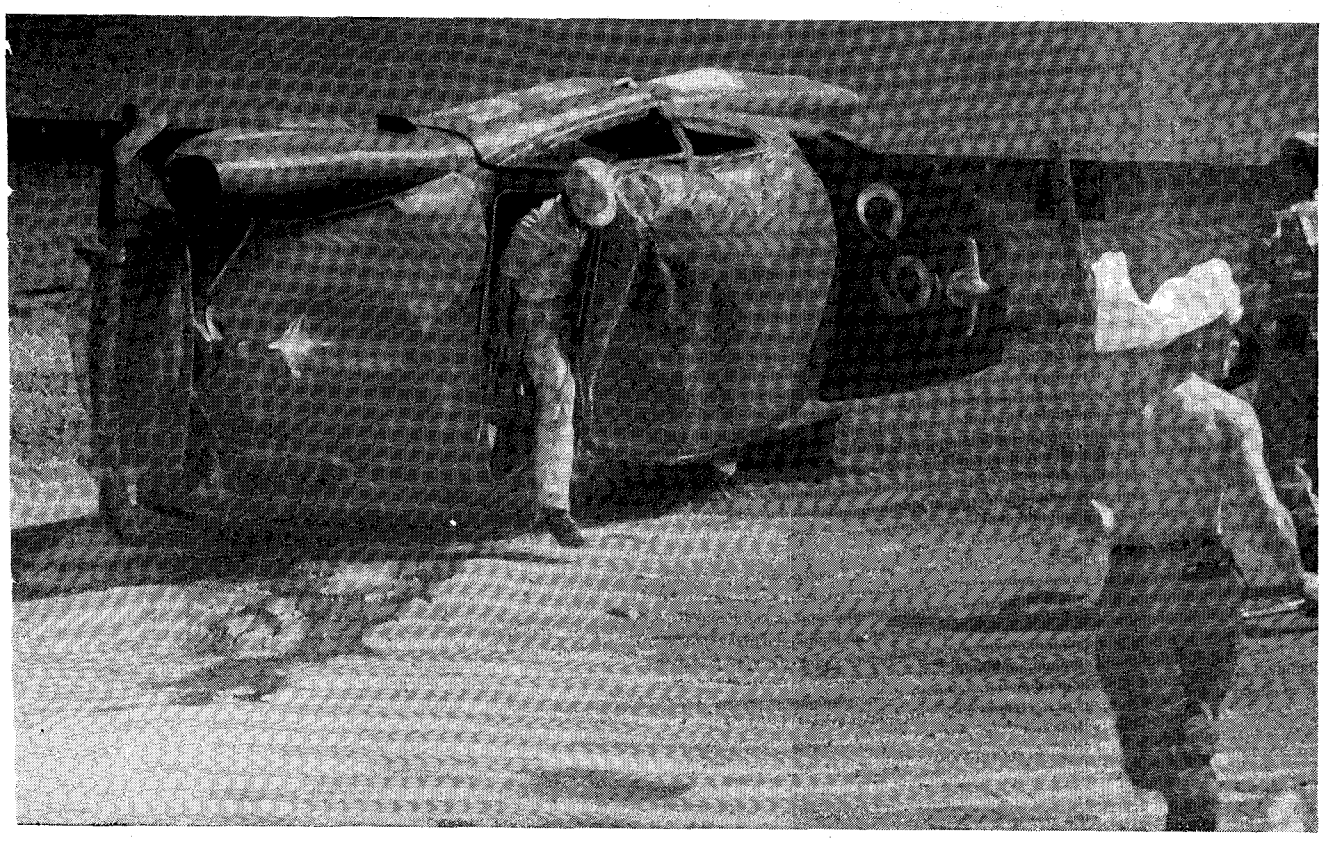
It has been that way with me since I performed my first act as a professional stunt driver in May, 1936. I already had a pretty wild reputation around Atlanta, Georgia, for pulling off kid tricks that required more nerve than sense. I held a messenger's job with Western Union long enough to save the money for a down payment on a motorcycle. I got into a few spontaneous street races, and rode around town doing handle-bar acrobatics for sidewalk audiences.

One day Lucky Teter's Hell Drivers, first and most famous of the vagabond thrill shows, came to Atlanta. One of the motorcycle stunt drivers had broken a leg, and the job was open. Some of my street-racing friends dared me to apply for it. I did, and I got myself hired. So Francisco Eduardo Menendez—that's my real name—got his start in the thrill business before thousands of home folks out at Lakewood Park.

If I were going to turn chicken about risking my neck, it would have happened right off the bat. I made my debut (Continued on Page 79)



Twelve-car pile-up at a Langhorne (Pa.) Speedway stock-car race. This is the oldest form of automobile racing, dating from the manufacturers' competitions of the early 1900's.



Lucky Tony Slama makes an unorthodox exit from his racer at the Canfield (Ohio) Fairgrounds. "I'm convinced," says the author, "that half of the people who go out to the tracks are there to see somebody get killed."

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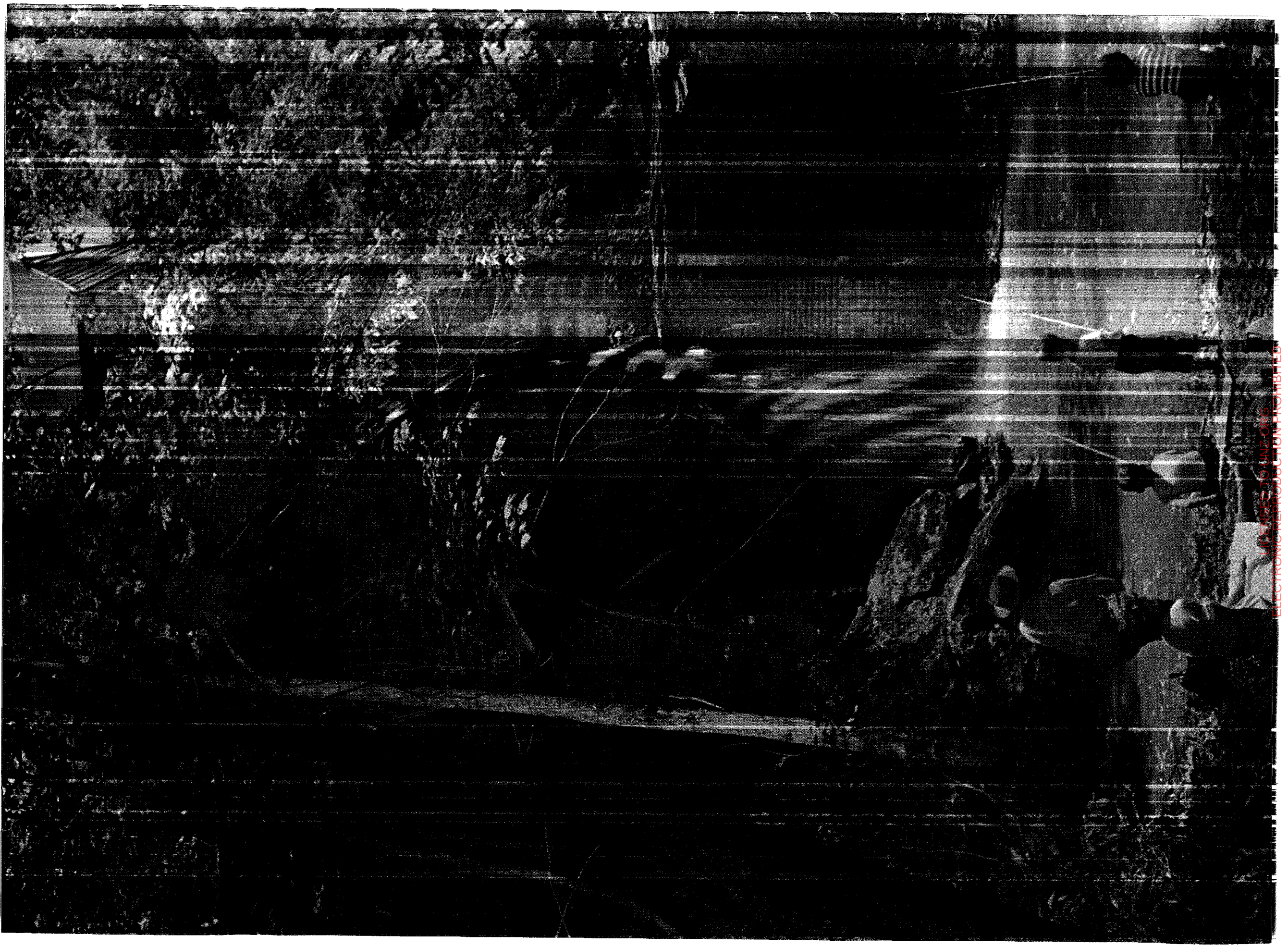

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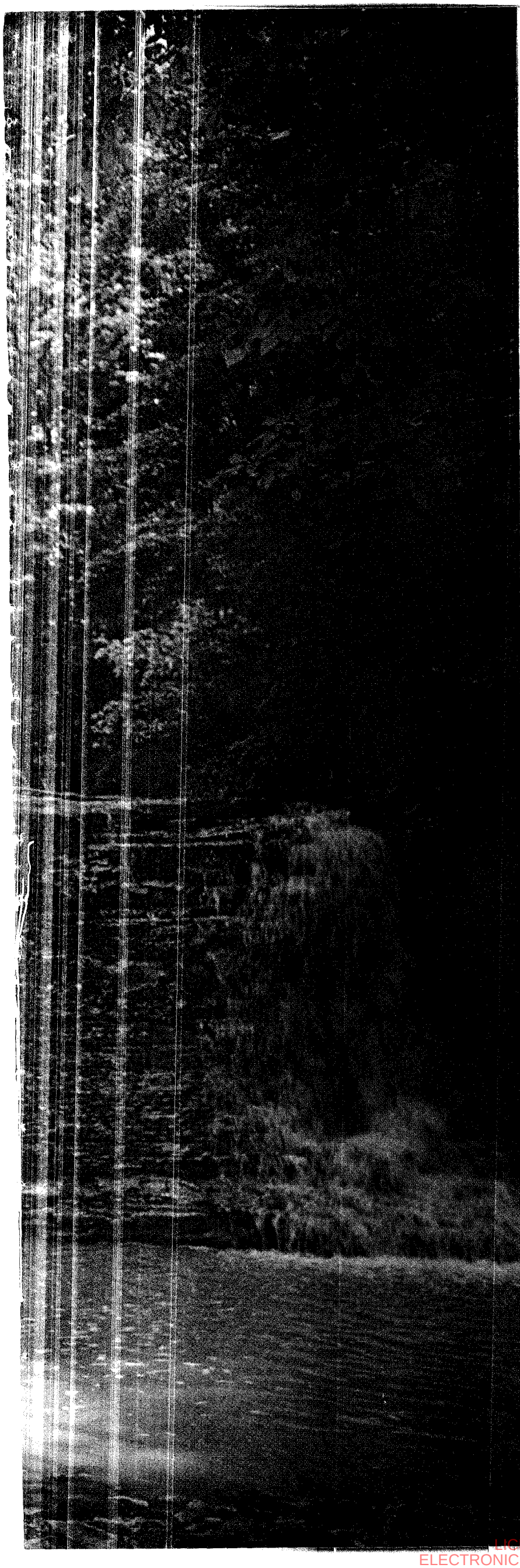

The Face of AMERICA

The Old Mill

Wolf Pen Mill, only twelve miles from bustling Louisville, Kentucky, is generations removed from modern city life. A young widow, Mrs. Robin Cooper, bought the property in 1925. "Friends said I was a lunatic to go live 'way out in the country," says Mrs. Cooper, who still makes her home here. At the time she acquired it, the rustic old building was in disrepair, the pond filled with debris, the water wheel rotten. Today, the painstakingly restored mill is again grinding out corn meal as it did more than a century ago. Even earlier, the Wolf Pen got its name from settlers who trapped a pack of marauding wolves in the dell at the foot of the falls and wiped them out. The pond that now covers the site of the slaughter is a favorite fishing hole for Mrs. Cooper's grandchildren, Rebel, Roddy and Robin. The young anglers catch only catfish and orphan bass fingerlings that slip through the water gate, but they couldn't be prouder if they hooked rainbow trout. And when they arrive, as children inevitably must, at the toilsome, worrisome state of adulthood, what sweeter memories will they look back upon than those summer afternoons by Wolf Pen Mill? ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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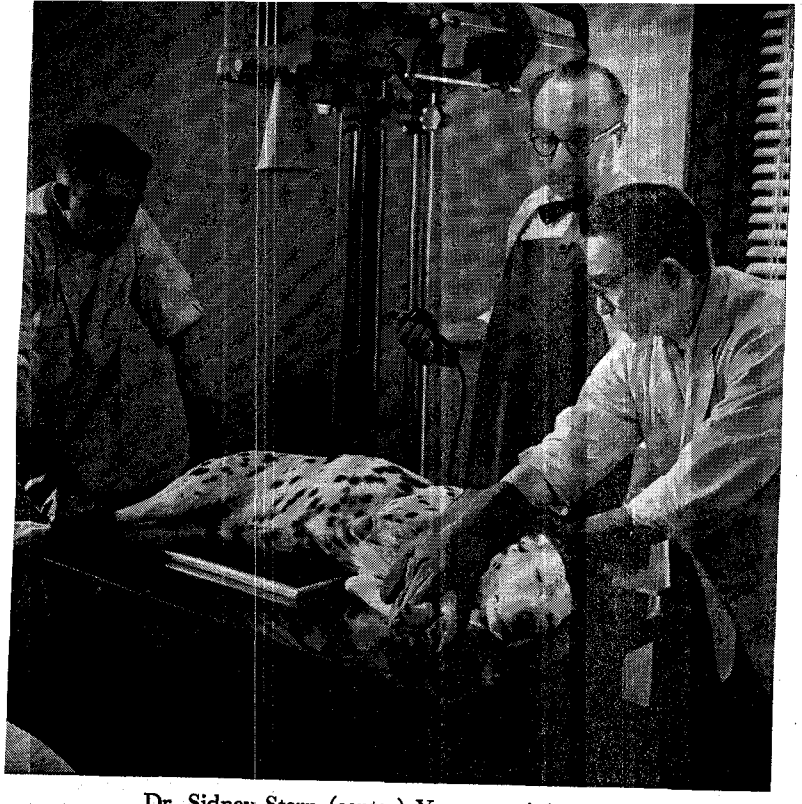

Dr. Sidney Stern (center) X-rays an injured Dalmatian.

Your Dog's Next-Best Friend

By BURTON J. ROWLES

The small-animal veterinarian must treat convalescing cockers and overprotective owners with equal compassion. Take the time a society dog contracted fleas and halitosis . . .

Dr. Maurice Ryan employs his best petside manner as he takes a miniature French poodle from Mrs. W. B. Henry. A bassethound and a collie patiently wait their turns.

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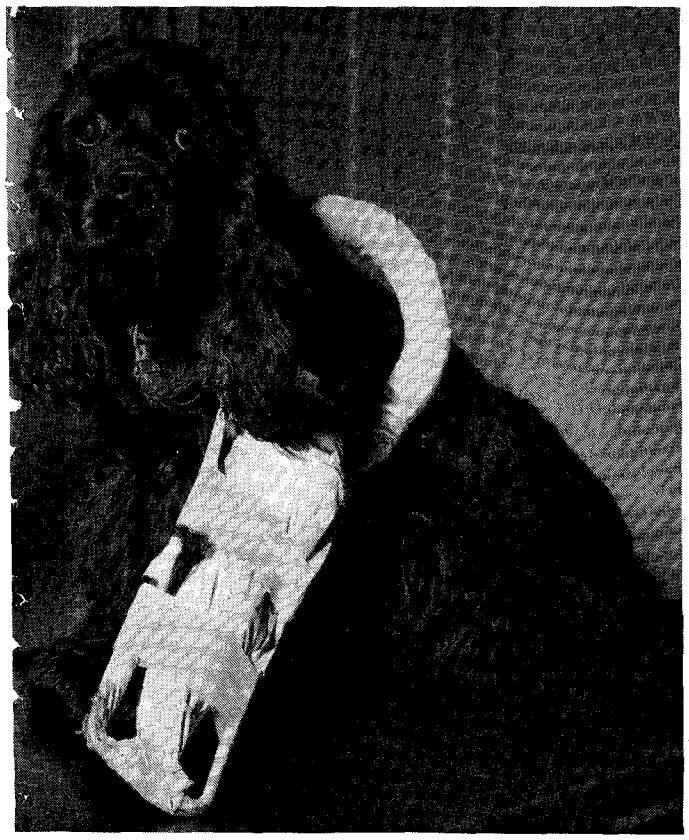


"Can we go home now, Doc?" these pets want to know. Unfortunately for veterinarian and patient, animals aren't much good at telling about where it hurts.

At 2:25 A.M., in the stilly dark of a recent Friday, a telephone rang in a Connecticut hospital, one of the 3264 private hospitals in the nation which are reserved exclusively for small animals.

The night kennelman, roused from his bed, switched on a light and lunged to the telephone. Beyond the door of his bunkroom he could hear a few animals snuffling and stirring in their sleep. He knew that one yip could touch off a satanic chorus of barks and miaows from 150 dogs and cats in the main ward, and excite the six cases in the surgical ward, some of which might strain at their stitches.

"Davis Animal Hospital," he muttered into the mouthpiece.

"I'm sorry to call you at this hour," said a woman's voice, "but my little girl refuses to go back to sleep until you tell her Keekee is all right."

"Kind of dog?" asked the groggy kennelman.

"A taffy cocker. You operated on her today."

The kennelman ran a finger down the worksheet clipped beside the phone. There it was: Client's name. Buff cocker, Keekee, three months. Spayed that afternoon. He knew Keekee was making a routine recovery and sleeping a lot better than he was these nights.

"Dog's doing just fine," he said.

"Now I hate to ask you to do this," the lady went on, "but could you possibly let Keekee bark into the phone so my little girl can hear her and go back to sleep?"

The kennelman felt outraged, but he summoned politeness. "Put the little girl on," he said.

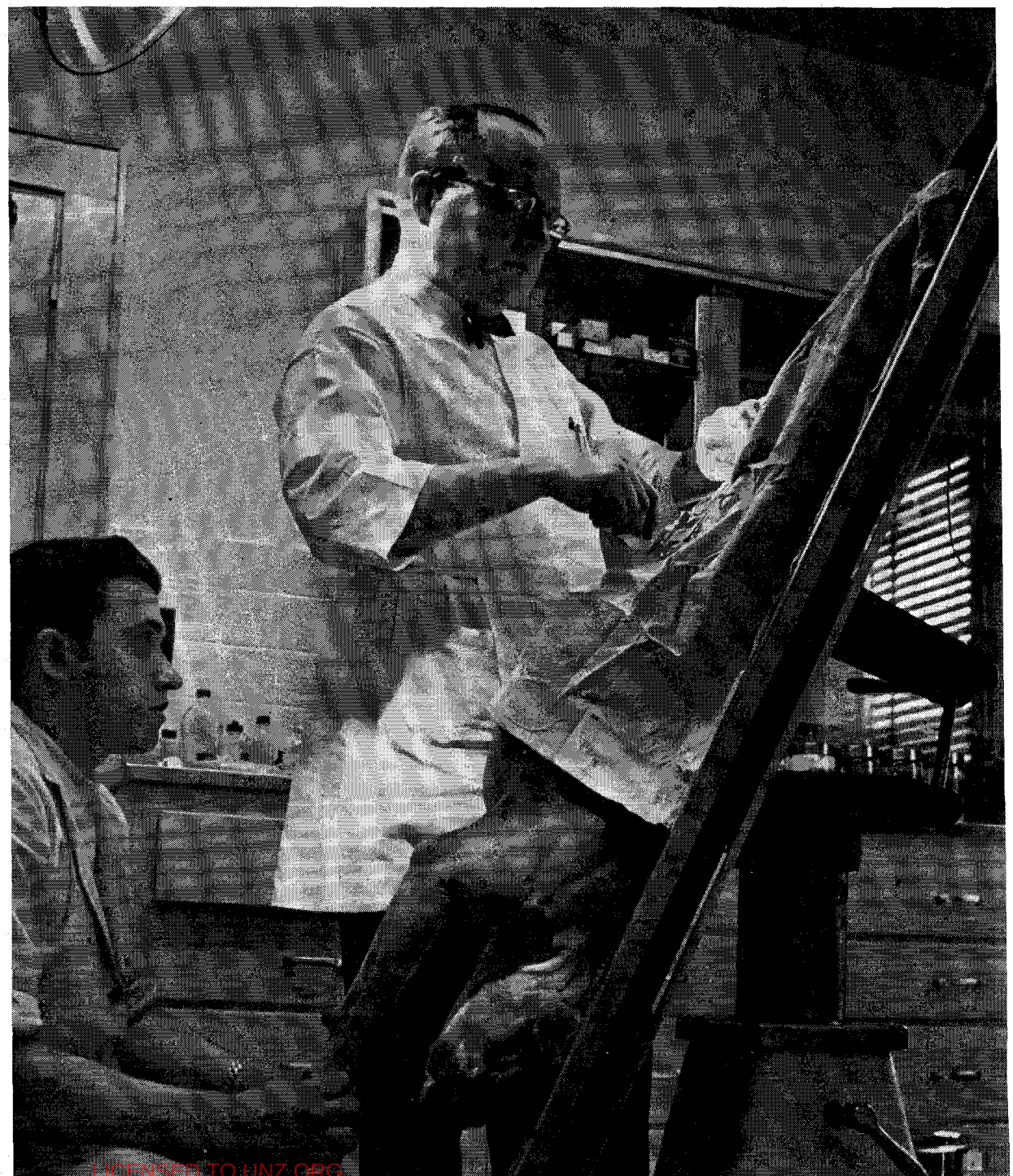
After an interval, a small voice piped, "Hello, Keekee! Keekee, hello!"

Doing his best to imitate a convalescing cocker, the kennelman uttered an encouraging little bark. There was happy laughter at the other end.

(Continued on Page 60)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

Doctor Stern performs a sutureless spaying operation on a boxer. The procedure takes less than ten minutes.



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Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Daddy, can I see that neat gun again, the one you carried all through the war when they would of given you the Congressional Medal only the colonel was jealous?"

"Daddy, Billy Johnson said his father was tougher than you are because his father was in the Infantry and he had to march maybe fifty miles a day with this big heavy field pack and you were only in the Signal Corps, so you didn't have to march or —— Oh, did you? A hundred miles a day? Gosh!"

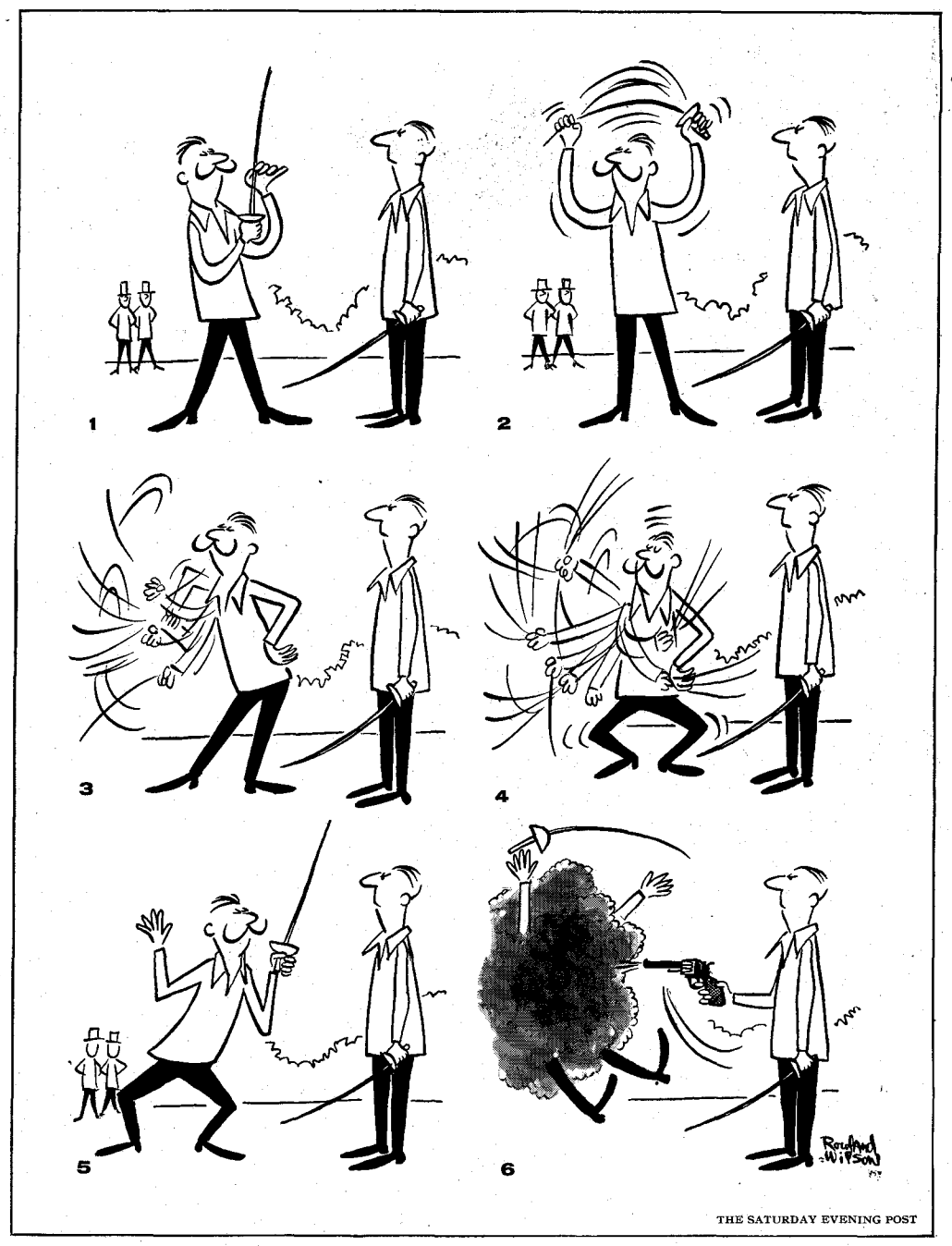
"Gee, daddy, didn't you get scared, sleeping outside every night in those foxholes with all those snakes and snipers and everything? —— Fun? Gee, daddy!"

"Daddy, I told Mr. Harrison today what you said about how boys ought to learn to rough it like the Army does, and he said you were absolutely right!"

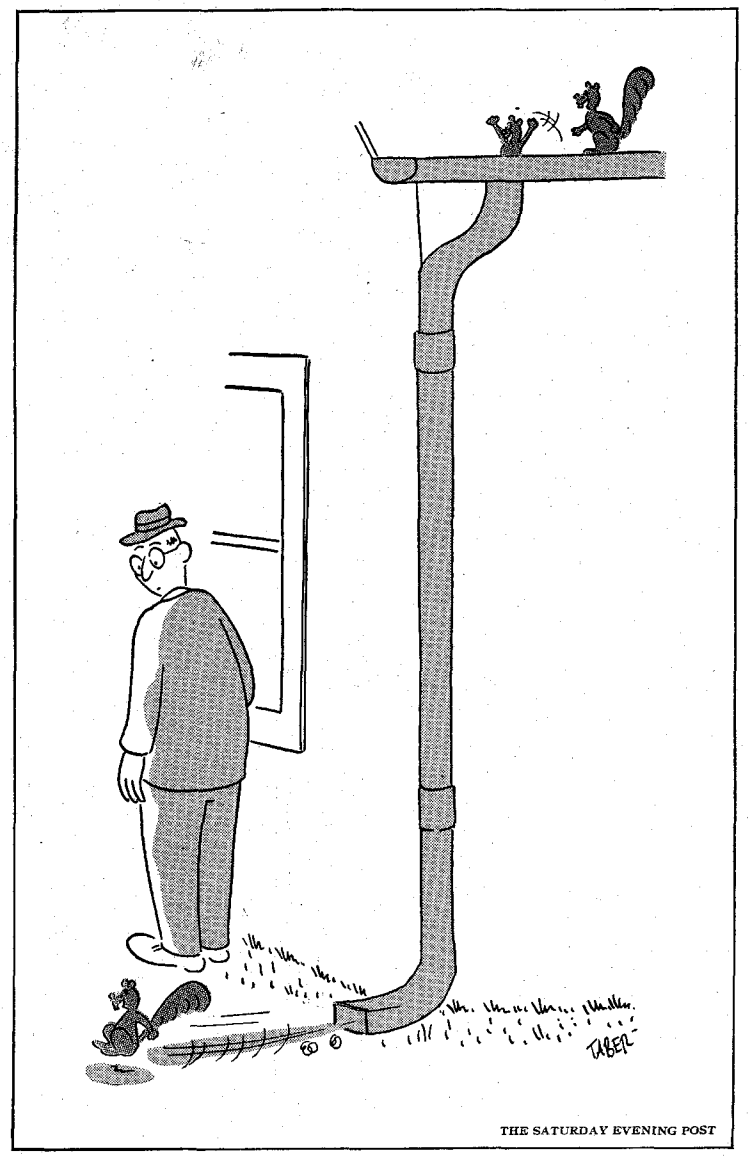
And the fast break:

". . . and so Mr. Harrison wanted one of the fathers to take twenty-six of us Cubs on a pack trip out of Camp Wahoo-ca-monga, and I told him you'd sure like to do it, so he's going to call you tonight and ——"

PEG BRACKEN



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Adhesive Tape, Methods of Removing

Brave people can peel it
And swear they don't feel it;
They just let 'er rip,
And it's off—ker-zip!

I take it an inch
At a time and flinch.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

It Will Just be a Few Minutes Longer

"I know you had an appointment for three o'clock and it is now three-thirty, and I know there are ten other people waiting, but the doctor is running slightly behind schedule this afternoon, and . . ."

"But, mom, even if dinner is ready now, the bases are full and I'm pitching, and . . ."

"What's that, Harold? I am aware the last show starts at nine-thirty. I started downstairs once, then I realized the pink dress I had on clashed with the red purse I am carrying, so I simply had to come back up and change it, but . . ."

"XXTV thanks you for your many phone calls. We repeat that we regret, due to technical difficulties beyond our control, we have thus far been unable to bring you tonight's boxing matches, but . . ."

"Officer, I can see that the time on the meter has expired, but my husband has just run down the street to get change, and . . ."

"I know you reserved a fifty-dollar suite three weeks ago, sir, and I know you are a busy man, sir, and I know you have already been waiting a quarter of an hour, sir, but the present occupants are checking out now, sir, and . . ."

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Bed and Boredom

When the day is done and its toil is through,
Reading in bed's what I love to do.
So I fluff my pillow till up I'm propped
And open my book—but there I'm stopped.

For my wife, who lies in the bed to my right,
Is the kind of sleeper that's known as light,
Which means, as she tells me by tossing and
turning,
She can't get to sleep when my light is burning.

I've tried a spotlight with narrow beam,
With cloth and with paper I've shielded the
gleam,
But still, though the glimmer is fair and faint,
Comes the squeak of reproof, the sigh of
complaint.

Reading in bed's what I dearly love
And what I am wistfully dreaming of.
But my wife is insistent, my wife is emphatic:
I can read in bed—if I sleep in the attic.

RICHARD ARMOUR

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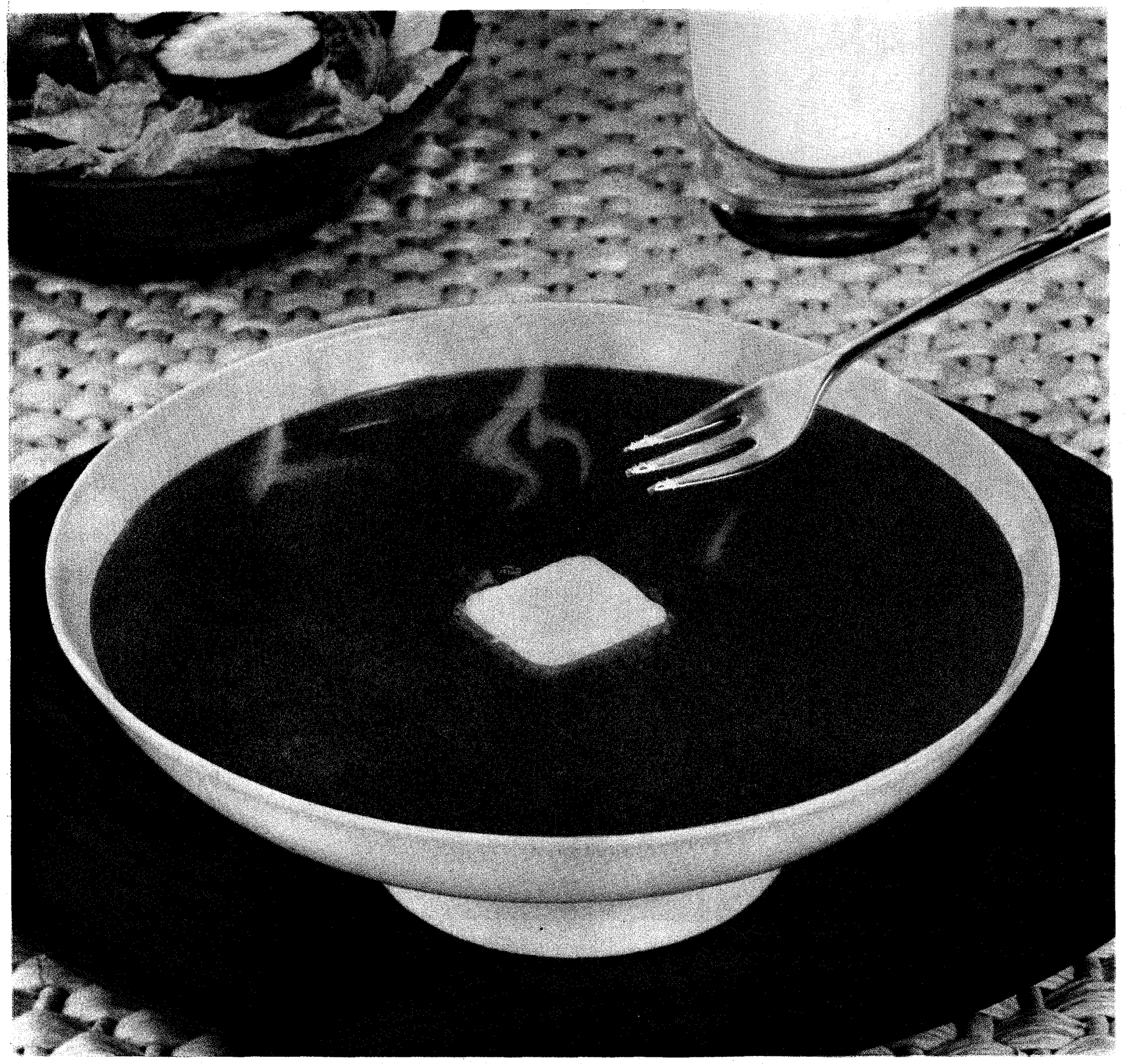

How to butter up a soup —and a husband!

Anyone can do this. Just plop a pat of butter in the middle of your soup. That, if you'll forgive us, is simply soup-er! Hot Buttered Soup.

Butter up a soup like Campbell's Tomato —a soup that begins with pedigreed tomatoes that grow in the summer sun until they're red, red ripe, and are a good source of Vitamin A. Wish you could see how round and firm they are. Wish you could taste that fresh-picked flavor.

Come to think of it, you can — that's just what we have for you in America's favorite soup. Butter it up for the man in your life, won't you? Or butter up another of Campbell's famous 21. Green Pea or Cream of Chicken take well to buttering. As we were saying . . . why not butter up a soup . . . and a husband tonight!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC
NUTRITIONAL NEEDS
VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS
—for general well-being
PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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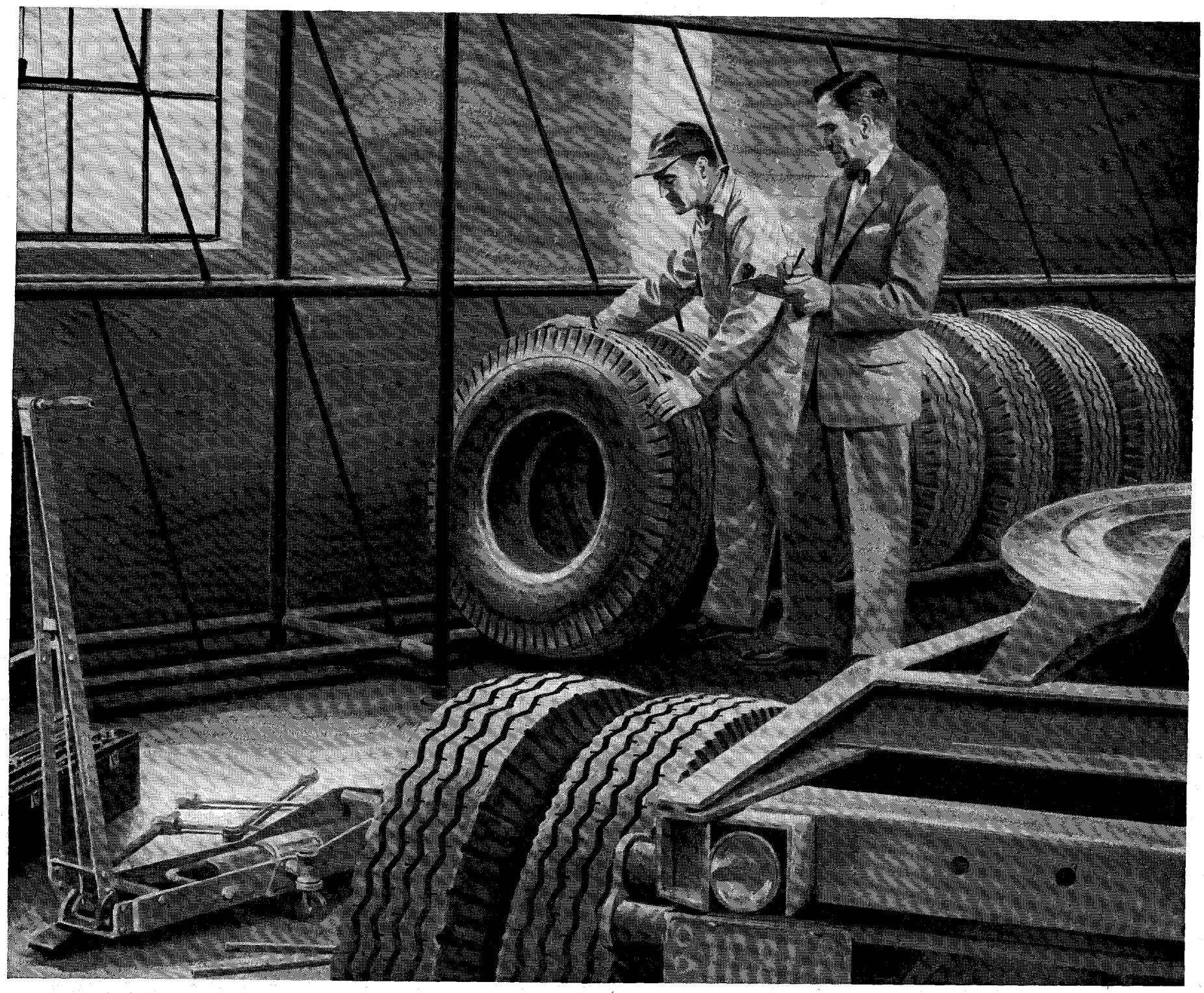

NYLON CORD TRUCK TIRES SAVE YOU MONEY 5 WAYS

1. NYLON MEANS LESS TIRE INVENTORY. With nylon, you can reduce your tire reserve . . . free your capital for other business needs. Fewer failures and more mileage per tire mean you need fewer spares on hand . . . fewer tires per year.

2. NYLON MEANS FEWER ROAD DELAYS. Nylon cord tires help you maintain strict schedules and on-time deliveries, save drivers' time and service costs.

3. NYLON MEANS MORE OVER-ALL MILEAGE. Tough nylon cords mean fewer tire failures . . . higher average tire mileage.

4. NYLON MEANS SAVINGS ON TIRE REPAIRS. By guarding against every major cause of tire failure—flexing, moisture, heat and impact—nylon cords save you service charges and tire repair costs.

5. NYLON MEANS MORE RETREADS. Because their casings are tougher, nylon cord tires can be retreaded again and again. And every retread stretches your tire dollars . . . brings down costs per mile.

NYLON CAN CUT YOUR YEARLY TIRE COSTS. You'll get more miles per dollar, more profit per load . . . when your trucks roll on nylon cord tires. Ask your dealer about nylon cord tires today. Du Pont makes the tough, long-lasting yarns that are used by rubber companies to make the tires that give extra protection against tire failure. Du Pont does not make tires.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NOW, IN PASSENGER-CAR TIRES, TOO . . . THE STRENGTH AND TOUGHNESS OF NYLON . . . FOR UTMOST SAFETY, SUREST PROTECTION AGAINST TIRE TROUBLE

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Trouble at Coley Falls

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Why should he risk his life and career to save a town that hated his guts?

"He'll give us no trouble," Capt. Luke Stevenson had said when he relieved Mike Desbrow of his first sergeant's job. Now, too late, Steve realized that he had been one hundred per cent wrong.

A week earlier, Steve had taken command of Battery D, an antiaircraft-artillery guided-missile unit. His first assignment was to get the battery installed in a new position at Coley Falls.

It was a job Steve didn't relish. He had spent a bitter boyhood in Coley Falls, and had no desire to return there. Coley Falls, in turn, had made it clear that it wanted nothing to do with the Army unit.

Dan Coley, town patriarch, was especially bitter, as his property had been expropriated for the Nike site. Coley, who owned the local Gazette, hired Amos Mitchum and his daughter, Pat, to edit the paper and run a campaign against the Nike installation.

Pat changed her tune, however, after she met Steve, and realized the importance of guided missiles in the area's defense.

Meanwhile Steve's battery was plagued by internal problems. Lt. Hal Ramspeck, who was temporary commander before Steve, hated the new captain. And worse, First Sergeant Desbrow was working rackets that had wrecked the morale of the men.

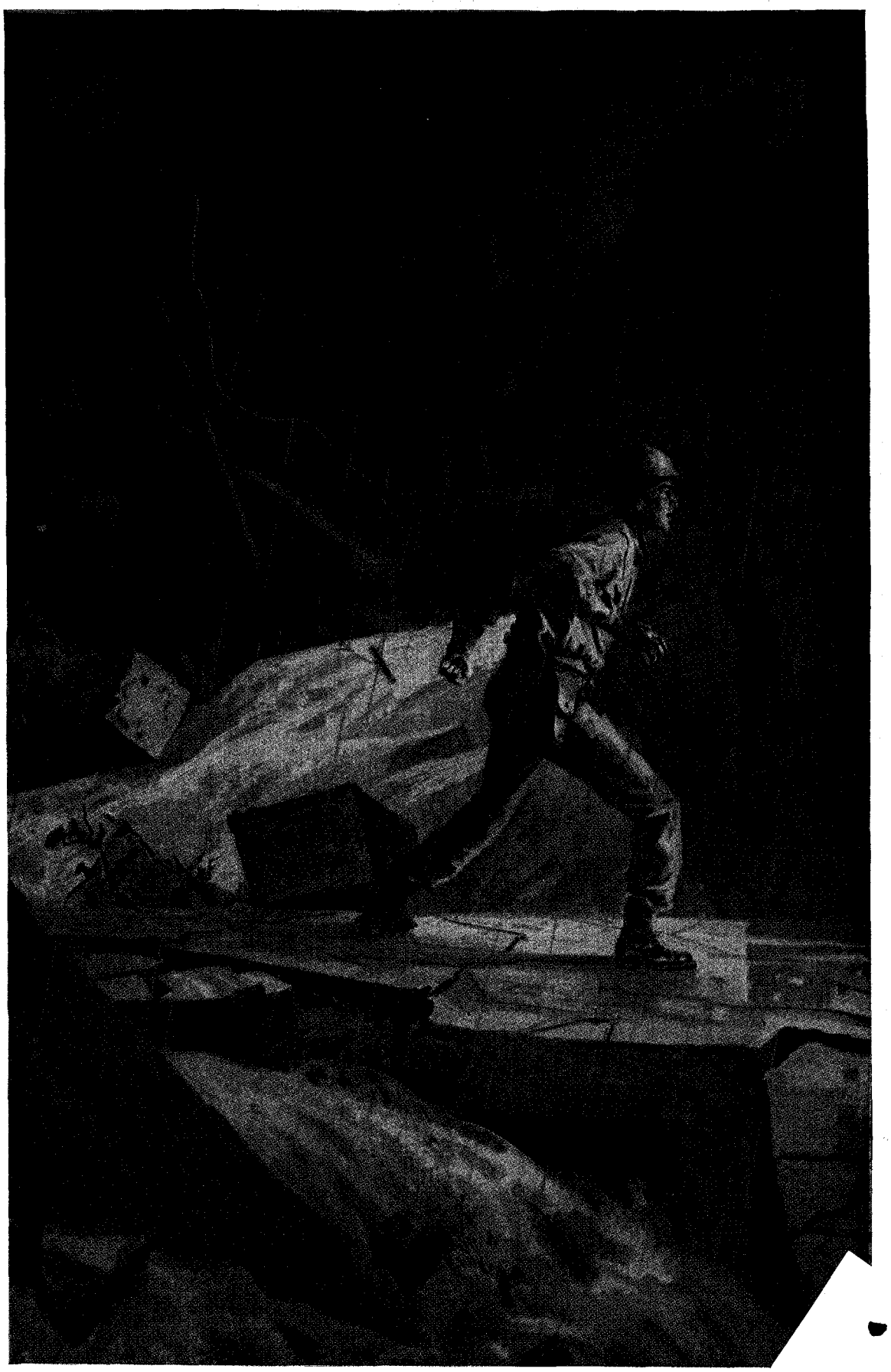
Steve was forced to discipline both men when they disobeyed orders not to go into Coley Falls. Steve had given the order to prevent any incident between his troops and the irate townspeople.

Real trouble began when one of the Nikes was fired. Steve believed the vengeful Desbrow was responsible. But Desbrow himself was critically burned in the rocket blast and was unable to talk. Steve, as captain, was blamed for the accidental firing. He was relieved of his command, pending an investigation. Lieutenant Ramspeck, who had earlier written a bitter letter asking for a transfer, now succeeded Steve.

CONCLUSION

Gray haze had obscured the sun by mid-morning and the heat was oppressive as Steve squatted on his heels by A Section launching platform and talked with Warrant Officer Harvey O'Keefe. Jeff Quigley, with a half dozen of his platoon, had left for Longview before daylight to search for what was left of the runaway Nike.

O'Keefe, the missile technician, said with his thin face hard, "Somebody monkeyed with that firing circuit once. It's my guess that it was Desbrow, and that he was tampering with the missile again (Continued on Page 152)



As the noise of the blast subsided, Steve heard O'Keefe yelling, "The wall! Steve, look

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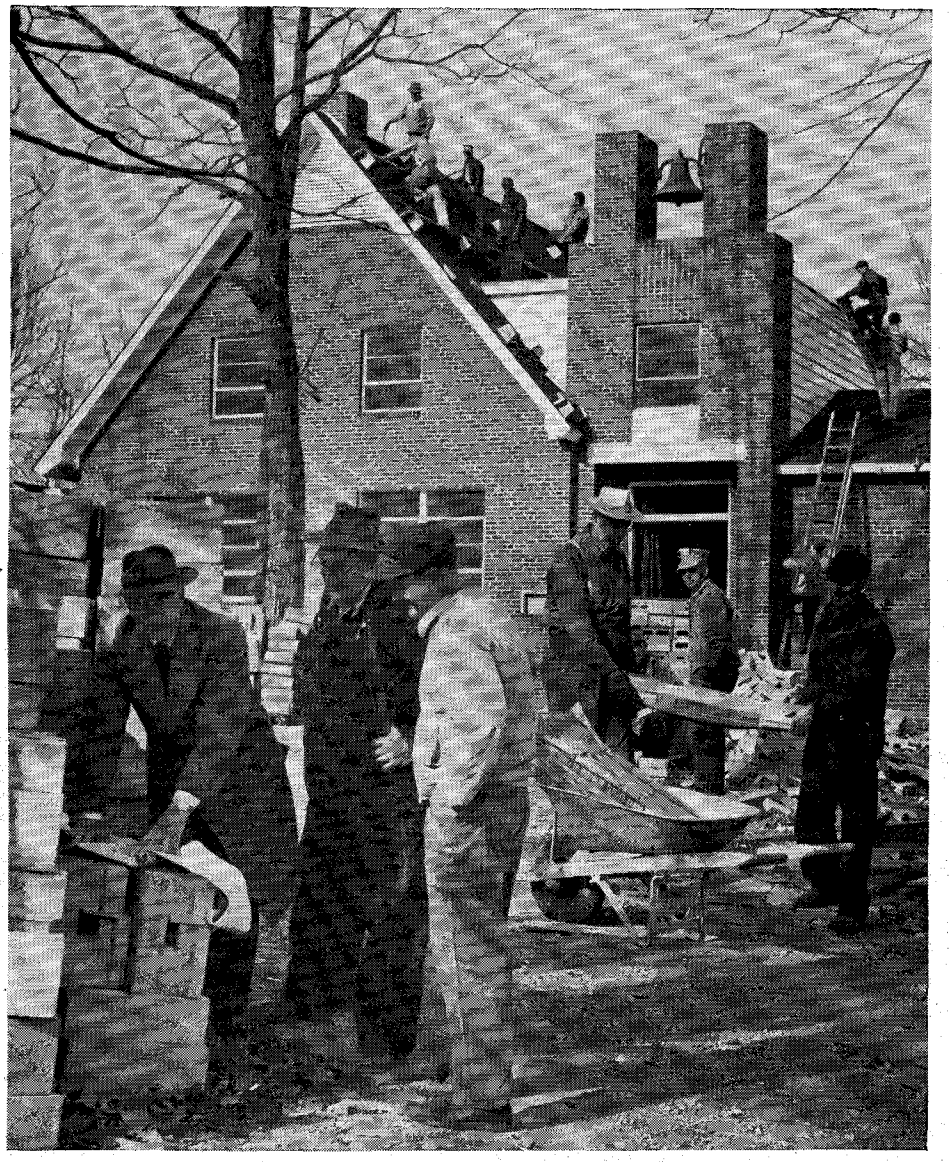


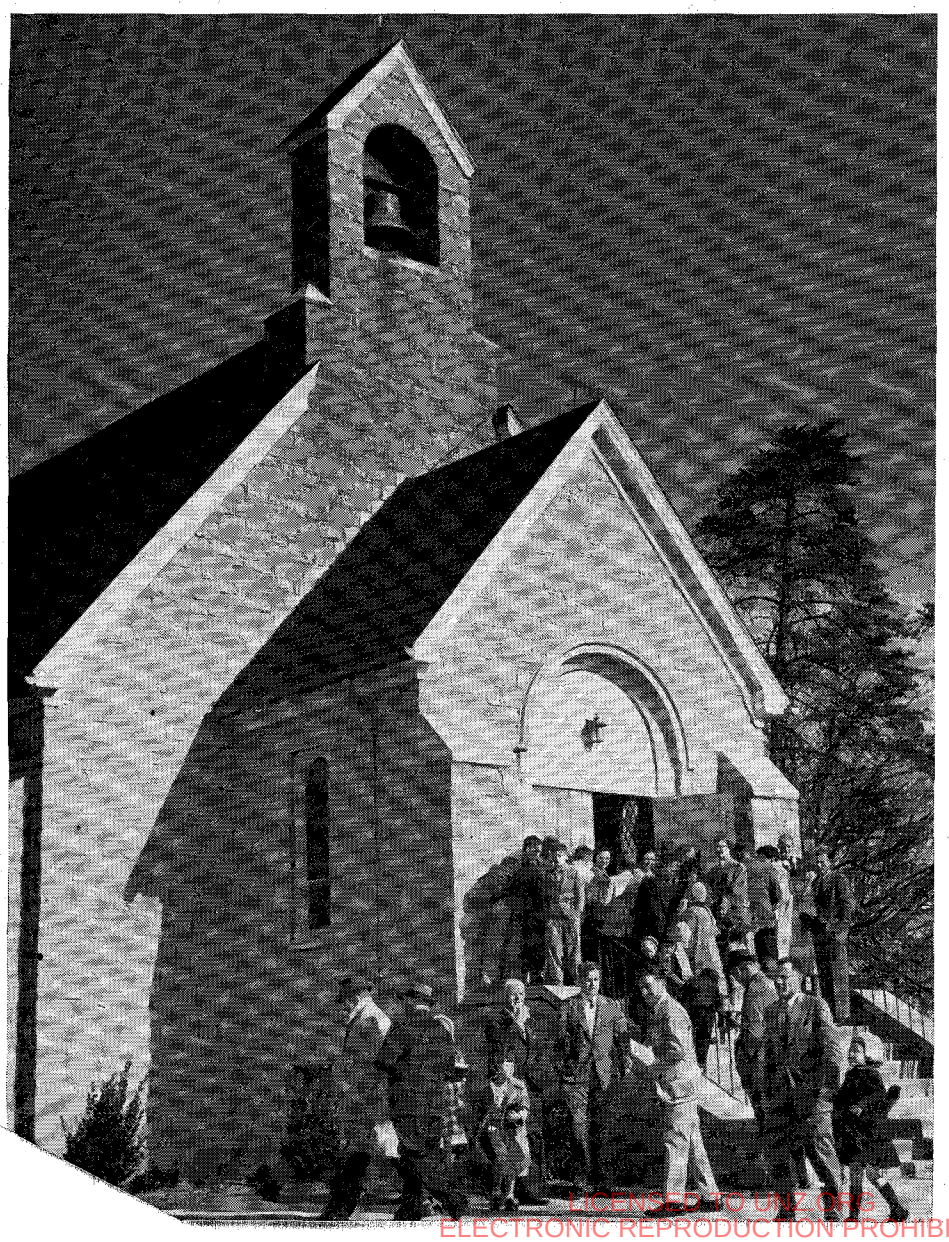
At New Hope, N.C., Howard Haines (left) helps Presbyterians put up the church he designed for them. With Haines are deacon Sam Blackwood and the Rev. John Ensign.

How to Build Your Own Church

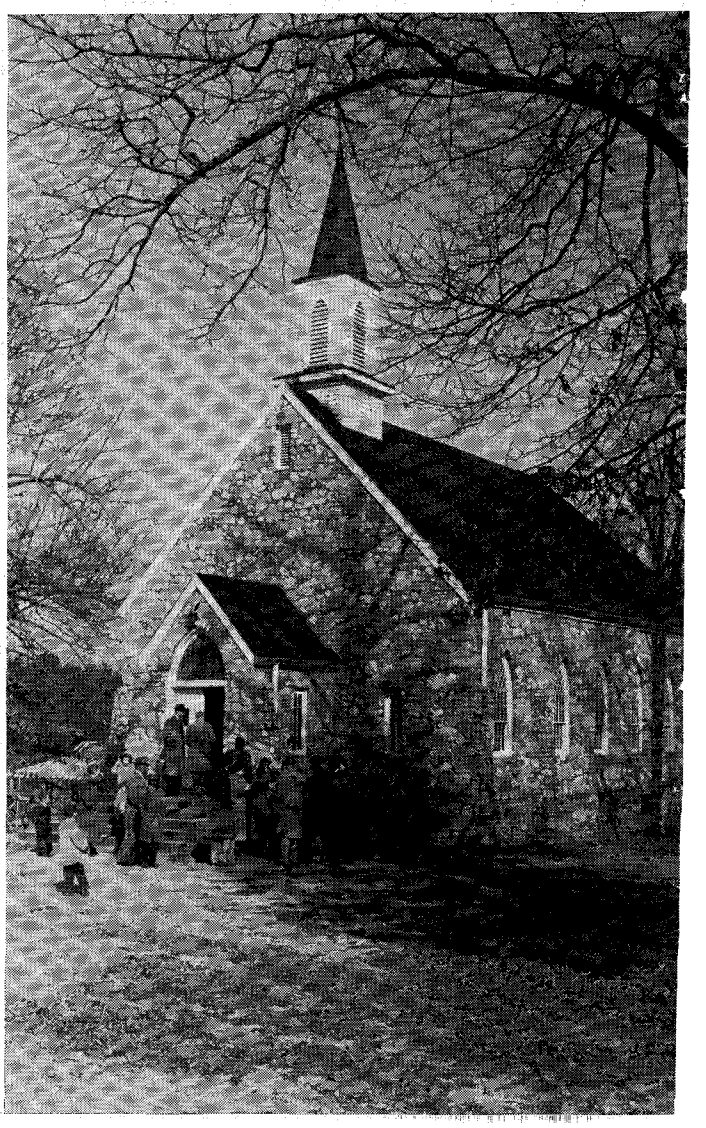
Is your old church
decrepit and drafty?
Does a new one cost
more than you can raise?
North Carolinians
solved their dilemma,
"thanks to God and Mr. Haines!"

By BOOTON HERNDON

After services at Mount Bethel Methodist Church, Bahama, N.C. Haines likes to see local materials used in a church. He feels they bind it closer to the community.



The pretty little crossroads chapel at Allensville was erected at a building bee after Haines supplied the plans.



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Haines, a professor at Duke University, with some of his students. He provides not only the blueprints for churches but also the guidance needed before actual construction begins.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

Among the many country churches in North Carolina there are more than 300, of several denominations, which share a kinship. These churches may be large or small, built of brick, field stone or wood, standing on the beaches of the Outer Banks or nestled back in a mountain valley, but they have one thing in common—they passed through the hands of a shy, warmhearted little architect named Howard Haines, and they are all the better for it.

Haines was brought to North Carolina a quarter century ago by the Duke Endowment Fund to encourage church building in rural Methodist congregations. In the last ten years he has branched out to design churches for many denominations. It is not in his blueprints that his work is unique, although many of his churches are lovely indeed. Rather it is the little bit of himself which he has put into so many of his churches—a little leading here, a little praying there and a little downright pushing somewhere else—that makes them warm and friendly centers of Christian fellowship the whole week in addition to places of worship on Sunday.

And without Howard Haines many of these churches would simply never have been built. He showed the people how to do it themselves. He is the modern master of the old-fashioned church bee.

Haines participated in his first church bee when he was a high-school boy back in Mabel, Minnesota. He first remembers a tiny, drafty little building with a voracious stove for which he sawed cordwood every winter Saturday, all day long. Then came the wonderful summer when the whole community chipped in to build the new one, seeing their church rise before their eyes and through their own efforts. A new spirit of fellowship was born during those days, and it did not die when the job was done. The new church, with its recreation rooms and kitchen, hummed all week long. There were banquets, meetings of the Epworth League, parties, with games like Spin the Platter and Going to Jerusalem, hot chocolate and cookies, and a furnace that didn't burn wood!

"Now that I think of it," Haines observed recently with some surprise, "when I design a new church, I do seem to put a lot of thought into the recreation area and heating plant."

The design is often the easiest part of his job. How to help a hesitant committee of rural deacons get building materials without money is a subject architectural schools don't teach. Haines has frequently found excellent material free for the taking, directly overhead and practically underfoot. That's what happened at one of his earliest projects, the picturesque little church in the crossroads community of Allensville, where people still talk of their church "workin's" of over twenty years ago.

"The old church was falling down around our heads," Deacon Robert Gentry recalls. "But times were mighty hard then. We were standing around the churchyard, kicking at stones because we didn't know what else to do, and Mr. Haines asked if there was much of that rock around. We told him farmers had been picking that flint out of their fields since slavery days. There were piles of it all over the countryside. He nodded, then looked up at the trees. It was kind of shady. Miz Gentry always said she never wanted to be buried back in that cemetery in all them bushes anyway. Somebody said, 'Well, it don't take no money to cut trees and haul rock,' and the first thing we knew we were building a church."

That's how one of Howard Haines' most heartwarming church bees got started. The minister, the late Rev. Samuel Nicks, helped push, of course, but he had other churches on his circuit which he could not neglect. Men, women and children went out and collected the pink flint stones. Some of the kids brought in special rocks from their mothers' gardens, and can point them out to their own children today.

The Duke Endowment contributed some money, and a fine old stonemason named Jim Painter, who has since died, was brought in to lay the stone. At $2.50 for a ten-hour day, he was the highest-paid man on the job. One of the teen-aged volunteers was Enos Slaughter, the future big-league baseball player.

On "workin' days" people would come for miles to pitch in—"Baptists, too," Mrs. Gentry recalls. The night before, the men would hunt squirrels for the Brunswick stew. You could get fifty or sixty between quitting time and sundown in those days. They weren't exactly in season, but, after all, was not this the Lord's work?

The men ate so much at noon that it was a wonder anybody got back to the job. The kids loved it. One day the parents of little Jack Crumpton, then five years old, left him at home. But Jack had (Continued on Page 149)

The Bethany Methodist Church at Baldwin, in the Carolina Smoky Mountains. Congregations find that building their own church creates a spirit of fellowship that lasts long after the job is finished.

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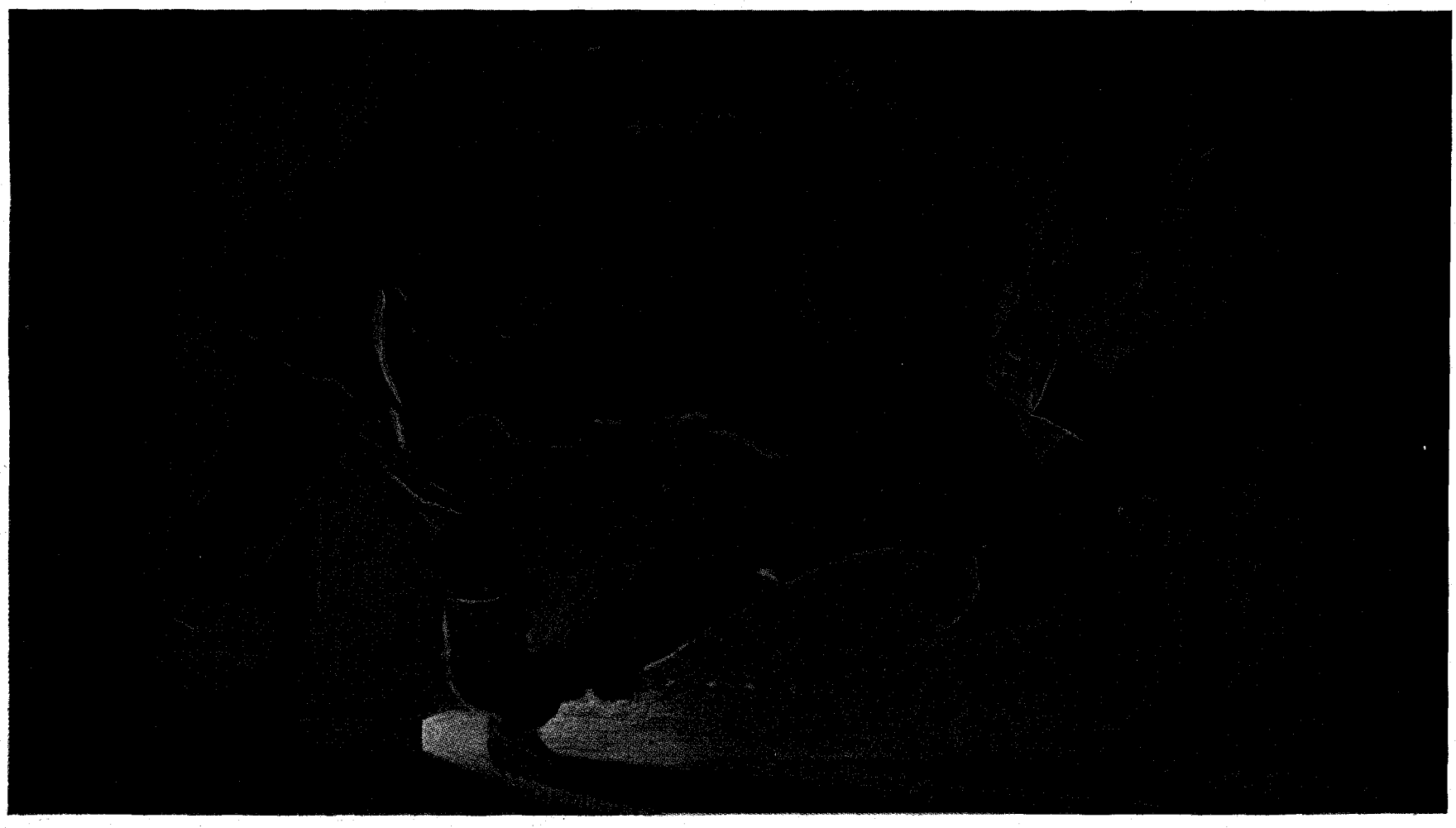

As Dellimare swung at him with the bomb, Patch crashed his fist into Dellimare's jaw.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

He killed in self-defense,
but the police called it murder.

By HAMMOND INNES

As Gideon Patch entered the cabin of my ship, I stood staring at him as though he were a ghost. "What have you come here for?" I asked. "I thought you were dead."

Several weeks ago, my partner, Mike Duncan, and I had come across the Mary Deare, an apparently abandoned freighter. I boarded the ship in hopes of salvaging her. There I met Patch, the Mary Deare's captain.

Patch told me that his crew had deserted the ship when a fire broke out. Patch had put out the blaze alone. Then, with my help, he beached the Mary Deare among the Minkies, a treacherous formation of reefs off the coast of France.

Patch suspected that there had been a deliberate attempt to sink his ship in order to cover up some shady dealings on the part of the owner. The owner, Mr. Dellimare, even offered Patch £5000 to wreck the ship. Patch refused. Later, Dellimare mysteriously disappeared.

At a formal inquiry, Higgins, first officer of the Mary Deare and the crew's ringleader, accused Patch of ordering the crew to abandon ship. Higgins also intimated that Patch tried to wreck the Mary Deare. Patch was suspect because once before he had lost a ship under incriminating circumstances.

Patch didn't help his case by failing to appear the second day of the inquiry. A warrant was issued for his arrest. Then Patch appeared on our ship. He had learned that the company directors had hired a French salvage company to float the Mary Deare. Patch was convinced the company intended to sink the ship in deep water to conceal evidence of their crime.

Patch implored me to take him out to the Mary Deare. I asked him why he hadn't told the authorities about Dellimare's offer and let them handle everything. "Don't you understand yet?" Patch interrupted. "I killed Dellimare. His body is still there on the Mary Deare."

VI

I was so staggered I could think of nothing to say. And then suddenly he began to pour out the whole story. It had happened on the night of the gale, just after the fire in the radio shack had been reported to him. He had gone out onto the wing of the bridge to see whether the fire couldn't be tackled from the roof of the shack, and he'd seen Dellimare making his way aft along the upper deck.

"I'd warned him I'd kill him if I found him trying to monkey with the ship. There was no reason for him to be going aft." He had rushed down from the bridge then and had reached the after end of the deck just in time to see Dellimare disappearing through the inspection hatch of No. 4 hold. "I should have slammed the lid shut on him and left it at that." But instead he'd followed Dellimare down into the hold and had found him crouched down over the gap between the aero-engine cases and the starboard hull plates. "I can remember his face," he breathed. "Startled and white in the light of my torch. And then he came for me. He had some sort of a cylinder in his hand, and as he swung at me with it, I hit him."

Patch's voice trembled now as he relived the scene that had been pent up inside him too long. He had crashed his fist into Dellimare's jaw and the

(Continued on Page 88)

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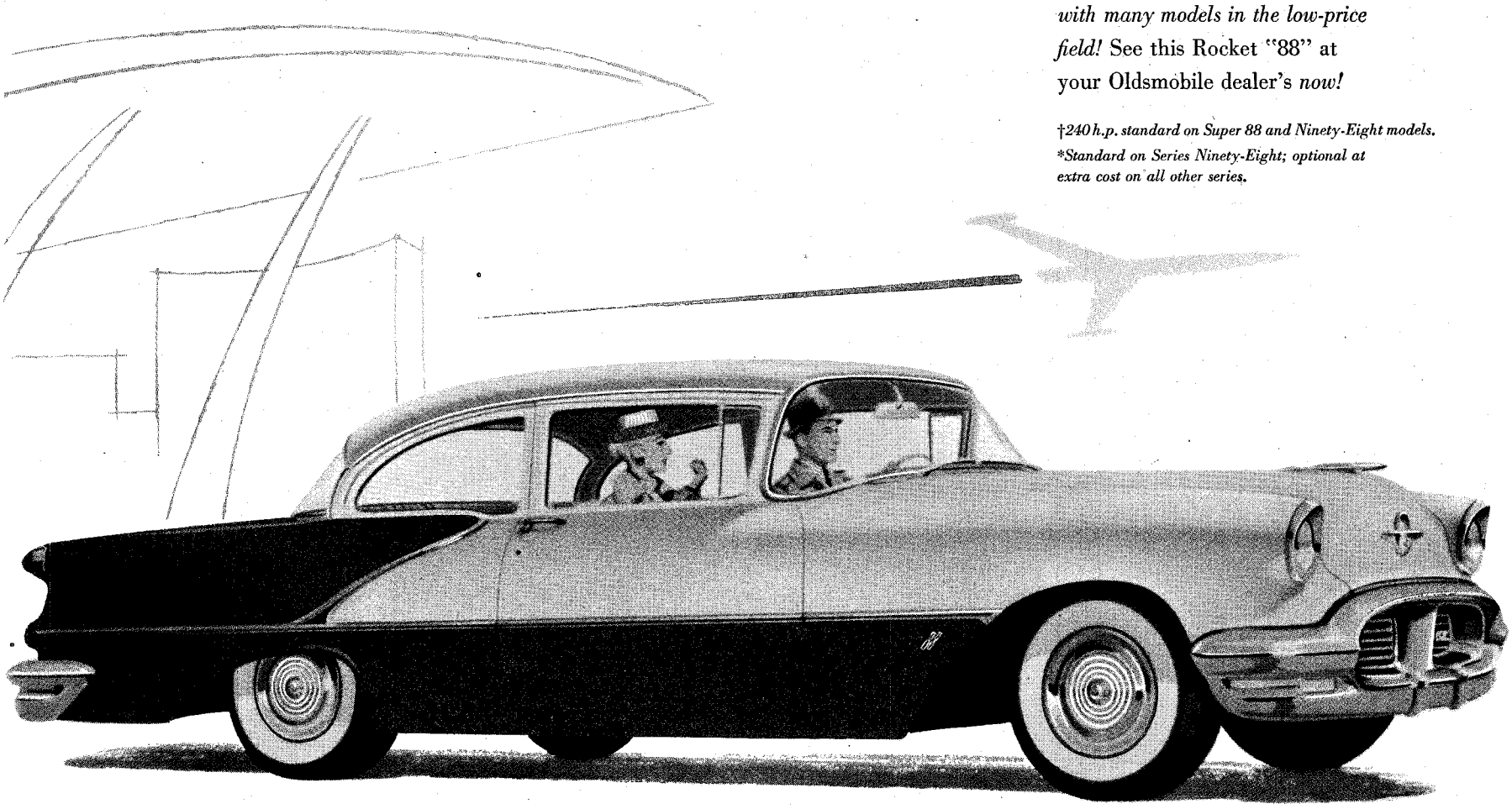
The price . . . *right down with many models in the low-price field!* See this Rocket "88" at your Oldsmobile dealer's *now!*

†240 h.p. standard on Super 88 and Ninety-Eight models.
**Standard on Series Ninety-Eight; optional at extra cost on all other series.*



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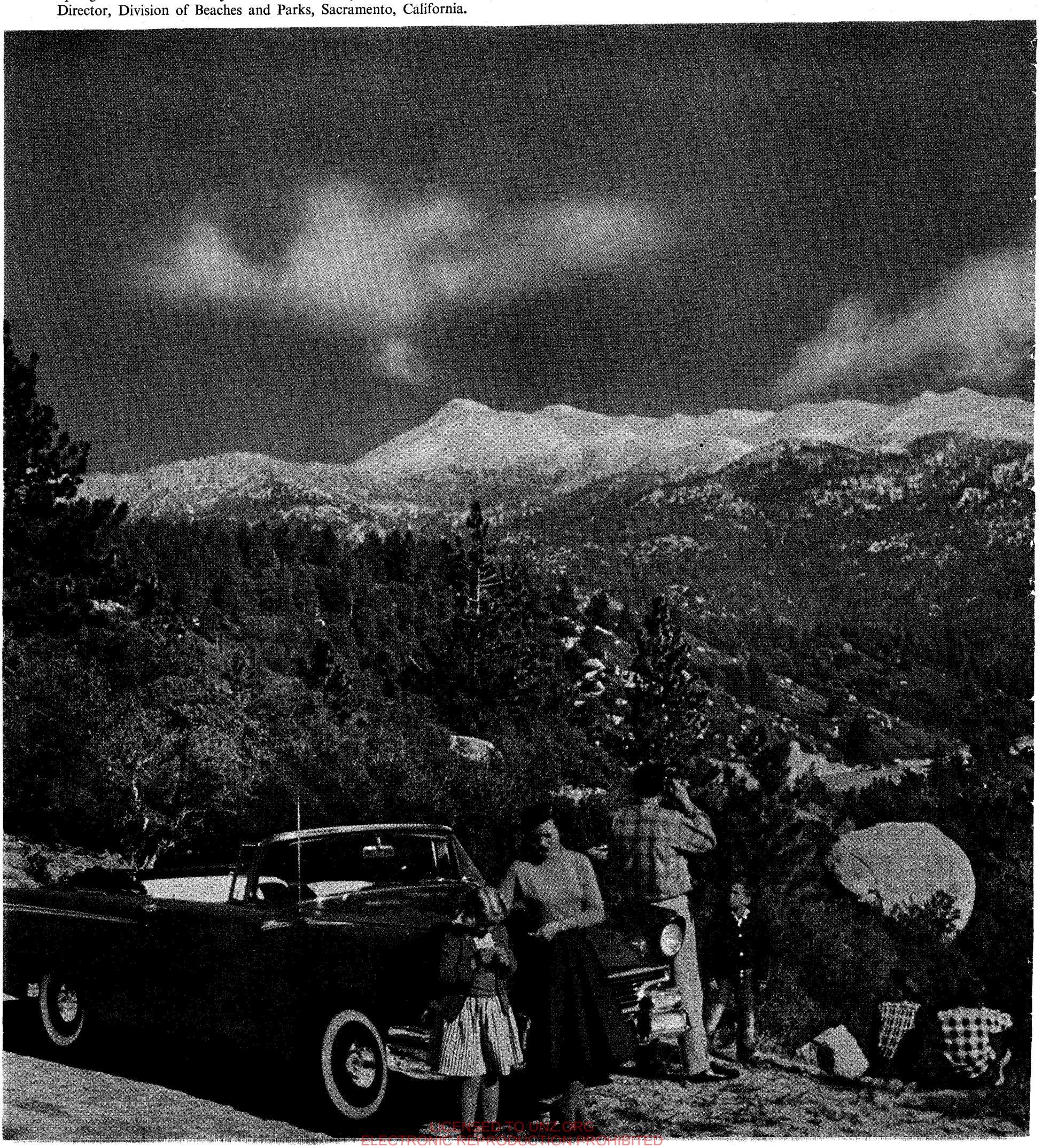

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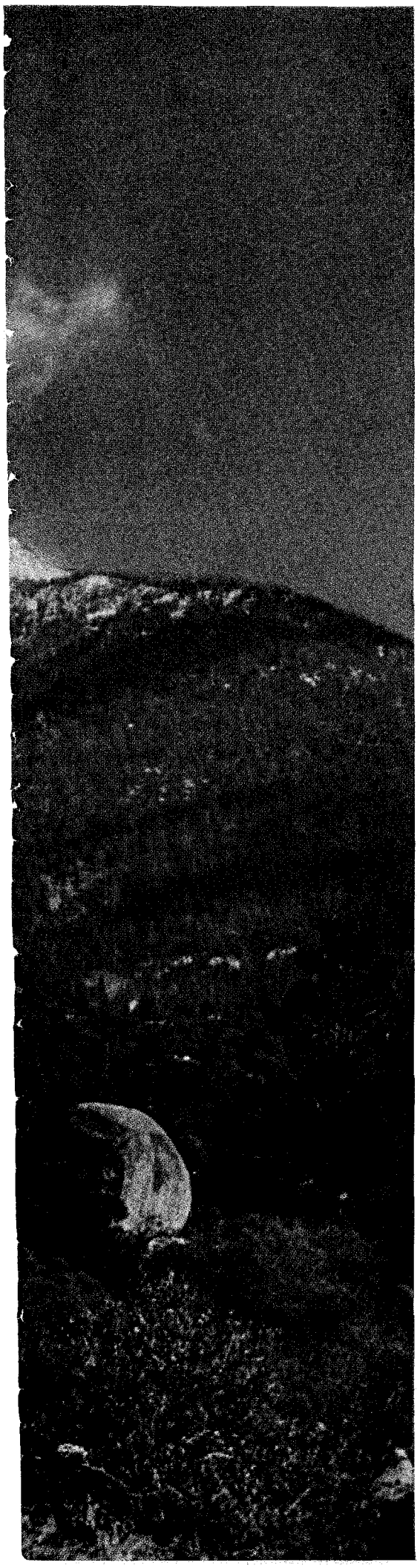

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In your prettiest coffee server, put one teaspoonful of Nescafé (more or less, depending on strength desired) and a coffee cupful of boiling water for each cup of coffee. Cover, let coffee steep for a moment. Result—extra aroma, delicious flavor! *Tastier* coffee that wins compliments all around!

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When you're hungry for tastier coffee, try Nescafé

Your Dog's Next-Best Friend

(Continued from Page 49)

The lady's voice came in again. "Fine, just wonderful," she bubbled. "Thank you ever so much and good night."

Click. The kennelman went sleep-walking back to his bed and fell in.

Keekee the cocker dreamed on in the surgical ward. She was screened from germs by a shaft of ultraviolet light beamed from a ceiling fixture, untroubled by a snoring English bulldog on her right and the heavy maneuvering of a ninety-seven-pound Newfoundland on her left. The Newfoundland had thrown a block at a station wagon and was now growing accustomed to a thirteen-inch stainless-steel pin that held his broken leg bone together for knitting.

At 7:50 in the morning the medical staff of Davis Animal Hospital, located on the Stamford-Greenwich border, arrived to face the usual Friday rush. Dr. Robert Rands was hanging up his hat when his partner, Dr. Maurice Ryan, burst in, giving the impression that he had been shagged to the threshold by a pack of beagles. On Ryan's heels came Dr. Sidney Stern, a younger associate. After hearing a report on the Keekee telephone call from the night kennelman, the three doctors sat down for an informal conference.

"What about that Welsh terrier with the hepatitis?" Rands inquired.

"Much better yesterday." Ryan said. "If he's all right this morning, I'll send him home."

"The bluetick hound that came in last night can go," Stern reported. "It's bursitis. The cortisone helped, but we ought to tell the client to keep him where it's warm for a few days."

The telephone rang and Ryan answered it. It was a woman calling from Florida for the sixth consecutive day to ask about her miniature schnauzer, a boarder. The little dog's room and board was $1.50 a day, but the phone calls ran into money. This one broke up the staff conference.

Rands walked down the corridor leading to the main ward, which is out of bounds for clients. If clients in street clothes go behind the scenes in a small-animal hospital, the routine is shattered, because every animal thinks it is going home. When 150 cats and dogs get that idea at Davis Animal Hospital, the place vibrates.

Davis' main ward is lined on three sides and divided down the middle by tiers of steel cages. When Rands entered, three kennelmen were boiling feed pans, cleaning cages, preparing special diet feedings and giving routine oral medication. Behind the mesh gates of the cages, sleep-refreshed patients made a shattering racket.

Rands asked a kennelman to bring him "the *post-partum* case." A boxer, a first-time mother, was brought to an examination table. She crouched and shivered in the usual canine reaction to the strange men, unfamiliar procedures and alien smells of a hospital. Rands spoke softly to her and the kennelman lowered her on her side. Rands explained that the boxer had been brought in the day before, after suffering convulsions.

"She has eclampsia, or low blood-calcium level. Her pups took too much from her," Rands explained.

He grasped the boxer's right paw and rubbed it vigorously while flexing it backward and forward to raise the vein for an intravenous injection. A sick animal's veins are hard to get at. The kennelman held the dog's head while Rands injected calcium gluconate. The boxer didn't struggle or seem to feel the needle.

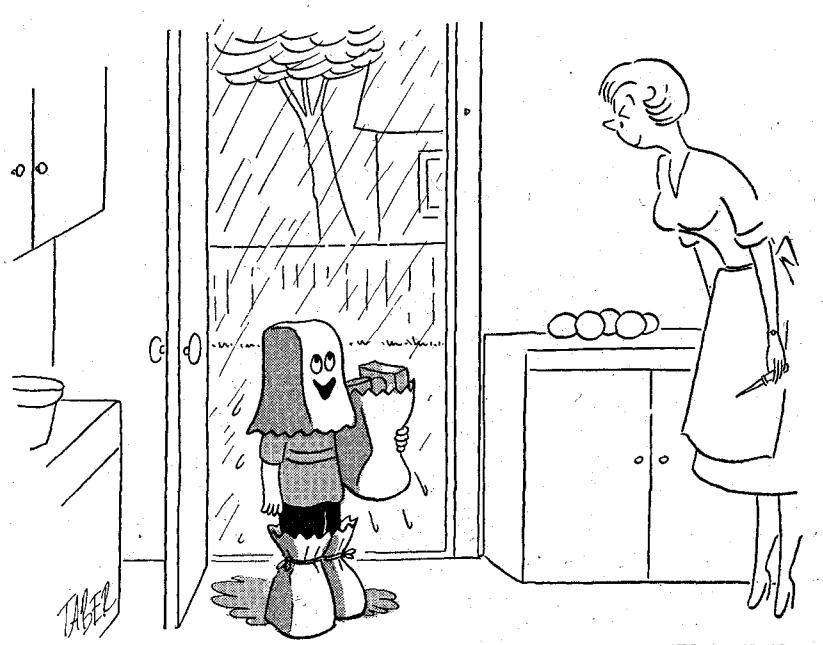
Rands said his job was something like a pediatrician's; they both treat patients that can't tell them where it hurts. "A dog in severe pain will sometimes hunch down and lower his head, but other times he may hide pain and I have to find it."

Rands learned pain detecting, among other things, at Ohio State University's veterinary college in Columbus, Ohio, one of seventeen state-supported veterinary schools in the United States. He had enrolled to study journalism, but after two years he discovered that recently graduated journalists were running coffee for the copy desks of Columbus newspapers at ten dollars a week. So Rands switched to the pre-veterinary curriculum.

In four years of veterinary medical school, Rands received 4000 hours of classroom, laboratory and clinical instruction. He invested a total of $10,600 in advanced education up to 1938, when he earned his D.V.M.—Doctor of Veterinary Medicine—and the right to be called a "vet."

"None of us like that name 'vet,'" Rands said, "any more than a physician likes to be called 'doc.' But what are we going to do, protest? One thing sure, most people can't spell 'veterinarian.'"

Ryan, who was graduated in 1936 from the Veterinary College of the University of Toronto, (*Continued on Page 64*)



"I bet you thought I'd get wet."

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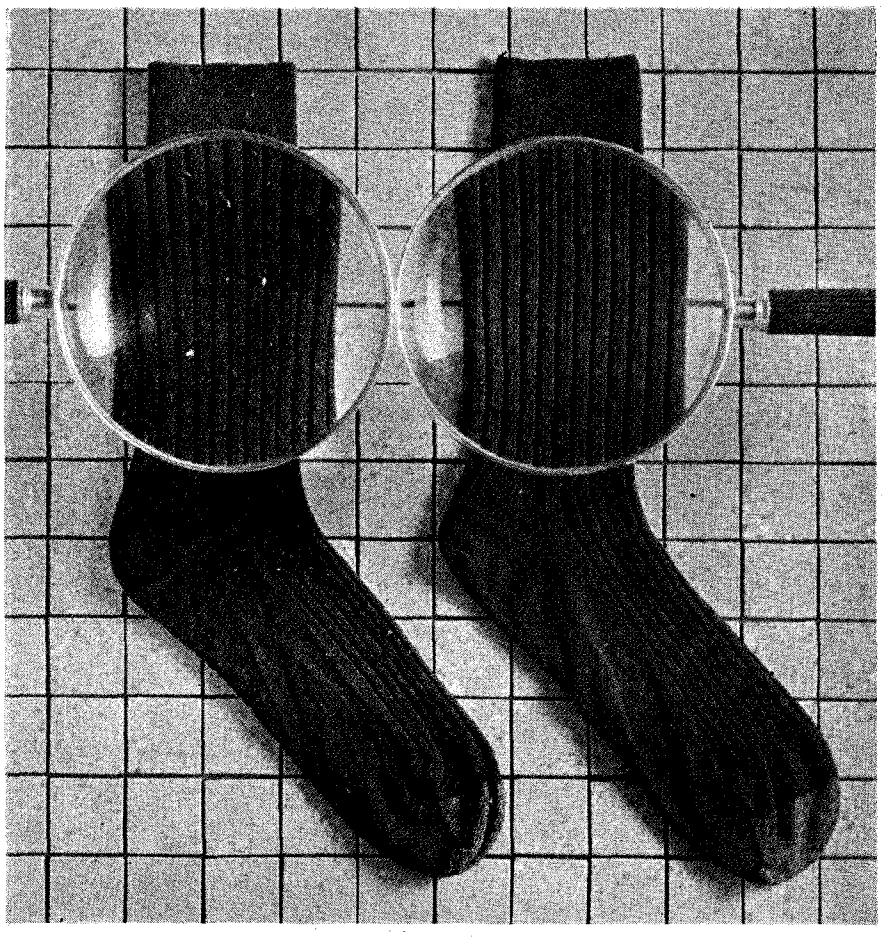
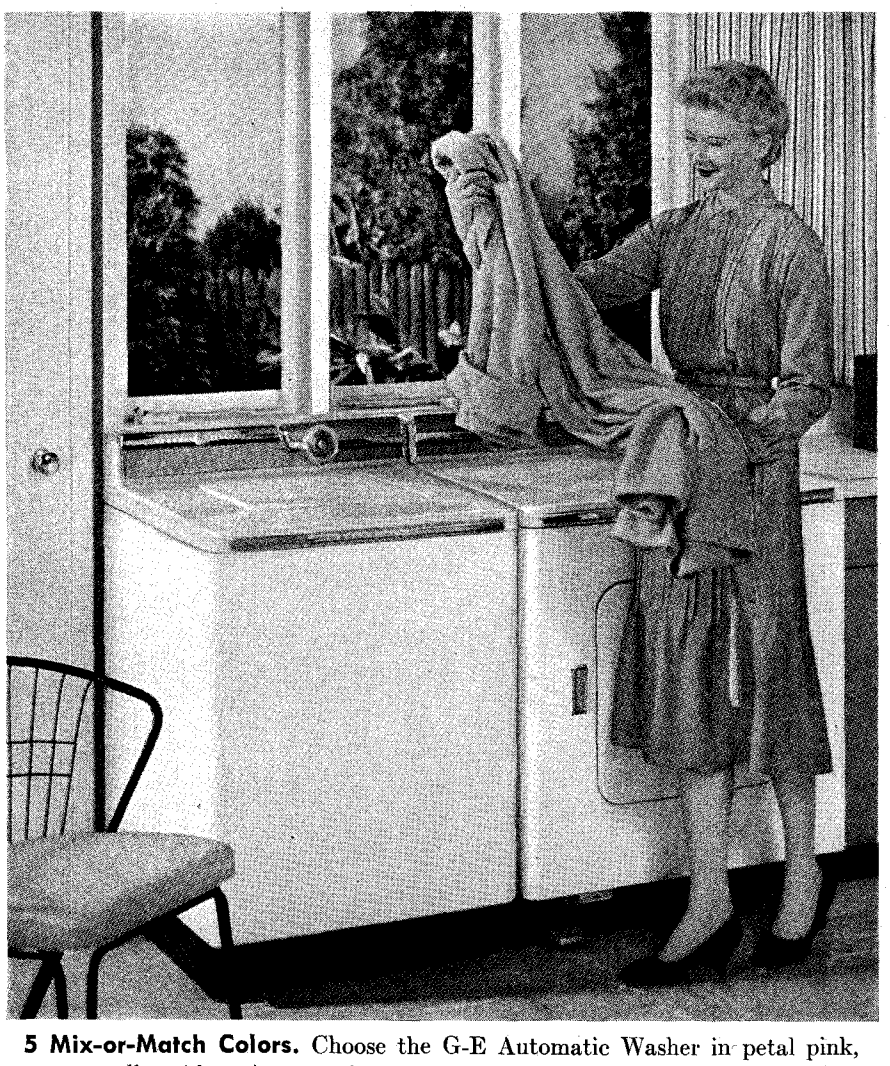
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



Here's proof that the new G-E Filter-Flo Washer washes clothes without lint fuzz! After 11 washings in a washer with *no filter*, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 11 washings the Filter-Flo way, a similar sock (right) —washed in an identical washload—showed practically no lint!



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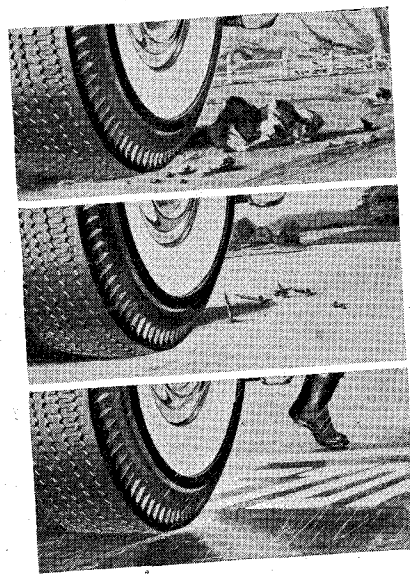

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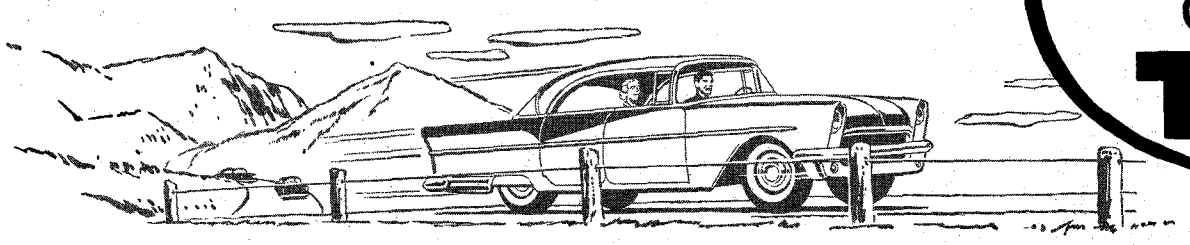

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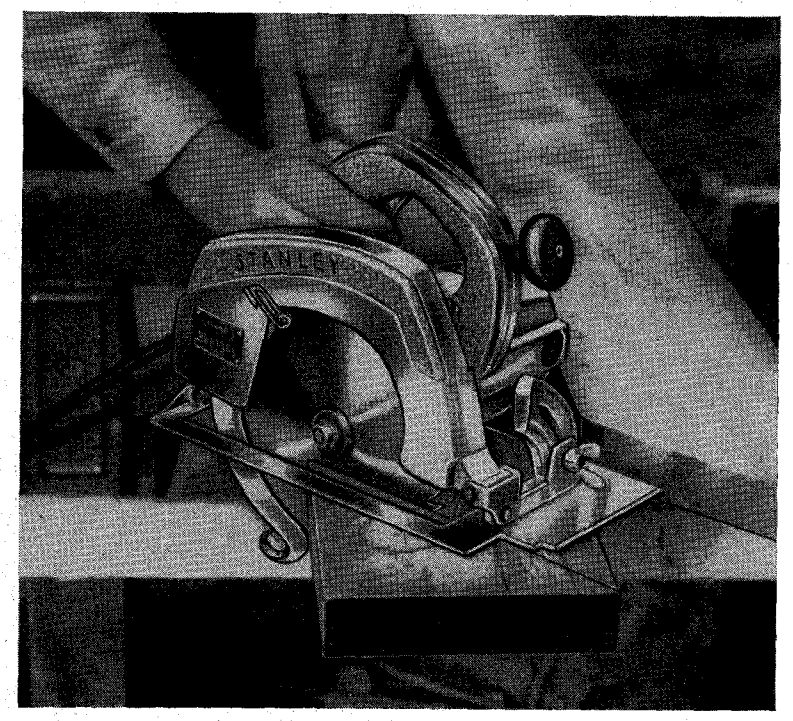

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6" H65 cuts 2" at 90° — 1½" at 45° and retails at $59.95.
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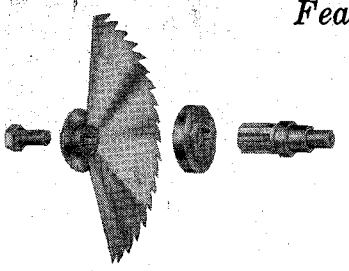

The "Motor Saver"
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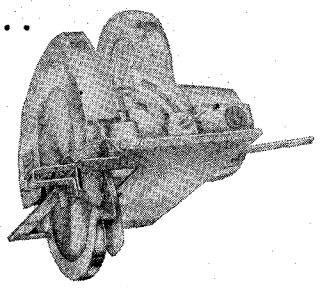
Exclusive Stanley drive protects saw motor against impact shock when blade hits nails, etc., and ensures full cutting power at all other times.



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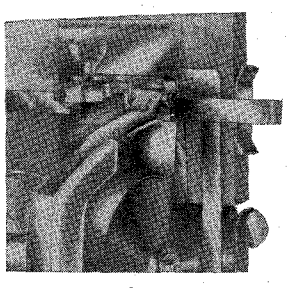
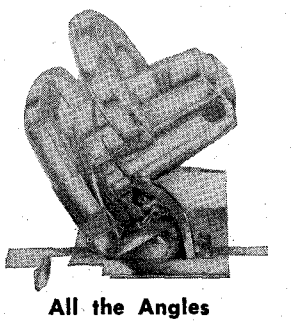
Ease of operation!

Exclusive Stanley blade guard makes starting cuts accurate and easy. Guard never sticks regardless of angle of cut . . . no "hang-up" or "drift" in starting.



See and Saw

In this action close-up you can see the line and how easy it is to follow, keeping the cut on the mark. Note strong steel instant reading ripping gauge.



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Look for these fine saws. Your dealer can supply you or obtain them promptly. For free power tool catalog No. 400, write Stanley Electric Tools, 715 Myrtle St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

(*Continued from Page 60*) subsequently passed state examinations to qualify for licenses in Missouri, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Throughout his early experience, Ryan says, he confirmed the American Veterinary Medical Association's warning that a veterinarian's fees are thin compared with those of a physician or dentist. A $2500 stake is considered minimum for starting a rural practice today; modern equipment for an office in a metropolitan or suburban area may run to $10,000.

The young veterinarian may net $3000 to $4000 the first year, if he selects his location wisely, and these figures may double in five or six years. After that, AVMA statistics prove, the rise is slower. Some in the profession earn as much as $15,000 a year, with exceptional D.V.M.'s going beyond that. Anybody observing the Friday-morning flow of traffic into Davis Hospital would guess that Doctors Ryan and Rands are exceptional D.V.M.'s.

On this day, Ryan's first case was a springer spaniel with moist eczema. The owner, dignified and tweedy, was disturbed when Ryan said that fleas were behind the eczema.

"Not fleas," the owner snapped. "Our house is clean and this dog is bathed regularly."

Ryan laid the spaniel on its back and parted the fur over the abdomen. The owner looked over his shoulder. Fleas. Ryan rubbed antiseptic on a patch of the dog's skin and injected ACTH to stimulate the dog's natural production of cortisone to counteract the eczema.

"Another thing, doctor," the chastened owner said; "his breath is bad. We feed him top-grade beef, occasional fresh liver and dog biscuit, so I don't understand it."

Ryan opened the spaniel's mouth, leaned over and sniffed. "Seems O.K. now," he said. "The finest diet won't stop a dog from garbaging. And watch him bury a fresh bone in the yard and dig it up ten days later when it's ripe."

"I know," the owner sighed, "but what do fleas have to do with eczema?"

"When a flea bites a dog," Ryan said, "the dog may have an allergic reaction, start scratching and break the skin. Broken skin is an open door for all sorts of microscopic parasites and fungus invaders. Once the eczema sets in, the dog keeps scratching and licking at the area, thus making it worse. I don't doubt that your house is clean, but it doesn't matter. The flea lays eggs on the dog's skin. The eggs drop off on your rugs and overstuffed furniture and hatch out new fleas that bite your dog and start the cycle all over."

When Ryan had ushered spaniel and owner out, an elderly lady with a tricolor cat entered the reception room. Ryan pushed a buzzer button that summoned Rands from the ward. Some clients insist on getting the services of Ryan, others demand Rands or Stern.

Rands greeted the lady with a smile and "What have we here?" as she placed her cat on the examination table. The woman unfolded a rambling narrative about the cat's odd behavior, the essence of which was that it often licked its right front paw, and even rubbed it against fireplace bricks. While she talked, Rands clipped fur away from the carpus joint above the paw.

"Here's the trouble," he announced, sliding the ends of his scissors under a tiny rubber band that had chafed through to raw flesh. The band was invisible under the fur. Rands removed it while the woman stared in angry surprise.

"One of those little devils from across the street," she fumed.

The next case was a yellow cat with ear mites, followed by a Sheltie dog with something less common. An ear mite is a tiny pest that thrives in the warm depths of ear canals in small animals. Rands cleansed the ears with cotton pledgets and painted the canals with a rotenone-base oil. The cat shook its head with lightning speed and seemed relieved.

The Sheltie, a small collie, was brought in by a woman who reported that the dog kept swallowing repeatedly for no evident reason. She said the dog had been playing on the floor with her grandchild while she had been sewing. Rands picked up the Sheltie and carried him to the X-ray room.

During a twelve-minute wait for the X-ray negatives, Davis Animal Hospital admitted for boarding a Chihuahua female in season, but not destined for maternity. Her owner, a richly furred woman, admonished Ryan to "take wonderful care of the darling. She's so unhappy."

Also, an Irish setter favoring its right paw was led in, leaving a blood trail on the linoleum floor of the reception room. It had been chasing rabbits and suffered a deep gash in the pad of the forepaw. Ryan said he would give the setter a small injection of a synthetic, morphine-like drug to calm him down. After a half-hour wait, he said, Stern would apply local anesthetic to the pad, take three deep stitches, bandage with terramycin ointment and shoot 300,000 units of long-lasting penicillin into the patient. "He may race the rabbits next week," Ryan said, "but he won't win, place or show."

In the surgery room, Rands clipped one of the (*Continued on Page 69*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, no, Brewster! Just the hood!"

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Kodak's new Verichrome Pan Film makes you look better in any light!

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"Pan" stands for "panchromatic"—sensitive to all colors. Verichrome Pan translates *every* color into its true black-and-white value. The result is much better pictures!

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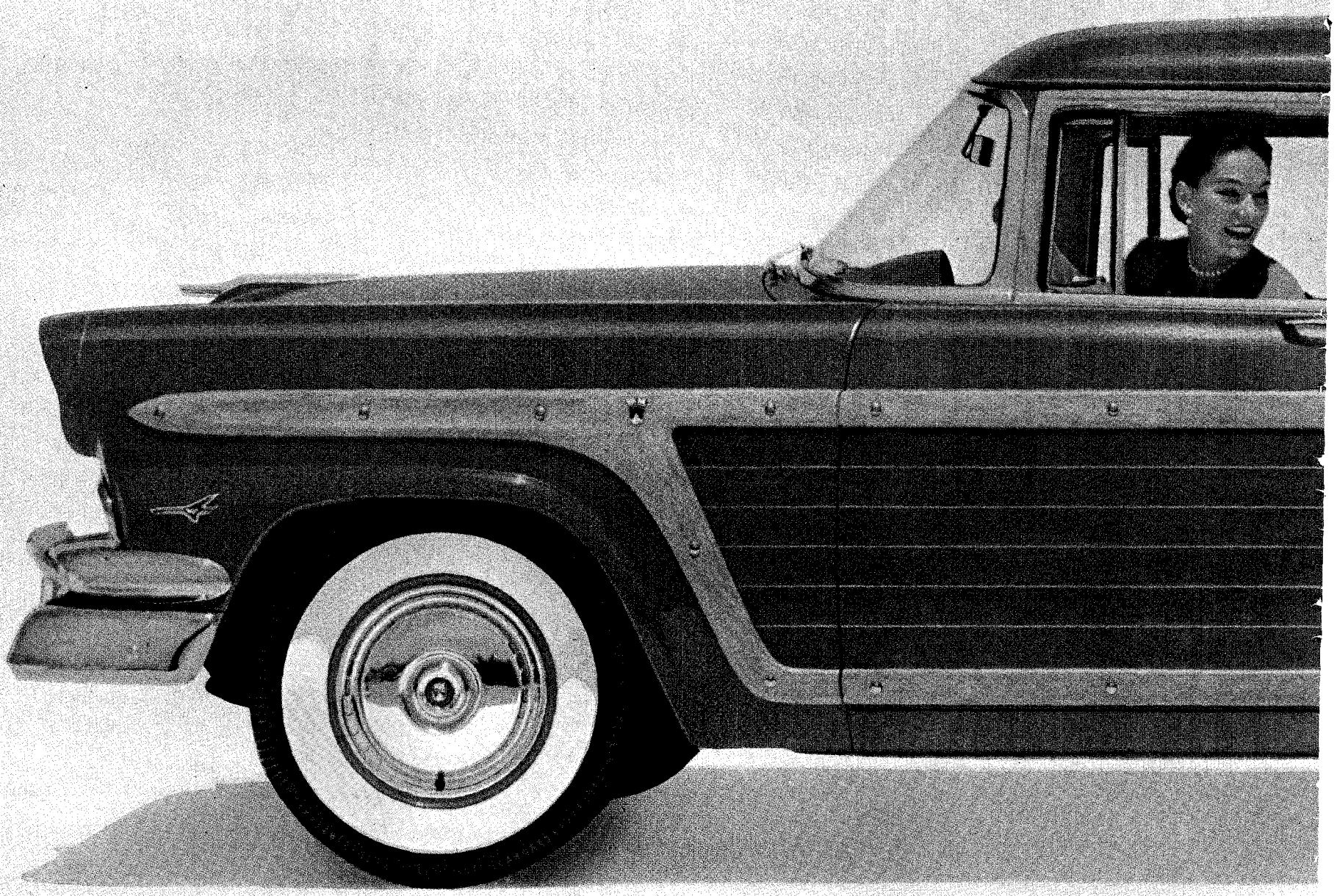

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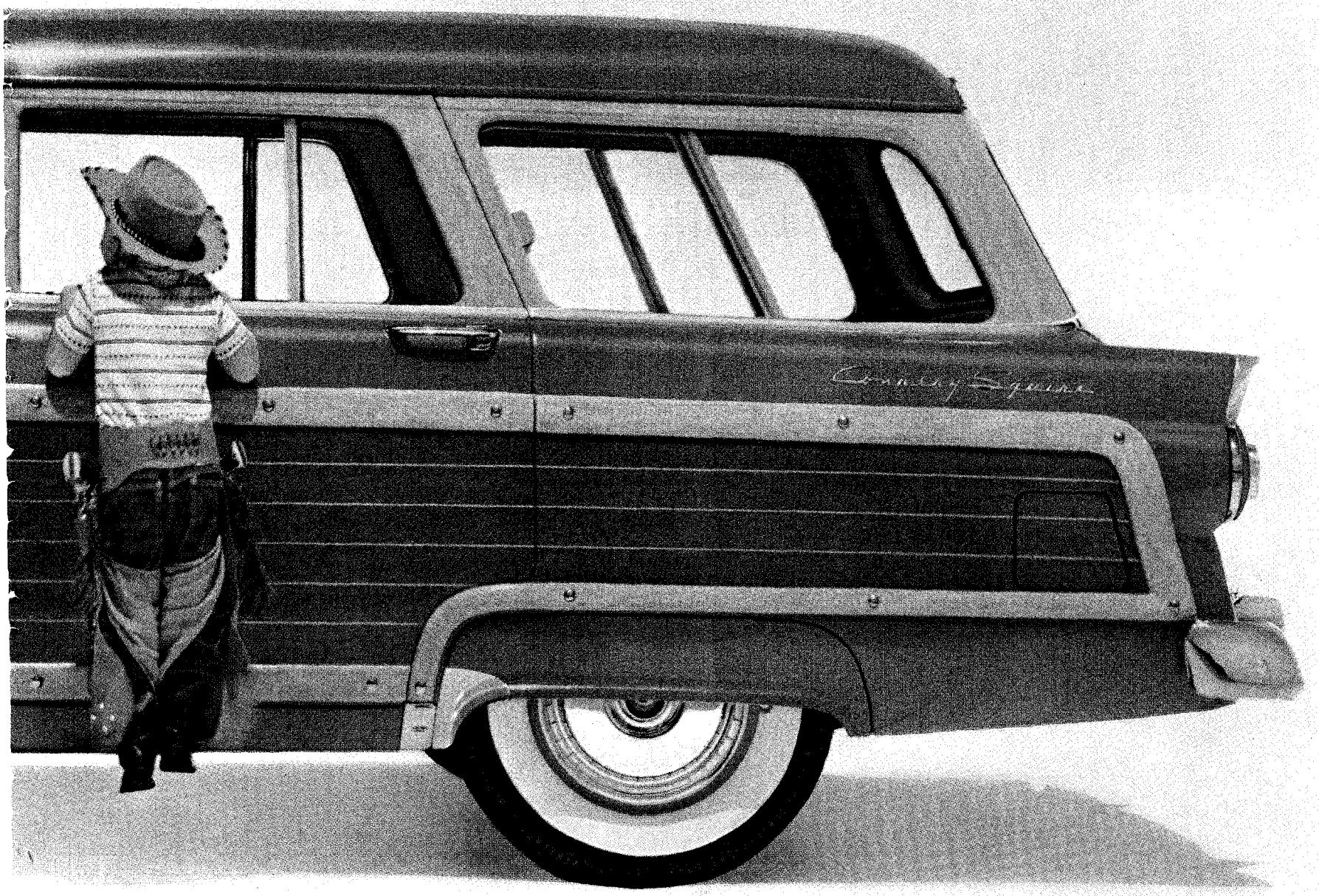

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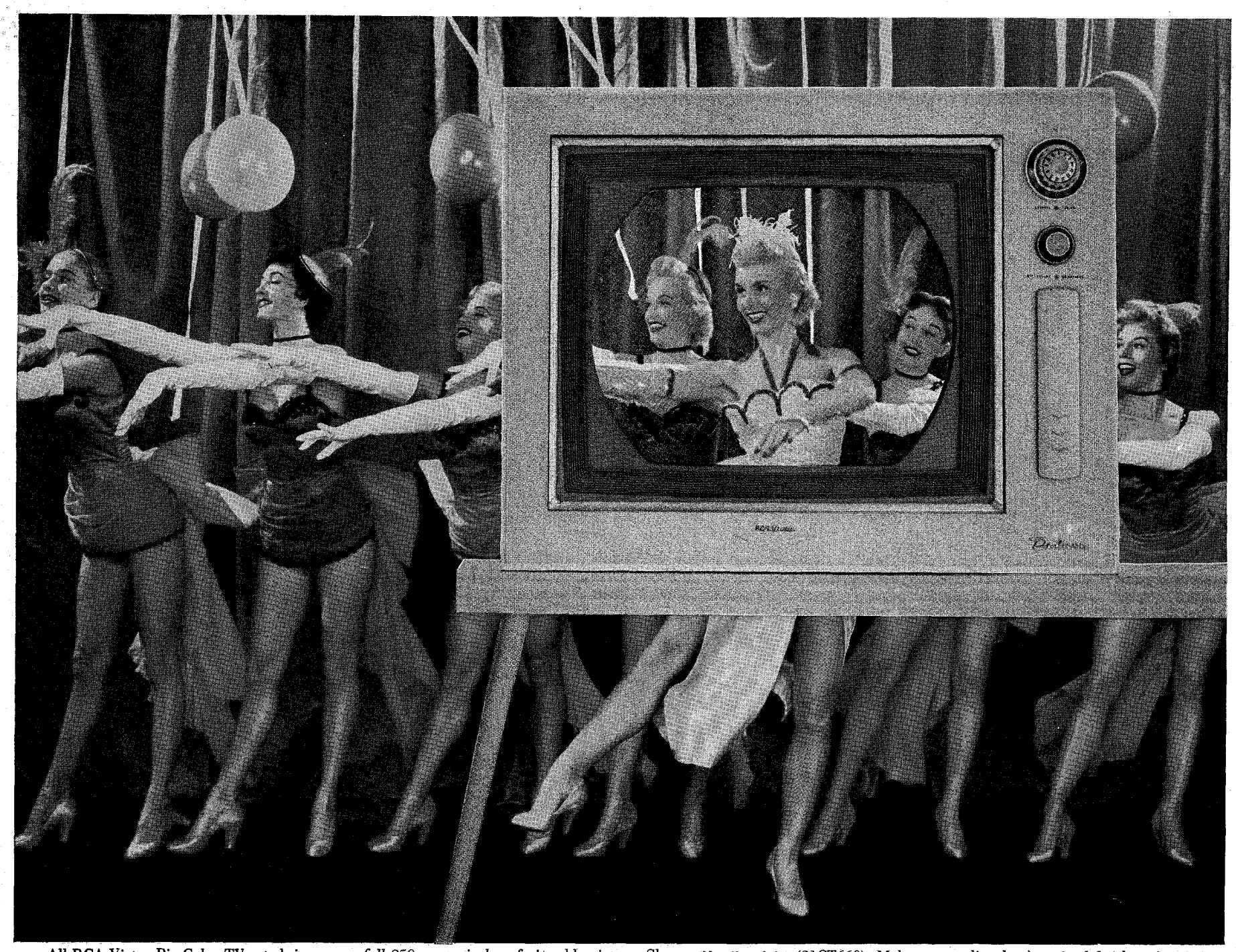

All RCA Victor Big Color TV sets bring you a *full 250 square inches* of viewable picture. Shown: **Haviland 21** (21CT660). Mahogany or limed oak grained finishes. **$695.**

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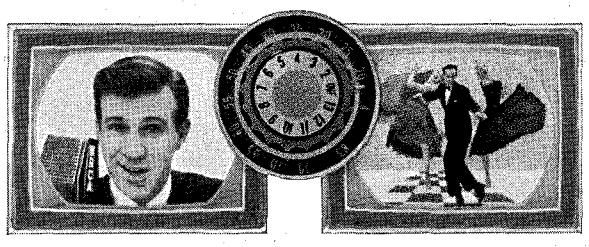

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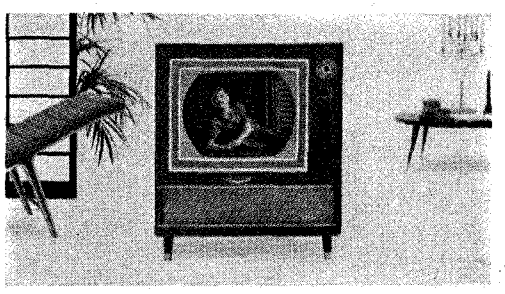
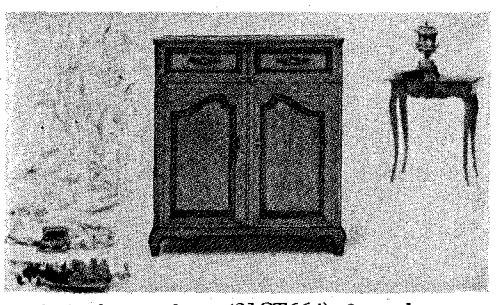


Director 21 (21CT662). Mahogany or blond tropical hardwood finishes. **$895.**



***Gainsborough* 21** (21CT664). 3 speakers. Natural walnut or maple finishes. **$995.**

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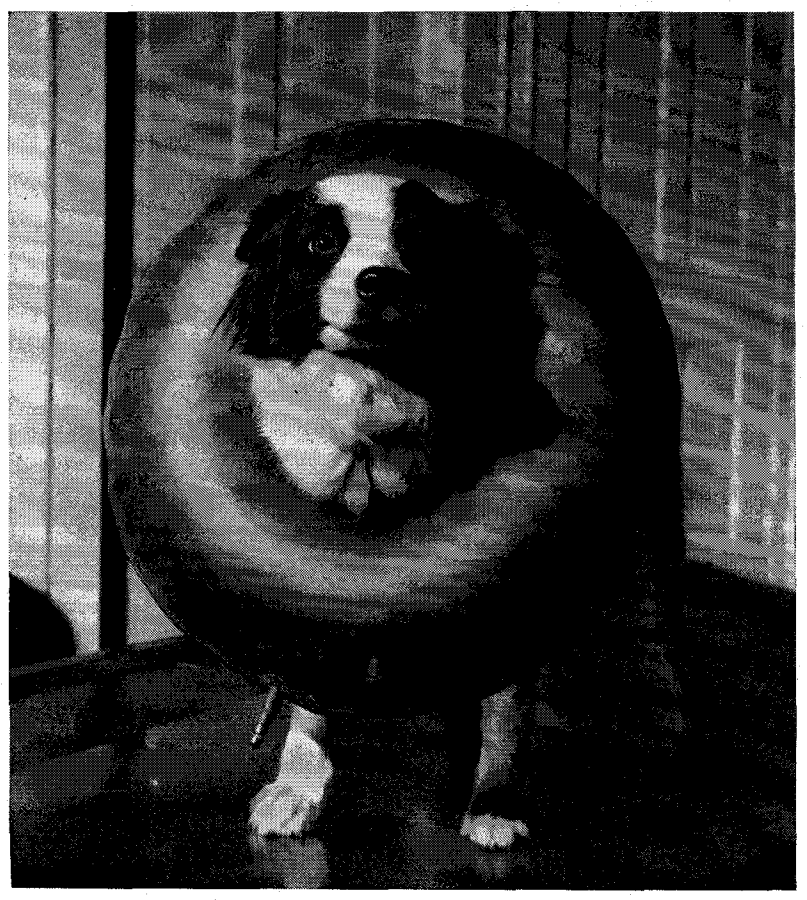
(*Continued from Page 64*) Sheltie's X rays to a viewing box and gazed at the outline of a closed safety pin in the dog's stomach. An attendant carried the Sheltie to the ward where Rands administered a powerful emetic. A moment later he had the safety pin in his hand.

Ryan and Rands are held in high regard by their fellow veterinarians and old clients, but not all animal healers are quite so well regarded. There are sharpies in the profession, men whose deeds make reputable veterinarians wince. Some charlatans in the field take "X-ray pictures" without any film in the machine, using old X-ray films to show the client. One veterinarian in the New York suburbs guaranteed a "cure" of a broken leg on a valuable dog. He went through a lot of motions, poured a cast on the leg and wrote a cluster of technical memos to the client. He invited the client in the day he removed the cast. The dog walked as normally as ever. The joker was, the leg had been bruised, not broken.



This mutt wears an "Elizabethan collar," to keep his paws away from a sore.

Another Eastern veterinarian chronically misdiagnosed eczema, a common condition. He called it "mange," which is a nondescriptive word like "trouble." He recommended $150 blood treatments for this "mange" he found so prevalent. His other stock trick was a seventy-five dollar "tonsillectomy" that left the tonsils right where they grew.

It is difficult to dislodge such men from the profession. In most states, the public must bring charges through the state veterinary association, although the state board of registration eventually is drawn into the case. The veterinarians' societies, through their committees on ethics, can only use persuasion on shady practitioners, but they believe their vigilance has pared the percentage of bad boys in the profession to a fraction of 1 per cent.

Some 10,000 of the nation's 18,500 veterinarians seldom touch a small animal. They staff the Federal and state meat-inspection programs so vital to public health, conduct veterinary research, sell pharmaceutical and biological products and hospital equipment or treat large animals, tackling hog cholera, mastitis in dairy herds and other ills that plague meat and dairy-product producers.

At Davis Animal Hospital, office hours are suspended from noon until three P.M., to allow the staff to handle surgical cases. There were only two patients scheduled on this Friday, both to be spayed. Spaying, our English derivation of the Anglo-French word "*espeier*" meaning "to cut with a sword," is the commonest surgical procedure at the hospital. It is the removal of ovaries and uterus, to prevent the female animal from ever again coming into season or having a litter.

Ryan handled the first case. The head kennelman brought a six-month-old, mixed-shepherd puppy into the gleaming, green-tiled surgery and placed her on a stainless-steel operating table. Ryan injected an anesthetic into a vein in the shepherd's foreleg and within fifteen seconds the pup yawned, dropped her head and let her eyelids close. The total effect was faintly comical. Ryan flicked a finger against the inner corner of the dog's eye, producing a slight blink reaction. Twenty seconds later there was no reaction.

The attendant clipped abdominal fur from the dog. Then he put the patient on her back and bound her to the table with soft ropes. Ryan washed the shaven area with surgical soap and painted it with an antiseptic that quickly dried orange-yellow. He then scrubbed his hands and wrists throughly with chemical soap. While he dried himself with a sterile towel, his attendant tilted the patient head-down at an eighty-degree angle.

"That's the shock position," Ryan said. "Blood runs to the head, reducing the anesthesia span for this short operation and causing the internal organs to fall downward against the diaphragm, out of the way."

He removed from the sterilizing machine a kit of surgical instruments wrapped in linen, arranged them on a tray beside the table and started the Sutureless Spaying Operation, originated by his first employer, the late Dr. J. C. Flynn, of Kansas City.

The operation was simple. The incision was only an inch and a half long, there was no blood, and the expendable organs were speedily removed. Laying aside instruments, Ryan powdered a square of bandage with an antibiotic, pressed the pad against the incision and tightly cinched the shepherd's abdomen with wide gauze. The entire procedure lasted eight minutes by the clock on the wall.

Ryan called the operation a practical, short-cut procedure that wasn't taught in school when he was there, and said he uses it because a busy practice needs a fast, safe technique that gets the animal back on its feet. He said the shepherd would eat a good breakfast and get mild exercise the next morning. The third day the bandages would come off and the fourth day the dog would be sent home.

Stern came to the surgery and with delicate skill spayed a yellow cat in seven minutes. Stern was graduated in 1943 from a university that is now defunct—Middlesex, of Waltham, Massachusetts. After practicing his profession in the South and Midwest, he took graduate work at the École Nationale Vétérinaire, in Alfort, France, won his Connecticut license and joined Davis' staff.

The three doctors had a busy office schedule until five o'clock, when they all left for dinner. At six, Rands came back to handle the evening office hours. It was unexpectedly quiet, with one worming case, two rabies inoculations and a euthanasia case.

This last patient was a mixed chow carried in by a woman in her fifties.

"We've decided," she said to Rands.

"I've been expecting you," he said.

The dog was too fat, arthritic from an old injury, totally blind from cataracts and almost without control of bodily functions.

"Do you mind if I watch?" the woman asked. "I told my husband I would."

Rands nodded consent, and carried the dog to the surgery, where he put it gently on the table. He siphoned into a hypodermic syringe a few cubic centimeters of a highly concentrated barbiturate. Approaching the old dog in an almost tender manner, he slid the needle into a leg vein.

"How long will it take?" the woman asked.

Rands glanced at her. "It's all over," he said.

The woman walked slowly out of the room and stopped in the reception room. Rands, respecting her feelings, did not follow. He telephoned his wife and said he intended to stop at the drugstore on the way home, and was there anything she wanted? When he returned to the reception room, the woman was copying a notice on the big bulletin board used by Davis' clients to advertise pups for sale, stud services and other related matters.

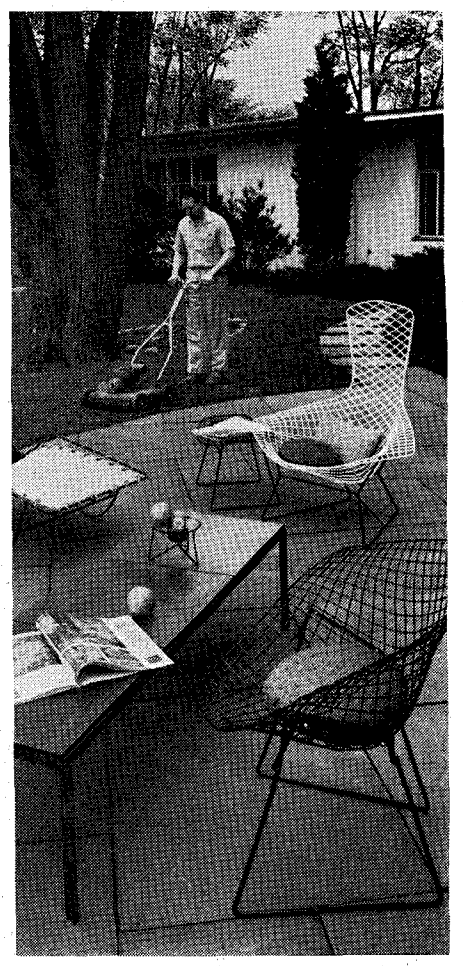
"There's a chow puppy here. They want a home for it," the woman announced joyfully. "I'm going to call them tonight."

Rands smiled, and she left. He turned out the overhead lights in the reception room, but left a floor lamp burning for any late emergencies or inquiring clients.

At 8:20 the night kennelman telephoned the home of Keekee the cocker. The little girl's mother answered.

"I just wanted to tell you," the kennelman said, "that you can tell your little girl her dog is fine and was outdoors today. Tomorrow she gets her bandages taken off, and the next day she'll come home. I just wanted you to tell your little girl that now—now, if you don't mind."

THE END



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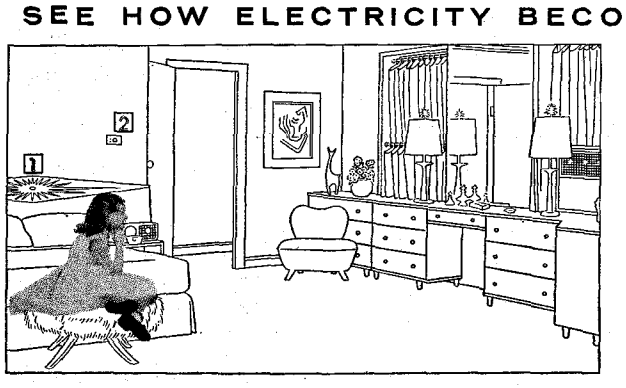
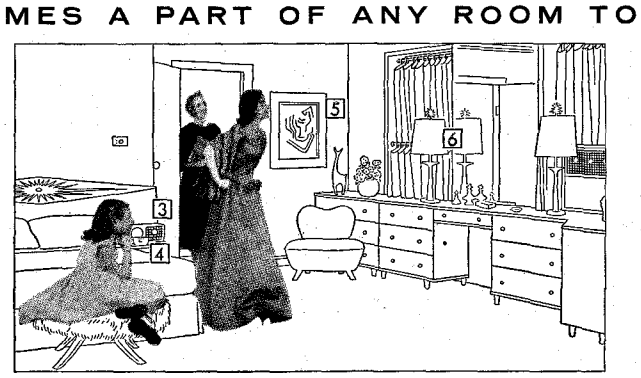
You can begin to live better by putting low-cost electricity to work more ways in your home. You can do it step-by-step, with your local electric utility company's help. Today many homes have over 50 kinds of electrical appliances. How many do *you* have? Where would *you* like to start in your home to live better? The new Idea Book on the opposite page will help you decide.

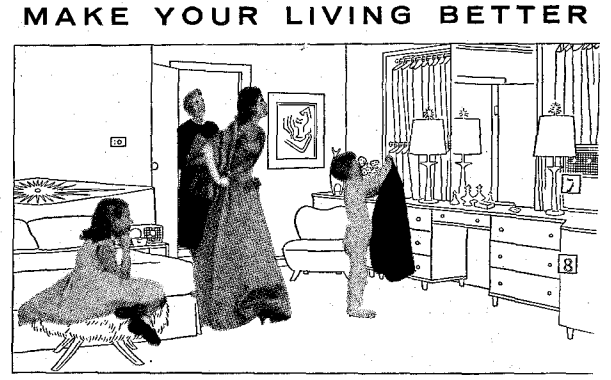
SEE HOW ELECTRICITY BECOMES A PART OF ANY ROOM TO MAKE YOUR LIVING BETTER



Look who's holding up the parade this time! And who usually gets blamed for making Mom and Dad late? Sis wishes she could go to grown-up parties, too, and have all the things that make this bedroom a second "living room." She loves the indirect lighting above the bed [1] and the "magic" central switch [2] that con-



trols every light in the house. And it's fun to get up to music with a clock-radio [3] (she already *has* her own electric blanket) [4]. Electricity adds many touches that bring out the charm of this room, such as the fluorescent lighting [5] of the picture; it adds ease and comfort, too, with proper lighting at the mirror [6]



and healthful air conditioning [7]. Now if that tie will behav Dad may be ready after all! Then Junior can settle down t watch TV [8], and he can even tune it in by remote control fro his favorite perch on the bed! The Idea Book on the opposi page shows *your* family ways to Live Better . . . Electrically.

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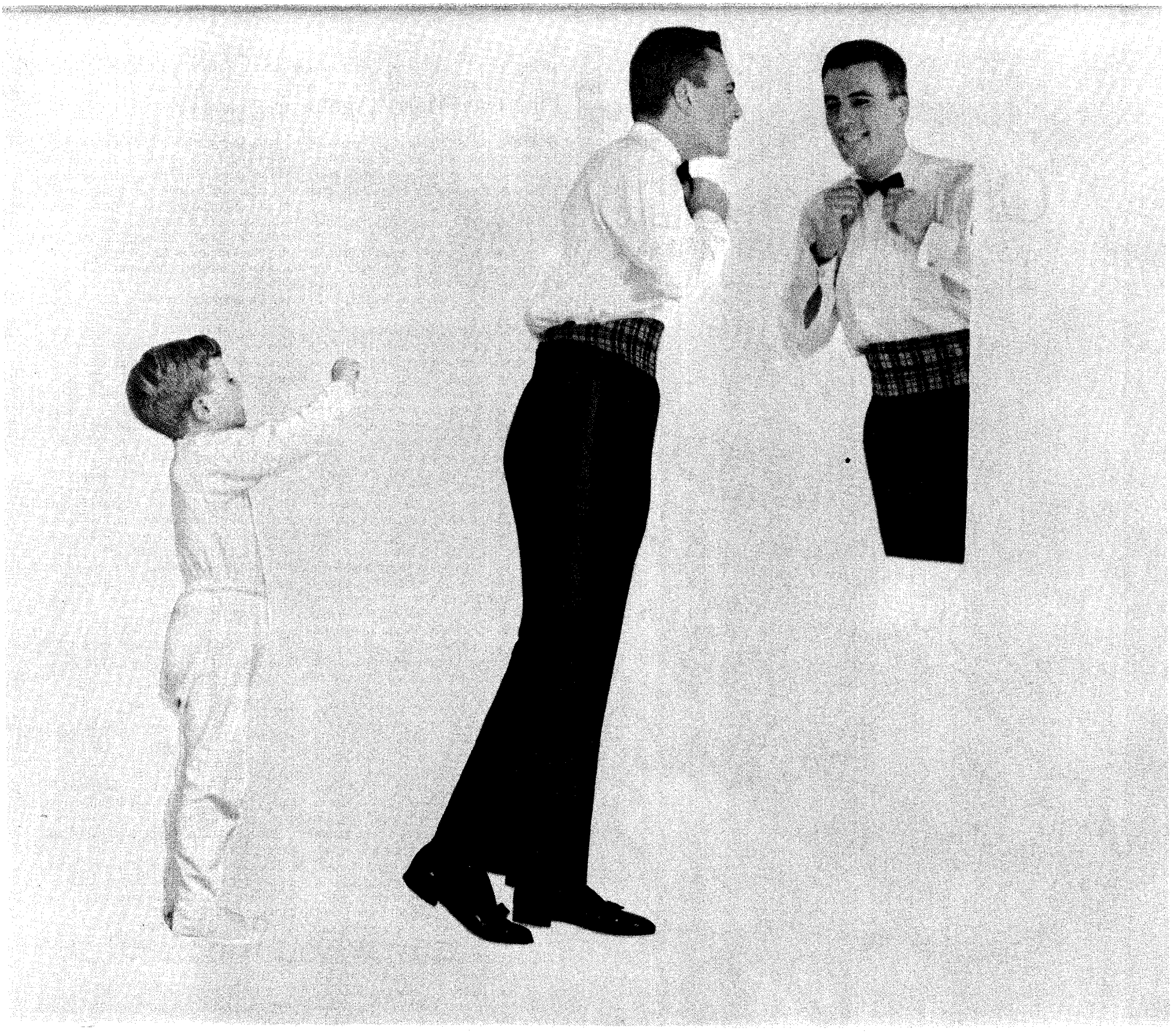

Electrically

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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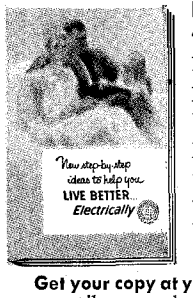

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I'll Never Marry Again

(Continued from Page 33)

She had her reservation to Vermont; she was packed and ready to go. When she followed her porter to the train gate, Mark was standing there, waiting, and she was surprised and touched.

"I brought you some books," he said. "Where will you be staying?"

"At grandmother's," she answered, and corrected herself. "I suppose it's my house now. She told me last winter when I visited her that she was leaving it to me."

He walked with her down the cement platform and entered the car. He tipped her porter, hung up her topcoat. "Don't stay away too long," he said.

Through the window, she watched his back, his long legs, as he went by. The train started. She saw her reflection in the opaque light from the tunnel on the glass. She was twenty-four years old, and pretty, with soft hair and unusually large gray eyes. She had been, for two years on the ranch in Arizona with Ned Hartwell, so happy that any other existence could be nothing but anticlimactic.

The train emerged into the harsh morning light of early spring. It slid past tenements and housing developments, empty Sunday streets. The sound of wheels on the tracks was like an old song. New York to Arizona on her honeymoon, four years ago, Arizona to New York alone, New York to Vermont four months past. She had last visited her grandmother before Christmas. "Why don't you wait until spring?" Grace had asked her. She was deeply glad, now, that she had not waited.

In New York State the trees were in leaf, the grass green, the forsythia petals dropping. Massachusetts looked like a watercolor in black, red and white, the red of budding maples and pendent tassels of oak, the white of early fruit blossoms against black leafless branches. The mountains of Vermont were black and white, and the white was snow.

There was no snow on the ground of the iron-fenced family cemetery where Lorenza Putnam was buried. Lora waited until the minister, the neighbors had all left. The early-afternoon sunlight was thin and sad. The slate headstones looked like unburnished pewter. These were her people, her father's people, and lingering here alone, she felt a sense of identity and a peace she had not known since Ned's death.

The ground was springy as she walked the short distance to the old house. Outside the picket fence which enclosed the front yard, she stopped and looked at it. The red barns and sheds were empty of stock, but her grandmother had kept them repaired. The house had been painted the year before, and in the cold light had the look of antique bone china. Close against it, shoots of peonies were cinnabar-colored and narcissus buds were ready to burst. Behind the outbuildings the land rose steeply, and the mountain which Lorenza Putnam had loved seemed to nose the sky.

When, in December, Lora had been here, the long slope was frosted with snow. "People talk about the sea changing," her grandmother had said. "I've looked at that mountain for seventy-odd years, and it's never twice the same."

"Do you own it?" Lora had asked.

Lorenza smiled. "I pay taxes on it, but I can't hide it under a bushel." They had been looking out the kitchen window. "That's my box seat," she added, nodding at a bench set against the clapboards of the house. "It's a pew from an old church they tore down years ago. Come warm weather, I sit there and watch the light and the seasons."

Now she was buried at the foot of her mountain. Lora walked to the old pew and sat down. *I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills*, she thought, and she remembered the jagged outlines of the Dragoon Mountains, the changing skies of Arizona. The wind was cool, and she went into the kitchen for a scarf. Her grandmother's crocheted shawl was on the back of a chair, and she put it over her head and shoulders and returned to the bench. She had sold the ranch. She could never go back without Ned, but this was her own, this house and five hundred or more acres, and the mountain which she could not hide under a bushel.

She started as a hand touched her shoulder. "How's my best girl today?" The shawl fell back from her hair as she lifted her head. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were Mrs. Putnam."

The man who had taken a step backward and stood looking at her was young. He wore corduroy trousers and boots, and his unbuttoned leather jacket showed a red plaid shirt which was the duplicate of an old favorite of Ned's.

"I'm Lora Hartwell," she said. "My grandmother was buried this afternoon."

●

In sandlot baseball every member of the team makes a home run when the score includes a broken window.

IMOGENE FEY

●

His bright brown eyes flickered. "I hadn't heard," he told her. "It must have been very sudden."

"Sudden and peaceful. She died in her sleep. You're a neighbor?"

His name was Bob Martinson. "Your grandmother and I were great chums," he added. "She used to give me tea and cookies. I'll miss her."

"So shall I," said Lora.

He was looking at her intently. "You're not a Vermont girl, Miss Hartwell."

"Mrs. Hartwell," she corrected him. "Maybe I'll become one, though."

He laughed. "She left you the property?"

Lora nodded.

"It gets pretty lonely up in these mountains," he said.

"I'm used to mountains," she told him. "My husband had a ranch in Arizona."

"Had?" he echoed.

"He died two years ago." Her voice was steady, stating a fact. "There are still some of my grandmother's cookies in the crock," she added. "Will you come in and have a cup of tea?"

She had not been afraid to be alone in the house, but it was comforting to have company, especially someone who had been Lorenza Putnam's friend. She filled the tea kettle, set it on the stove and brought out cups and saucers.

"Shall we sit in the kitchen?"

"Mrs. Putnam and I always did," he said. "You're like her, you know. Little and quick."

She was pleased. "Take off your jacket. It's warm here." She scalded the teapot. She had barely seen the kitchen in her mother's Park Avenue apartment. It seemed natural and right to prepare food for a man in a red plaid shirt.

He watched her, his small bright eyes following every movement. The table was against a window, and she murmured, "Look! It's turning gold. The mountain."

Bob Martinson grinned. "You even sound like

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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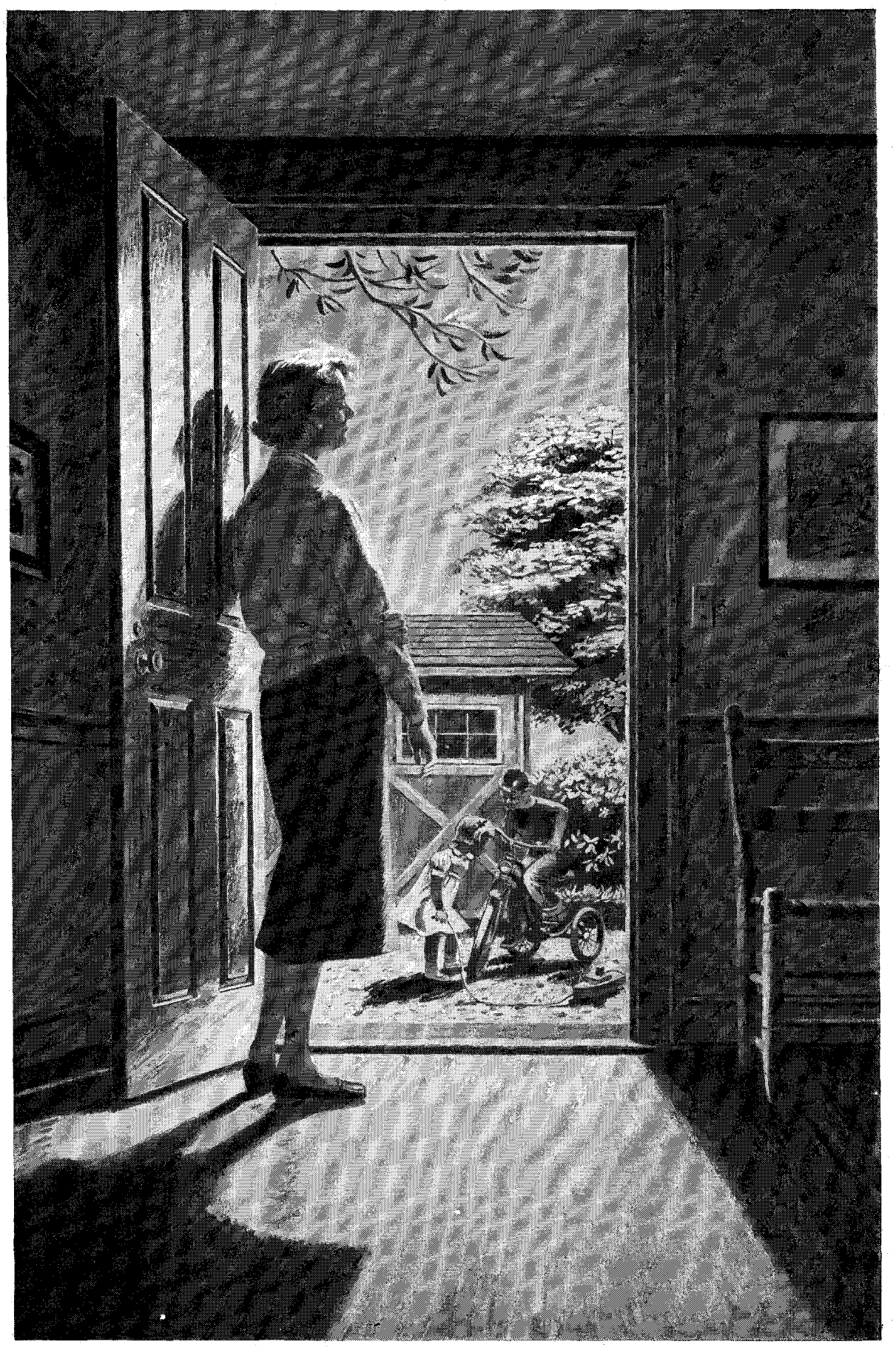
Have *you* outgrown fun?



FUN ISN'T JUST FOR CHILDREN, you know—or for the rich—or the happy-go-lucky. Every woman needs fun, almost as much as she needs food!

Fun keeps you feeling young, looking young. And you should keep in mind, especially if you have a family, that fun makes you *fun to be with.*

But—if you're like all too many women today—maybe you're missing out . . .

Perhaps each day seems alike to you . . . gray, and . . . yes, a little grim. You do the same monotonous chores. You drag yourself from one task to another.

You feel yourself irritated by little things. Even your children's laughter, perhaps, tends to make you edgy and annoyed. And what makes it worse is that *underneath* you know there's really good-natured, even-tempered *you.*

It's difficult to understand *why* this gradual change has come about, leaving you feeling so . . . well, so "in-between."

No, you're not really sick

You tell yourself that you're not really sick, so you actually can't blame your health. *But you're far from being really well.*

It might comfort you to know that you're not the only one who feels "wrong" day after day. Millions of people have the very same experience. They're missing out on fun, too—and they don't know why, either.

After all, it just wouldn't occur to the average person that anything as simple as the *caffein habit* may have a marked effect on the way he feels.

Yet, without realizing it, *you* may be one of the millions bothered by the *caffein* in coffee or tea.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is the caffein in coffee or tea.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you tired, dragged-out, nervous, irritable.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful, caffein-free hot beverage . . . Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum—available for the first time.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes *so full-bodied, so satisfying!*

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, and famous *regular* Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for many years.

You make Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It *can't* make you nervous, irritable. It *can't* keep you awake at night *because it doesn't have a single speck of caffein in it.*

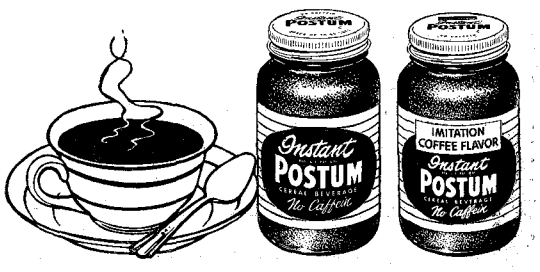
You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—for less than a cent a cup! Postum is so inexpensive, compared with most coffees—cup for cup, it costs only *half as much.*

So try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving this caffein-free beverage a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!



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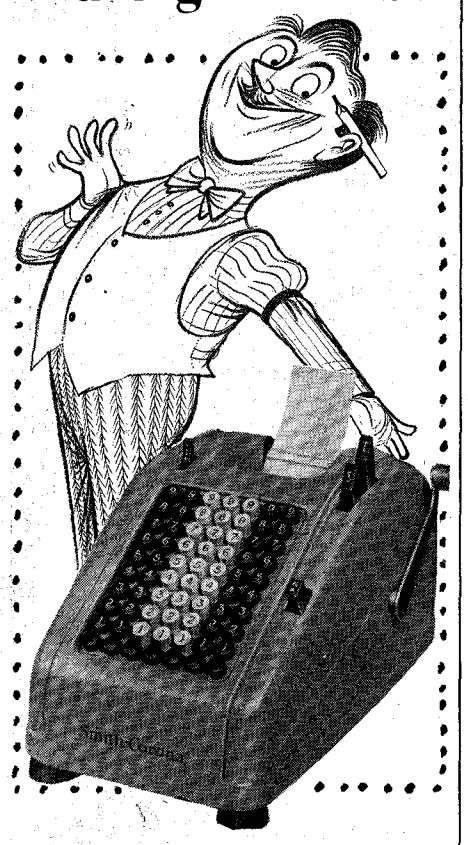
Look What's Been Added to Our Adding Machine!



12 new features—still only $94.50*—the lowest priced, full-featured adding machine in America.

New features include:

★ ***Automatic Space-Up:*** List your figures and take your total. Paper automatically shifts into a tear-off position.

★ ***Transparent Plastic Tearing Knife:*** It cuts neatly and cleanly, yet affords complete and immediate visibility of all the figures.

★ ***Paper Control Knob:*** It enables you to move the paper backward as well as forward.

★ ***All Steel Case...*** gives strength and durability.

★ All for as little as $94.50* It's the lowest priced, full-featured adding machine in America.

*Price for all states permitting fair trade laws. Subject to change. Model shown, $112.50

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(*Continued from Page 72*) Mrs. Putnam," he said. "She talked about that mountain as if it were a member of the family."

"In a way, it is," said Lora.

"How long will you be staying here?"

"A few days, I suppose." Her mother had telephoned that morning to say that she must be back for a dinner party on Wednesday. "A few days," she said, "or maybe forever."

He had an abrupt, explosive laugh. "Ever been here in the winter?"

"Yes," said Lora.

She continued to sit at the table after he went away. The room was almost dark before she lighted the kerosene lamps. It was a long time since she had trimmed wicks and polished lamp chimneys. It was two years since she had done anything but what her mother wanted her to do. The house was still, and when the telephone rang, she jumped.

It was Mark. "I've been thinking of you all day, Lora. How are you?"

"I'm fine," she answered.

"When are you coming back?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's so peaceful here."

"It must be very beautiful now," he said. "Your mother says you'll be home on Wednesday."

Lora laughed. "I'm afraid my mother is mistaken," she told him. "I haven't decided anything yet."

"Well!" said Mark. He laughed too. "Mutiny, yet?"

"Maybe," she agreed.

"I'll call you tomorrow evening," he said.

The morning reminded her of mornings at the ranch. After breakfast, she went outside. Lorenza Putnam had left no unfinished tasks. Her name was chiseled on the mulberry slate of the headstone beneath her husband's name, her birth date, 1877, already inscribed, and only the last, final date to be cut. *I'll stay until that's done*, thought Lora.

The sun was high when Bob Martinson appeared, carrying a string of trout. "This one was still swimming ten minutes ago," he told her. He was wearing the plaid shirt, and smiling back at him, she remembered Ned, who had loved to fish. It was a pleasant memory, happy and warm. "Know how to cook them?"

She laughed. "Know how to eat them?"

"I hoped you'd say that," he admitted.

She had no sense of disloyalty to her grandmother because she felt suddenly so gay. Lorenza Putnam would want it like this.

Bob cleaned the fish while Lora mixed popovers. His hands were freckled, fingers blunt, the nails obviously cut with a penknife.

"Do you ride?" she asked abruptly. "It would be fun to have a horse here. There must be lovely trails and paths."

"You're not really planning to stay here?" he demanded.

"Why not?" she inquired.

His head was slightly on one side. "Vermont can get pretty lonely," he told her. "Even in summer. And for a woman alone ——"

"I'm used to being alone," she said. She felt less alone here than she had in New York.

"You have no children?"

"No." She and Ned had wanted children. They had planned to have a big family.

Bob Martinson was still looking at her. "I don't see how you managed to stay a widow," he said. "A girl as cute and pretty as you."

Lora laughed.

"I don't know how you're fixed, Mrs. Hartwell," he continued, "but you could get a good price for this property."

"Have another popover, Mr. Martinson," she murmured.

"The name is Bob," he told her. "If you'll pardon me for saying so, you're nuts even to think of living here. If it was Rutland or some place with a little life ——" He paused, his eyes moving over her. "How would you like to drive over with me and see the town some night?"

"I'll take it under consideration," she said, amused.

Mark telephoned at five-thirty. "Your mother informs me that you've gone native," he said.

"My mother seems to keep you informed a lot," said Lora.

"Want me to send you up some supplies? Some pemmican or a little lime juice?"

"You didn't know my grandmother! She even has eggs put up in water glass—if you know what that is."

"I do," said Mark.

"I had brook trout for lunch today," she boasted. "A neighbor caught them."

"So?" said Mark. "With water cress, I hope?"

"I'll look for some tomorrow. I bet there are dandelion greens too."

"Cook 'em with a piece of salt pork," he advised.

Bob Martinson did not appear the following day, nor the day after, and Lora found herself thinking about him more than their slight acquaintance warranted. She walked to the village to market, and in the small dry-goods store she bought herself dungarees and a sweatshirt. Outside, she met Mr. Oakes, the minister who had conducted Lorenza Putnam's funeral service. She asked him about a stonecutter. Before she returned to New York she was going to see the final date etched on the stone.

"Where does Bob Martinson live?" she inquired.

Mr. Oakes looked blank. "Martinson?"

"He knew my grandmother."

"There aren't any Martinsons around here," he said.

Lora laughed. "There's one. He brought me some trout."

The minister shook his head. "Must have been visiting someone."

"I don't think so. He told me that he and grandmother were old friends. I gathered that he was a neighbor."

"Not in this town," said Mr. Oakes, positively. "Would you like me to make inquiries?"

"It isn't important," said Lora.

It was not in the least important, but it was puzzling. She could not have invented a young man in a plaid shirt like Ned's, and she had certainly cooked and eaten his trout. Back at the house, she opened the local telephone book. There was no Martinson listed.

She called the stonecutter and put on her country clothes. A clump of daffodils had bloomed in her grandmother's garden; she picked them and crossed the field and laid them on Lorenza's grave. She could not remember how many days had gone by since the service. Three? Or was it four?

Her mother telephoned again. Grace Putnam was annoyed and insistent. Why didn't she come home?

"Maybe I am home," said Lora.

"What are you doing with yourself up there?" Grace asked.

"Nothing much. Resting. Gardening a little."

Her mother made an irritated sound. "Gardening! Lora, it took nearly two years to get your hands smooth! I simply don't understand you!"

After Grace had hung up, Lora looked at her hands. The polish from her last manicure was chipped and she had broken one fingernail. For two years she had not used her hands for anything constructive. She picked up her grandmother's gardening basket and went outside.

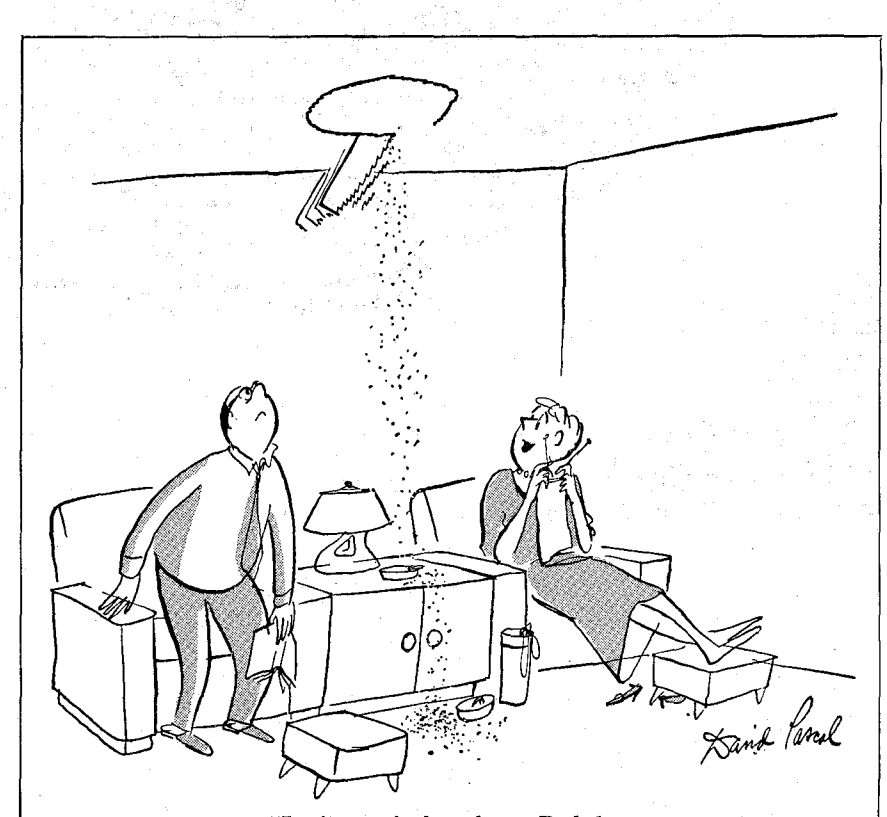
She was kneeling, carefully pulling the long threads of sorrel from the flower bed, when a shadow slanted across the grass. She lifted her head, smiling, and then her eyes widened in surprise.

She cried, "Mark! What are you doing here?"

He was not wearing a hat, and his dark hair was thick on his head. In the afternoon light his eyes were startlingly blue. "I came up to see you," he answered. "I have a room at the inn."

She wiped her hands on her dungarees. "I thought you were a neighbor," she said. She stood up, brushing the caked earth from her knees. "What did you do—fly?"

He nodded. "You look wonderful, Lora." (*Continued on Page 76*)



"Let's not judge them, Ralph, until we find out the reason."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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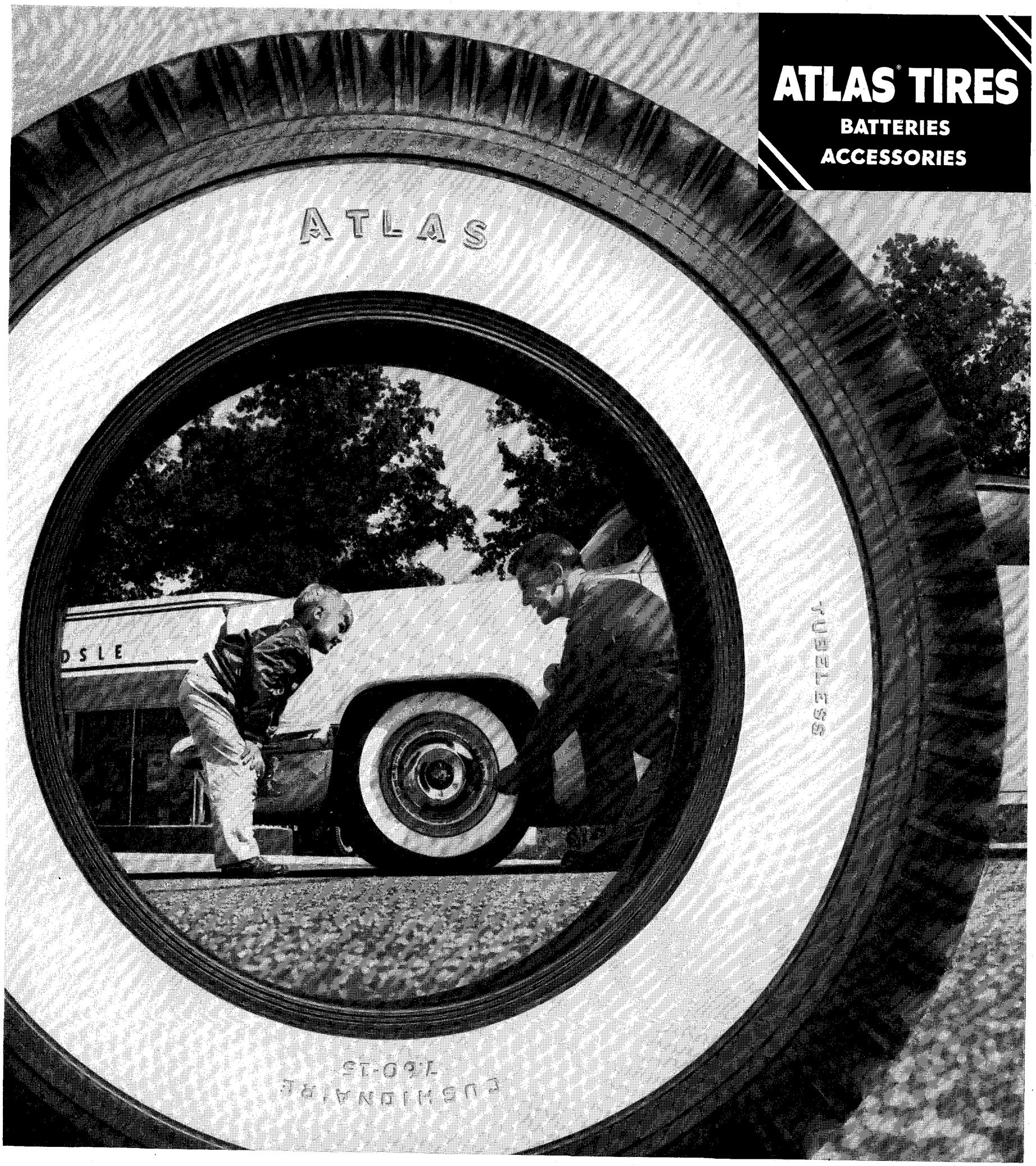

He sees you twice a week—he has to sell you the best!

When your neighborhood service station dealer recommends *Atlas tires above all others,* it's significant! He has to *live* with every tire he sells. He counts on your business week after week and he's *got* to be sure you'll be completely satisfied. Because he knows tires from practical, first-hand experience with all brands, *you* can be sure there's nothing finer than Atlas for your complete motoring satisfaction.

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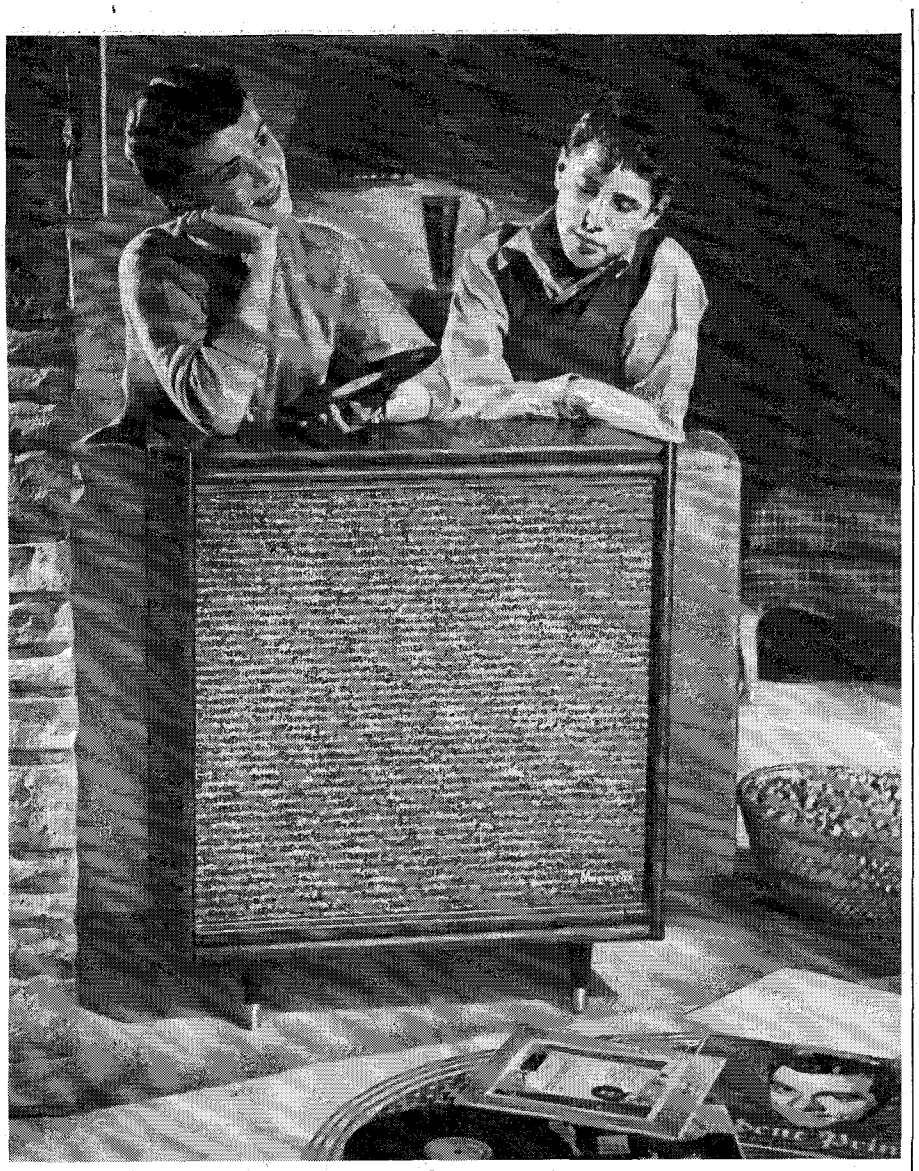

The Magnasonic "210"—$149.50 in hand-rubbed mahogany. Sounds alive with 10-watt high fidelity amplifier, 12″ plus 5″ coaxial speakers. Precision intermix changer.

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Here, at popular prices, are the greatest values in sound reproducing instruments ever offered! With a magnificent Magnavox—from the world leader in high fidelity—you hear *every* thrilling note on today's extended-range recordings. The lowest note of a bass clarinet, the highest note of a soprano saxophone—are reproduced with all their natural brilliance and tonal color, exactly as played in the recording studio.

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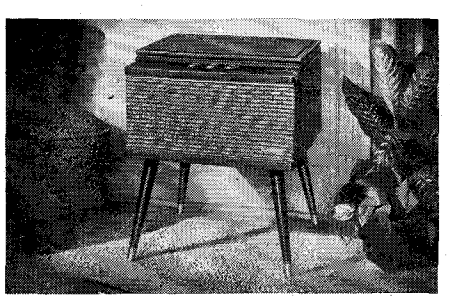
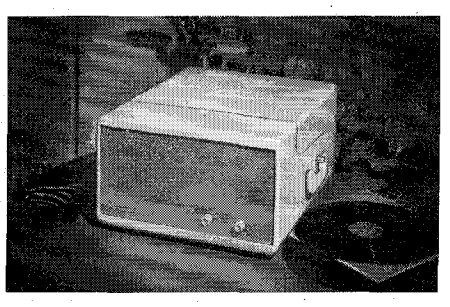


The Concerto—$119.50 in mahogany, complete with stand. Three high fidelity speakers. 6-watt high fidelity amplifier. Precision intermix changer; acoustical cabinet.



The Melody Master—$89.50 in colorful Magnatex carrying case. Two speakers; powerful push-pull amplifier. Precision automatic intermix record changer.

(*Continued from Page 74*) "I feel wonderful," she said. She felt oddly embarrassed, because she had expected the shadow to belong to Bob Martinson. "How's New York?"

"Still there," he replied. "Though I've found it rather depopulated lately. I've missed you, Lora."

She picked up her basket. "Come in and see the house."

She took him through the front door. The two parlors, north and south of the hall, were cold, the fireplaces swept clean, the andirons polished. Behind them, the oblong dining room, with sprigged wallpaper above the white wainscoting, was neat and impersonal. A set of twelve mahogany chairs flanked the four walls, and the best china gleamed behind the glass doors of two corner cupboards.

"There's a step down, here," she warned him.

The pine-paneled kitchen glowed with the reflected sunset, flung back from the slope of the mountain.

"What a view!" Mark exclaimed.

She nodded. "I never tire of it! And it's mine, Mark! It belongs to me!"

He looked at her. "I wish I could say the same about you," he said.

She flushed and moved away from him, lifted a cover of the coal range to look at the fire.

"You'll have dinner with me, won't you?" he asked.

"You'll have dinner with me," she said. There was a steak large enough for two in the icebox. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a drink, Mark."

"I don't want a drink," he said.

She had dined with him dozens of times in New York, but she had never felt so completely alone with him as she did now.

"Sit down," she told him. "I'll get the potatoes."

"I'll do them," he offered. "I was one of the best potato peelers the Army ever had."

"You'd better put on an apron, then." She tied it about his waist. "Somehow, I never thought of you in an apron," she explained. "It gives you quite a different air."

Mark grinned. "You don't look much like Park Avenue yourself," he retorted.

She stood very still. "That's just it," she said. "I'm not like Park Avenue, Mark. I never will be."

"It isn't compulsory, you know," he told her lightly.

"My mother thinks it is," she said.

He was looking at her intently. "You like being here, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "It's hard to explain. I feel as if I were turning back into myself." She sat down. "Sometimes it reminds me of the ranch, in a strange way."

He sat down, across from her, at the table. "You've never told me anything about it, Lora."

"We had a cook," she said. "A Mexican woman, but I did a lot too. Ned was born and brought up in Arizona, and I could never get anything hot enough for him. He would eat red peppers as if they were candy."

"Have you a picture of him?"

"Only snapshots," she answered. "I'll show you one." She smiled. "I'd better light up, hadn't I?"

The room had become shadowy and dim. She lighted the oil lamps and brought two candles. The photograph of Ned was in her wallet—Ned Hartwell in a big hat and khaki clothes.

"You can just see the corner of the ranch house," she said. "That's an ocotillo fence. . . . You must be starving, Mark!"

He peeled the potatoes while she set the table. After they had eaten, she made a large pot of coffee.

"We could sit in the parlor," she murmured.

"I like it here," he said.

Lora did most of the talking, and he listened, commenting just enough to encourage the flow of her words.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed suddenly. "It's almost midnight! You'd better get to the hotel before they lock you out!"

"May I come back in the morning?"

"Of course," she said. "I'll give you breakfast."

He looked down at her, and abruptly bent his head and kissed her mouth. He had not kissed her before, and she stood still, her gray eyes wide open. The banjo clock on the wall made a whirring sound and began to strike the hour. She moved away from him.

"I'll get you a flashlight," she said.

After he had gone, she put out the lamps and carried a candle up the stairs to the small bedroom which her grandmother had always given her. She had not changed from her dungarees for dinner, and a little dried mud slid to the floor as she pulled them off. She jerked the gray sweatshirt over her soft hair. It was strange having Mark in Vermont. It was strange being here herself. Everything was strange. She put on her nightdress and climbed into the narrow sleigh bed.

It's simple to make ends meet. The trick is to get them to go steady.

SIDNEY BRODY

Strange, she thought, and blew out her candle and lay still in the darkness. . . .

She and Mark were sitting at the kitchen table again, having breakfast, when Bob Martinson knocked at the door. She had no reason to flush, yet Lora felt color rush to her face as his brown eyes narrowed in surprise at seeing them.

"Mark, this is Bob Martinson, my neighbor," she said. "Mark Chandler. . . . Will you have a cup of coffee, Bob?"

"Mark Chandler?" Bob repeated. "You're not Mark Chandler, of Chandler-Endicott, by any chance?"

"My father," Mark said.

Bob pulled up a chair. "Small world, eh? I once was able to do a slight service for your dad. Up here on business?"

"No," said Mark.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks. I have a pipe."

Bob was spooning sugar into his coffee. "I've been in real estate myself, most of my life," he told Mark. "Nothing like your size, of course. But if you're interested in Vermont properties, I could give you the word."

Mark said, "I'm not here on business."

"No? There's plenty of it. Big-time deals too. If I had the capital—or the backing—I could swing some commissions that wouldn't be peanuts."

Mark was lighting his pipe.

"Give you an example," Bob continued. "Coupla months ago ——"

Lora looked across the table at Mark. He was listening, but with an impassivity which seemed to her more rude than open rudeness. Bob Martinson finished his coffee, dropped his cigarette into the cup and stood up.

"I'd better mosey along," he said. . . . "Just stopped in to see if you wanted anything in town, Lora." His eyes swept over her in a quick, somehow-appraising glance. "Be seeing you." He went out.

"That's an unappetizing young man," Mark murmured.

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"What do you mean?" asked Lora.

Mark smiled. "Do you need a diagram?" The smile did not touch his eyes. Lora had never seen them so cold.

"He's been very kind to me," she said. "He was a friend of my grandmother's, and he's been—well, neighborly."

"So I gathered," said Mark dryly.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I knew that something had happened to you," Mark said. "Something to unlock the log jam, so to speak. But it never occurred to me ——"

Lora's cheeks flamed. "You're being almost insulting, Mark," she told him. "And extremely snobbish. Just because he's less sophisticated, less polished than the people you're used to knowing ——"

Mark laughed. "I think Mr. Martinson nows his way around, Lora."

She had never been angry with Mark handler before, and she got up abruptly and walked toward the door.

He said, "Wait a minute, Lora. If Mr. Martinson is your cup of tea, I won't try to interfere. It's just a little ironic that I've been pulling my punches and treating you like a piece of fragile Venetian glass ——"

Lora stared at him. Mark was jealous. He was also, she realized, angrier than she had been.

"I'm not a complete fool," he was saying. "Something brought you back to life. You're like a different woman. You look different. Everything about you is different." He was standing, too, and suddenly his hands grasped her shoulders and he jerked her toward him and kissed her, a long, ungentle kiss. "Maybe I'll be back; maybe I won't," he said. His hand was on the door latch, and he took it off and reached into his coat pocket. "Your mother gave me these to bring you. I forgot them last night," he added, and tossed some letters on the table and went out, almost colliding with an elderly man coming around the corner of the house.

It was the stonecutter. Lora went dazedly with him to the burial lot, watched while he began to chisel the date into the blank space on the slab. She returned to the house, and was automatically clearing away the breakfast dishes when Bob Martinson came in without knocking.

"Just saw Chandler in the village," he said. "I'd like to talk to you, Lora."

"I'd like to talk to you!" she retorted. "You seem to be a mystery man. Where do you live, anyway?"

"Rutland," he said. "Look; he is interested in your property, isn't he?"

"No," said Lora. She smiled. "He's interested in me."

Martinson smiled too. "That's not hard to believe. Let's talk a little turkey, first. You don't want to keep this place."

"Yes, I do," she contradicted him.

"I'd like to make you a proposition. Fact, I'd like to make you a couple of propositions. This is no place for a girl like you. You'd get the screaming meemies living here."

"You think so?" she asked.

"I know so," he answered. "I don't know how you're fixed financially, but I have a client who is ready and willing to pay more than this property is worth."

"Why?" asked Lora.

He was sitting at the kitchen table. He jerked his head. "The old lady's mountain, for one thing. This party wants to open a resort—lodge, ski tow, the works. This location has everything, near the railroad and an airport. Look at that slope! It's a natural."

"So it is," she agreed. "I must try it some winter."

He was still wearing the red plaid shirt. It was not really like Ned's, and she could not imagine why she had thought it was.

"Look, baby," said Bob. "How's about putting on a pretty dress and running up to Rutland with me? It's not New York, but it has its spots. We can talk business over a few drinks and between dances."

"Did you ask my grandmother that?" she inquired.

He laughed. "You're cute."

For the second time that morning a man's strong hands pulled her off balance. She struggled, shoving against his chest, and stumbled against the table. The cream pitcher crashed to the floor, splattering his boots, as Bob Martinson kissed her.

"You couldn't possibly be more mistaken," she told him, pulling free. "I have no intention of selling. I don't mean to be rude, but I wish you'd go away."

His face was flushed. He said, "Don't be like that, Lora. We could still have ourselves a time ——" She was standing, looking at him, and he shrugged. "O.K.," he said. "If that's the way you want it. But you can't blame me for trying."

She sat down as the door closed. The letters were on the table where Mark had flung them, and she turned them over mechanically, and then caught her breath. Lorenza Putnam's handwriting was unmistakable, and she shivered. The postmark was the day she had died. She opened it quickly.

Dear Lora: It was nice to get your letter. This morning I saw two robins and a blue jay. I don't doubt that we'll have more snow, but today it is spring. How are you, dear? I think of you so much and pray for your happiness. I have a boy friend, or what I should say is that I am being wooed, but not for myself alone. He thinks I don't know what he is up to, and I let him think so because it tickles me. He is a real-estate man from Rutland, and his eyes are too close together. Someone wants to buy my mountain bad enough for this man to bring me candy and soft soap. I eat the candy, and he is company of a sort. I've seen him walking around, and the other day two men were with him. Last visit, he said they wanted to build a ski tow, and I told him there were plenty of other mountains in this state for people to fall off of. Your grandfather always held there was pink marble to the westward slope, but likely I'm a suspicious old woman ——

Lora let the notepaper droop in her fingers. Mark had seen what Lorenza Putnam had seen—Mark with his wide-apart blue eyes—and she had called him a snob. It made no difference what Bob Martinson's client wanted of the mountain. She had quarreled with Mark, and she had been at fault. *Maybe I'll be back; maybe I won't*, he had told her.

She hurried to the telephone. Mr. Chandler was not at the hotel.

"Do you know whether he's checked out?" she asked.

"Not permanently," Mark's voice answered her question.

She whirled and saw him standing outside the doorway, looking young and grim.

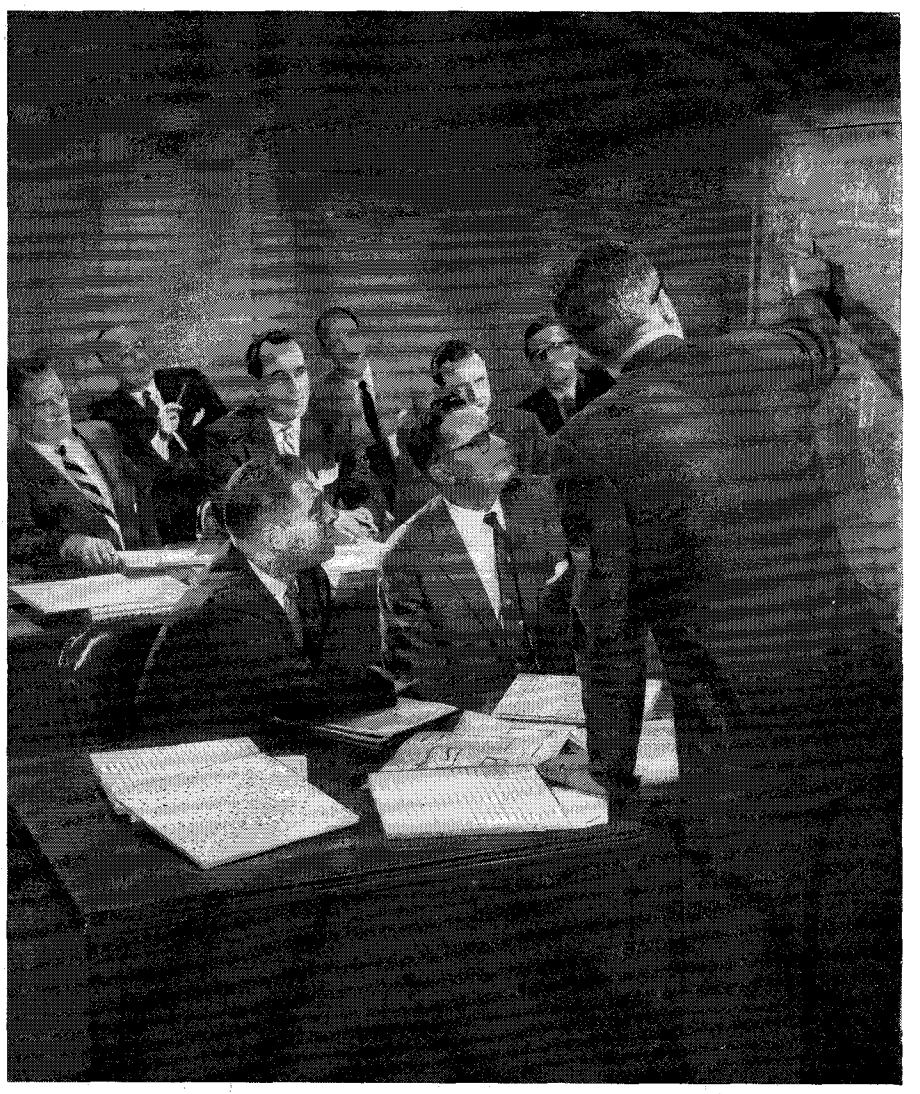
"Sorry I blew up," he said flatly. "The thought of that smooth operator working on you was more than I could take."

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

His blue eyes were dark. "If I come in," he told her, belligerently, "I'm going to stay."

Lora's mouth twitched. He was still angry, but he was angry because he loved her. He had been patient and undemanding for a long time. *There's no hurry*, he had reassured her. Perhaps he should have lost his temper months ago. They had wasted a whole year. Her mouth twitched again, as she looked at him. Even the set of his shoulders was angry. His hands were in his pockets, his lower lip slightly thrust out. He was right about Bob Martinson, but wrong about her.

She smiled. "What's stopping you, Mark?" she asked. THE END



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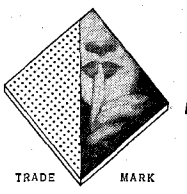

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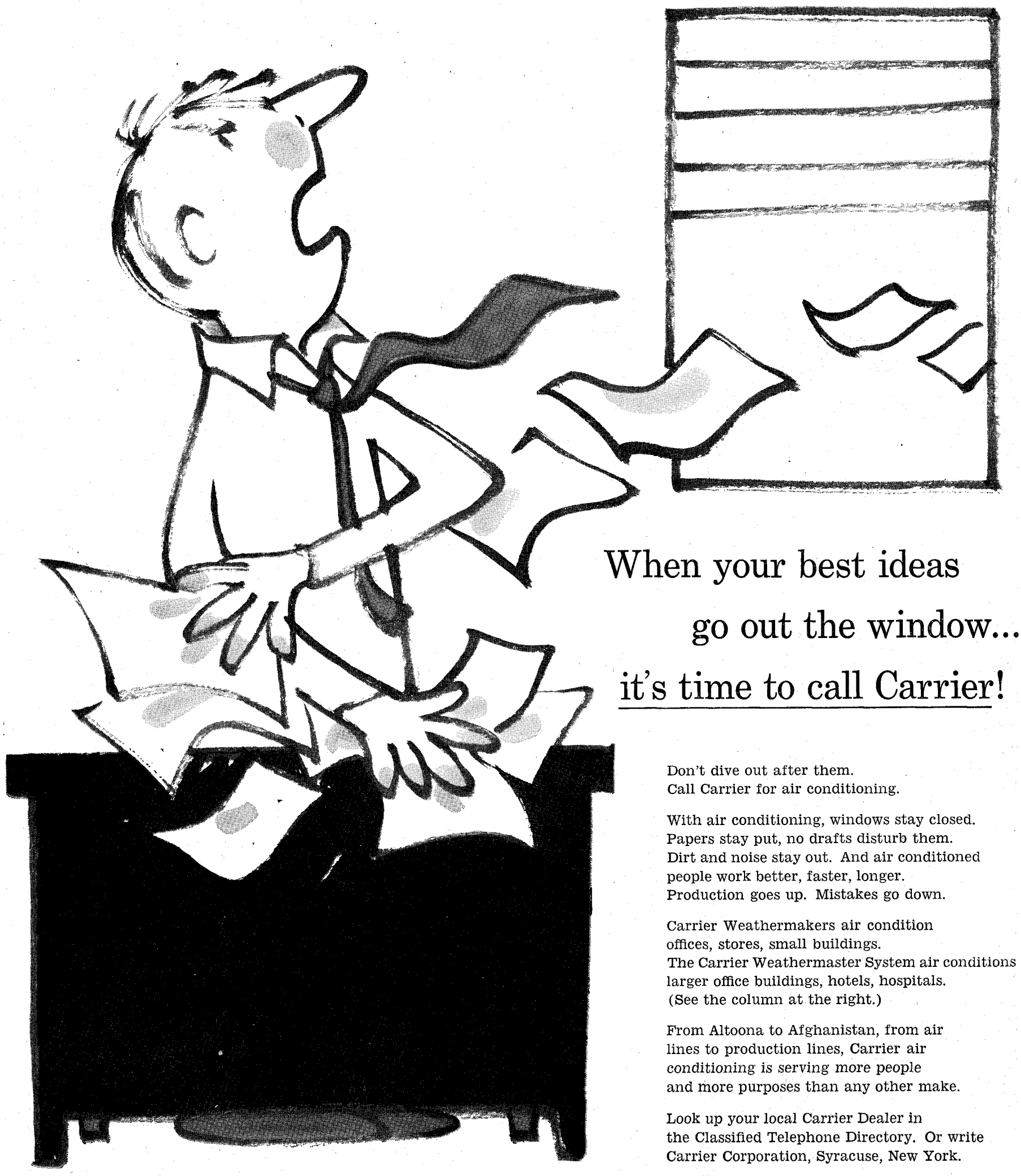

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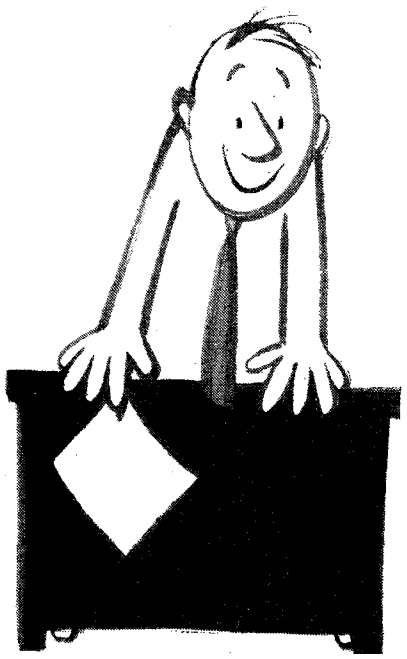

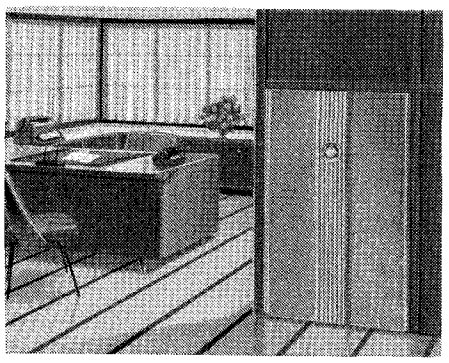

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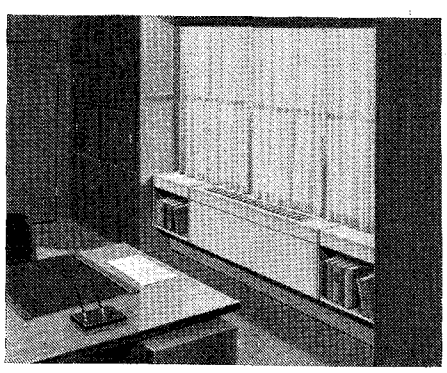

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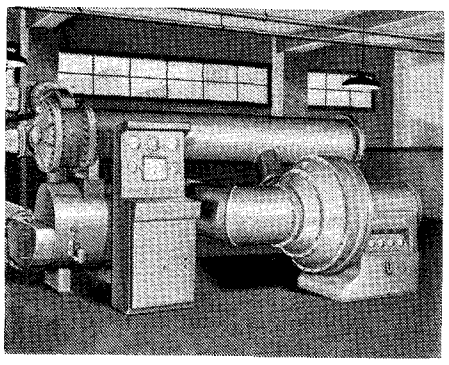

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Death Rides Beside Me

(Continued from Page 45)

crashing through a flaming board wall half an inch thick on a speeding motorcycle. Since then I have leaped from automobiles traveling eighty miles an hour—taking care, of course, to wear a thick asbestos suit—piloted crashing cars in head-on collisions; done complete somersaults with an automobile, and piloted a broad-jumping car eighty to 120 feet through the air from one ramp to another over a large bus.

From that I branched into race driving. Touring around from fair to fair and track to track with the Hell Drivers, and later with Jimmy Lynch's Death Dodgers, I got to know some of the leading race drivers, such as Chet Gardner, Ted Horn, Billy Winn and Doc MacKenzie. I saw the money they were making and, besides, it didn't look as risky as that crazy, brain-rattling stunt stuff.

I went back to Atlanta in 1938 to break in as a race driver on the same track where I did my first professional stunting. I drove in a stock-car race and finished third, ahead of a tall, lean fellow named Bill France.

As you know if you follow the sport, there are a number of branches of automobile racing in addition to the "big cars" that race at Indianapolis and a few other places. The most active classes are the stock cars, the sprint cars and the midgets.

Stock-car racing really is an old practice revived and made more attractive. Actually, it was the first form of automobile racing. In the early days of the century, manufacturers would match one stock model against another, with the purpose of interesting the wary public in the newfangled automobile. The racers in those days mostly were roadsters, or what we would call sport cars today.

In stock-car racing as it is now, we drive the same kind of car that you and your neighbor drive on the highway. No car can be equipped with accessories or parts not listed in the manufacturer's specification catalogue for that model. Regular fuels are used. Nothing can be removed from the car except the spare tire, hubcaps and rear seat. Certain safety equipment is authorized, such as reinforced wheels and steering mechanism, extra shock absorbers, safety belts and roll bars. A roll bar is a tube of steel across the roof of the car to keep the top from caving in if you turn over.

Stock-car racing was only in the first stages of its revival when I made my debut. I'll have to confess that most of the first drivers got their training by piloting "hot" cars full of moonshine through the hills of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia—you can see why the rebirth took place in the South.

Stock-car racing was a mighty rough sport in those days, but they've cleaned it up as the years passed. The bulk of the 40,000,000-plus who paid to see automobile races last year went to see the stock cars.

Over a weekend nowadays you can tour the Midwest or the South or the East and run into a stock-car race at almost every little town large enough to have a fairgrounds or a track. I've driven on everything from dusty quarter-milers to the paved one-mile oval at the Milwaukee fairgrounds and the bricks of Indianapolis Speedway.

I attempted to qualify for the 500-Mile Memorial Day race at Indianapolis in 1953. This is the most famous automobile race of all, and I guess it's the goal of every guy like me to drive in it, sort of like playing baseball for the Yankees or football for Notre Dame. It's altogether different from stock-car racing. Those high-powered, bullet-shaped big cars at Indianapolis are built for speeds of 150 and 175 miles per hour. Driving down a straightaway, where the wind can hit you broadside, a gust is liable to make your car jump five feet across the track.

It's the most dangerous kind of driving there is, but a driver with any coordination at all can make the adjustment from stock cars to the big racers. Probably the qualifying is as exacting as the race. You have to take a series of test runs at assigned speeds—not a mile over or a mile under, but on the nose. I had passed my 100, 110, 115 and 120 mile-per-hour lap tests. I was taking my test for 125 miles per hour—just 3.9 miles per hour under the speed that won for Troy Ruttman the year before—when my car began vibrating badly on turns. Sam Hanks and Walt Faulkner, both veterans of Indianapolis, gave my car trial runs around the two-and-one-half-mile course, and they couldn't control it either. There wasn't enough time left to make the necessary mechanical adjustments and still qualify, so I missed out.

I'll be back when I get the right kind of equipment, maybe next year. For my daily bread, though, I'll stick with stock cars. They're safer, for one thing, because we drive with a roof. A big-car driver in that open cockpit is just asking for something to come along and take his head off.

There's sure money in stock-car racing for me. I grossed $10,000 in prizes last year for thirteen races. Endorsements brought it up to $17,000, and personal appearances as the champion made it more than $20,000. And that wasn't one of my best financial years, for I missed the two biggest pots on the circuit.

It happened both times in Milwaukee, usually my lucky town. I was leading the 100-mile feature on July seventeenth, with only one third of the race to go, when I broke my rear axle doing 100 miles per hour. I drew ninety-seven dollars instead of the $4600 which was as good as sitting in my lap. In the next race at Milwaukee, which paid $3600 first money, I was leading again and my transmission went out. I made fifty-three dollars that day. But I piled up enough points in other races to take the 1955 championship.

There's actually only a slight margin between one driver and another, given equal equipment on the same track. What made the difference between me and the rest of the guys last year? It boils down to two things. I'm the driver who's willing to take a little greater risk to run my opponents into the ground—and I've got a first-class mechanic and pit crew. There are other good mechanics and crews, but sometimes your equipment goes beyond human help, just as mine did twice at Milwaukee. It just happened fewer times to me.

You can't win without a good pit crew and a good mechanic. On the other hand, a sloppy crew and mechanic can get you killed. The reason the steering wheel

More than eighty spectators were killed at Le Mans, France, last June when a racing car tore through a fence and exploded.

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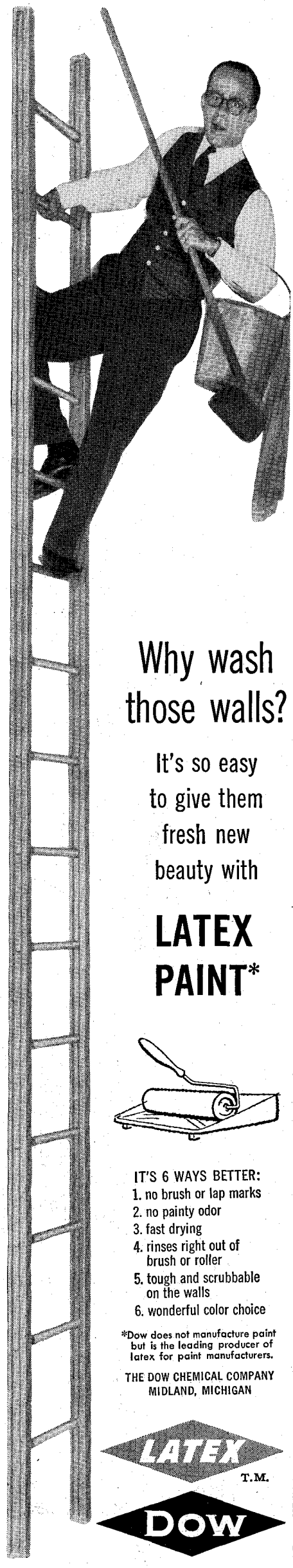
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came off in my hands that night at Illiana Speedway in 1953 was simple—the mechanic had forgotten to insert the cotter key that locks the wheel in.

That was as bad a scare as I've ever had on a track. I was helpless as my racer crashed through the woods and into the parking lot. It wrecked five cars, including a new model belonging to an old friend I hadn't seen for years, who had driven 150 miles to watch me in action that night. I was lucky. I got out of it with only three cracked ribs. But that mechanic wasn't working for me long after that.

I've found out that you win races in the last mile, not the first ninety-nine. It's up to your mechanic and pit crew to have your car running that last mile. Carl Kiekhaefer, a millionaire outboard-motor manufacturer from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, acts as my mechanic now. It's strictly a hobby with him. In return I have the brand name of his motors on my uniform and on my cars. He was voted the Mechanic of the Year by AAA after our good record last season.

Maybe it seems that I take a lot of risks for the money I get out of racing. Expenses have to come out of my winnings, and travel alone is a big item. I still maintain my home in Atlanta, but most of my racing is done in the Midwest. I have to own and operate two cars.

What else could I do, though, that would gross me $20,000 to $25,000 a year? And what else could I do that I'd like as much? Racing has too much of a hold on me. Just for instance, I'll bet I'm the only guy that ever drove an ordinary rental car in a race.

I had flown out to California for a race at Carrell Speedway, a track near Los Angeles. My car never arrived because of a breakdown on the way, so I rented a machine from a you-drive-it garage, painted a big red "X" on the side with water color, and hit the track without pit crew, tools or extra tires. I finished eighth. There was only a pint of gas left in the tank and hardly any rubber on the tires. I won $100 in prize money. The car rental was thirty-seven dollars, so I had a profit of sixty-three dollars and an afternoon of Sunday driving fun.

A reporter once asked me if I thought my kind of life was fair to my wife. Well, Mae knew what I did for a living when we were married ten years ago—in fact, at that time I was also doing some stunt work between races. She tried for a couple of years to talk me out of it, but now she's reconciled to it. She believes I'm coming home from every race, even if the insurance companies don't.

I'm what is known in their books as an "accumulated risk." I can't buy an ordinary life-insurance policy. I've been carrying a $2000 policy with AAA, which is the limit. Some drivers won't even carry that. They think it's bad luck. Manuel Ayulo, who was killed in a trial run at the Indianapolis Speedway last May, didn't carry a dime's worth of insurance for that reason. The other drivers chipped in to buy his wife a plane ticket back home to California.

Last year my wife got some preliminary training in what it might be like to get the fatal news. A report went out that I had been killed in a highway accident in Iowa. The wire services and the newspapers began calling our home, and one of the less diplomatic callers broke the "news" to Mae.

Fortunately, somebody broke the news to me, too, and I called her before she had a chance to get out her mourning gown. What happened was that a mechanic driving one of my cars to Chicago did have a crack-up in Iowa. My name was painted all over the car. Some passer-by reckoned I'd been killed, and the story mushroomed.

My love affair with speed began because of a boxer, W. L. (Young) Stribling, the heavyweight from Macon, Georgia, who was killed on a motorcycle himself. I was brought up in an orphanage in Macon when Strib was in his prime. I was born in Atlanta on June 8, 1919, of a Spanish father and an Irish mother. My dad died just a few years later and left the family in a bad financial fix. My mother had to send me to the Masonic Home in Macon.

When I was ten years old, one of my chores was helping to milk the cows. Stribling used to come jogging by the barn, doing road work for his fights. We kids went to a grammar school in town, across the street from where the Striblings lived, and I got in the habit of jogging the two miles from the orphanage to the school with him. We talked a lot, and I found out he owned an airplane, a big yellow convertible and a motorcycle.

I drive a big yellow convertible now, and I've had an airplane and several motorcycles, which I sold. I even tried to be a boxer like Strib, but I was badly overmatched in my fifth fight. The guy knocked me into the next county, broke my nose and changed my ambition abruptly. I decided there must be easier ways of making a living.

Perhaps stunting and race driving don't sound like an improvement, but at least

---

Most men are beasts—the sort women want to domesticate.

CY N. PEACE

I've been knocked stone-cold only once on a track. I've had my wounds—broken pelvis, broken arm, broken leg and cuts and abrasions from the Achilles' tendon in my heel to the crown of my nose. But the only time I ever lost consciousness in a wreck was when I hit a six-car pile-up at Lakewood Park in Atlanta.

It was a dirt track, and the dust was so heavy you couldn't see a car fore or aft. I was judging the turns on the back side by a clump of trees that rose above the dust. When I caught my first glimpse of the treetops I'd go into my turn, hold for a count of five, then straighten out.

I was busy looking for trees and counting when I plowed into six other cars that had cracked up in the dust. I came to in an ambulance racing to the hospital. I really wasn't hurt at all, just dazed, but they insisted on giving me an examination. Since the crash happened in a qualifying heat, I had time to hurry back to the track, borrow a car and get into the feature. Although I ended up in second place, I always went into that bad turn expecting the worst. I still had to navigate by those trees. Any time you drive blind you drive scared. For the most part, that hazard has been eliminated. Chemicals keep down the dust on dirt tracks today.

To show you how silly a guy like me can get sometimes, when I started out stunting I volunteered for the head-on crashing act because it added ten dollars to the seventy-five dollars a week I was making, which was pretty good pay for the late 1930's. We crashed in what we call "junkers"—battered secondhand cars. We ran into each other at thirty-five miles an hour, which is similar to hitting a brick wall at seventy miles an hour. The secret was a perfect head-on collision, plus good back-seat driving. I guided the car from the rear seat, ducking behind a big mattress just before the impact. The first night I wrote out a will and carried it in my pocket, so they'd find it if they wound up pulling my body from the wreckage.

But my little experiences in stunting and stock-car racing were minor episodes compared with the five days of nervous exhaustion known as the Mexican Road Race. This toughest of all racing grinds was run over a 1934-mile course from Tuxtla, down near the Guatemalan border, to Juárez. It went from the oceanside to 10,000 feet above sea level, over Mexican roads no better than our secondary highways. The race was such a killer that it was abandoned after the 1954 event, although I hear they plan to revive it with increased safety precautions.

I drove the Mexican race in 1952 and 1953, when nine lives were lost among drivers and spectators. The drivers kept coming back because of the purses, which grew from a total of $34,682 in 1950 to $120,000 in 1954. The course was one long succession of crooked mountain roads and narrow straightaways, dotted with roaming cattle, unguarded precipices and low-flying birds, and covered with volcanic ash that cut tires to ribbons. It was no real test of a race-track driver—the late Bill Vukovich, Indianapolis "500" winner two years running, never finished the first leg in 1953.

I found the greatest hazard to be the long straightaways leading into sharp inclines. Over one hill might be another long straightaway. Over another might be a hairpin turn. I let up on the accelerator the first time or two, only to find nice long straightaways on the other side of the hill. This timidity was costing me five or six seconds, so the next time I kept my foot glued to the floorboard. I hit a hill doing 105 miles per hour, and found a hairpin turn waiting for me over the top.

I hollered to my copilot to throw open his door and hold it against the wind. We did this many times to break our speed on curves. I pumped my brakes three times, then rammed the shift into first gear, sure that I would knock out the transmission. But she held, and we made the turn on two wheels.

I was as nervous as a cat the next two days, but finally my courage came back. We went blindly into the rest of the hills with nothing but hope and a few prayers, and made them all. I finished seventeenth that first year, and would have done better if my carburetor hadn't cut out on turns the last two days. The next year I was running fourth until I knocked the rear end out of alignment in a crash on a deceptive turn near Parral the third day.

I registered for the race under my real name of Menendez, incidentally, and I was acclaimed widely by the natives until they found out I couldn't speak a word of Spanish. In this country my name has been Mundy since my early stunt-driving days. I found out then that newspapermen couldn't spell "Menendez," telephone operators couldn't pronounce it and public-address announcers slurred it. I came by the nickname of "Rebel" in the East, where track announcers took to saying, "Here comes that rebel from Georgia again!"

I lived up to my nickname several years ago. I had joined with Bill France and other drivers and helped to organize the National Association for Stock Car Automobile Racing, but later I had my differences with Bill and rebelled to go on the AAA circuit.

I'm through racing with the AAA now because the AAA is through with racing. It withdrew from the field altogether last year, announcing: "It was the feeling of our Executive (*Continued on Page 82*)

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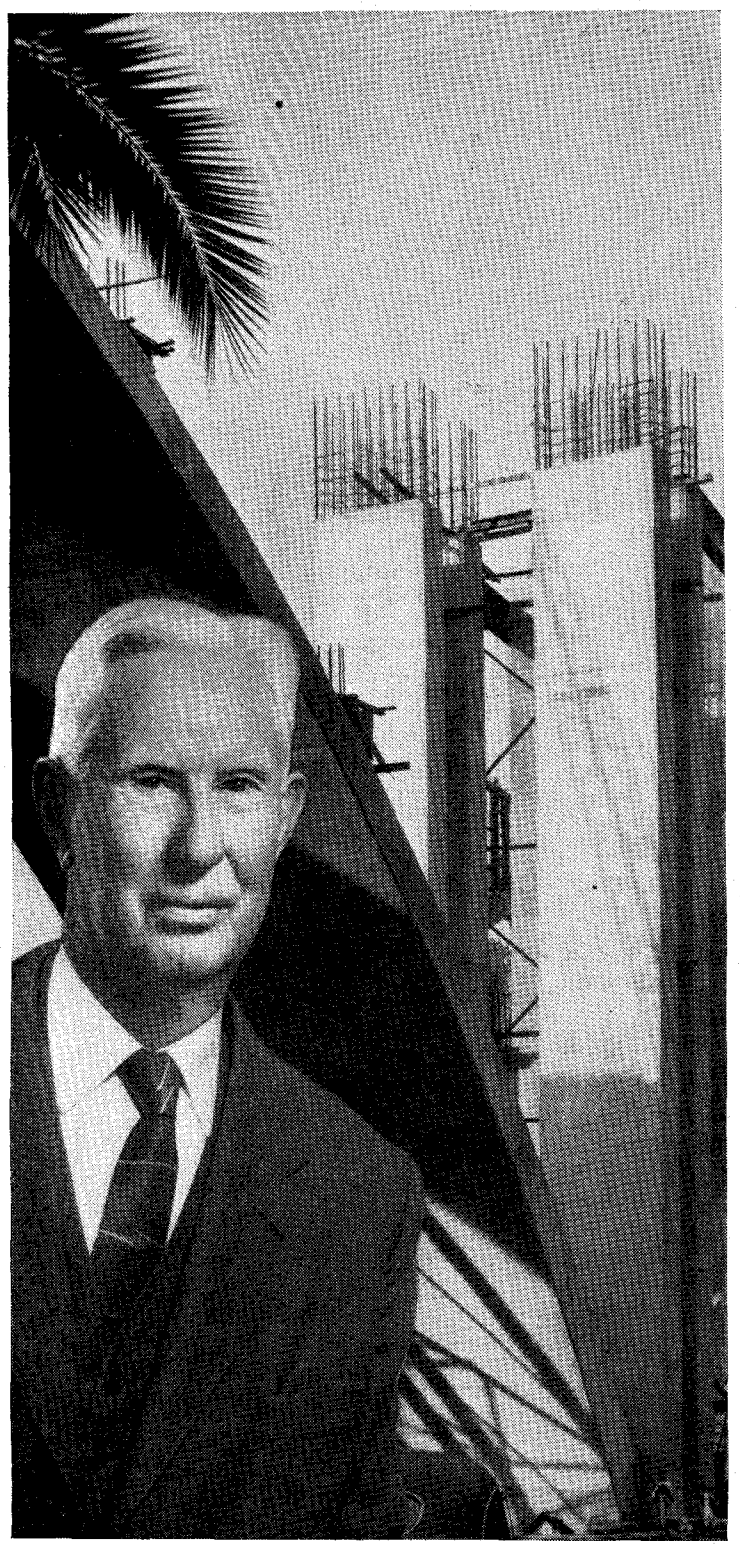


There's a little bit of Wausau in "sunny California"

A WAUSAU STORY

by EDWARD PRENDERGAST

Feature Writer,
Los Angeles Herald Express

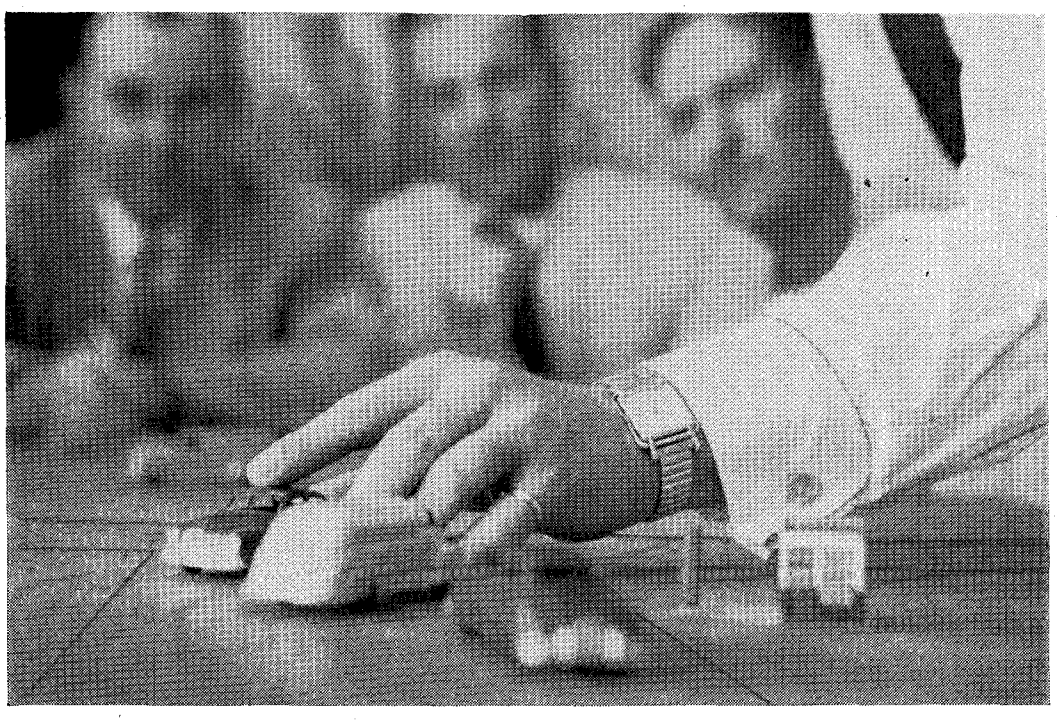
"How far is it? . . . a little over two thousand miles from the North Woods of Wisconsin here to our Pacific Coast. Yet, as I found out, Employers Mutuals does business here in the same warm, personal way as among its Wisconsin neighbors at home. The friendliness of Wausau folks is really catching!

"Until I took on this assignment, I didn't know any more about Employers Mutuals as a company than you might. I'd heard they had a reputation as 'good people to do business with'. But it wasn't until I got out and met a few Employers Mutuals people and their policyholders that I began to get an idea that here are people with a very unusual approach to insurance problems. They seem to have a knack for getting through to the heart of the problem . . . the human side. They emphasize fairness, they *listen*, they have a strong belief in preventing accidents rather than just waiting for accidents to happen. These are some of the things that came out of my visits with California Employers Mutuals people. The pictures and captions here tell you the rest of the story."

"I talked with Guy F. Atkinson, chairman of the internationally known California construction firm which has built among others, the huge Mc Nary Dam and Pasadena's Arroyo Seco Bridge (shown under construction above).

"If anyone should know the importance of safety it would be Mr. Atkinson, who says: 'When I started in the construction business, there was no such thing as workmen's compensation or safety engineers. When a man got hurt, a company took care of him and his family. So we had two things to worry about—our job and the man out of a job.'

" 'Now, Employers Mutuals has taken this latter concern out of our minds. Their safety engineers consult closely with ours, and help us to make accident prevention as much a part of our job as blueprints, bulldozers and concrete. In addition, Employers Mutuals pays us substantial dividends for savings made possible thru accident prevention.' "



"Playing with toys . . . to save lives. Imagination can do a lot to make people safety conscious. Here's a good example. The Frito Company's Western Division wanted some dramatic way of impressing safety on the drivers of all company cars and trucks. With the help of Paul Kacher, an Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, they found a unique solution. Once a month, a Frito committee plus Mr. Kacher (who volunteers his time) reviews all company vehicle accidents, if any, during the past month. Each accident is carefully reconstructed on a board with streets marked—using toy cars. Instead of trying to place the blame for an accident, the committee and Mr. Kacher try only to determine the *cause* of an accident and how it could have been prevented. It's surprising the *positive* thinking *and remembering* that results from these sessions. Frito's safety record proves it!"

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"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 80*) Committee that automobile racing as now conducted in this country, with emphasis on speed, power and human endurance, is not compatible with one of the main objectives of the AAA and its affiliated clubs in the day-to-day promotion of street and highway safety."

There are still two stock-car racing circuits. I've switched over to NASCAR myself, but many of the drivers from the old AAA circuit are carrying on under a new organization called the United States Automobile Club.

I opened on the NASCAR circuit this year with a second-place finish at Phoenix, then got forced out of my next two races by mechanical trouble. But I expect to move up in the NASCAR point standings as the season goes on.

I predict that the next big new thing in racing will be a stock-car 500-mile classic over a new two-and-one-half-mile speedway just constructed at Daytona Beach. This undoubtedly will develop into the main arena of stock-car racing, and the big champion should be crowned there. Stock-car racing in a few years should have all the prestige of the big-car events, especially with a 500-mile championship of this kind to aim for.

I thought the AAA's recent action gave the public an unfair picture of racing—especially stock-car racing. Last year was a bad one for big-car drivers. Bill Vukovich, Manuel Ayulo, Jerry Hoyt, Mike Nazurek, Jack McGrath and Larry Crockett all lost their lives on the track. But not a life was lost in an AAA stock-car race during the last three years, although there have been some stock-car fatalities this year, unfortunately.

The tragedy at Le Mans, France, where over eighty people were killed at the Grand Prix, seems to have been the real reason behind the AAA's retreat from racing—that and the big pile-up at Indianapolis when Vukovich was the victim. Most of the drivers agree that the big racers have got too fast for "The Brickyard," our name for Indianapolis Speedway. But measures are being taken to curb the speeds, such as a switch to a less volatile fuel.

The Vukovich accident last Memorial Day was a freak. He was well in the lead when he happened onto a traffic jam around a turn. It wasn't his fault.

I don't know if it's a recommendation or not, but Vukovich was one of only two race drivers I've known who were absolutely fearless on the track. The other is Andy Linden, who's still at it.

... ...

Range Calf

By Elizabeth Landeweer

In mottled sun and shadow
of mesquite,
Still glum from birth, the
calf humps to its feet
And suckles grimly on its
mother's milk;
It quakes inside its coat of
rough damp silk,
Takes shaky steps, and
wobbles like a crutch.
Yet by the time the sage
hen broods her clutch,
The new calf races rings
around the herd,
Blows dust from startled
nostrils at a bird
And, trampling spines of
cactus underfoot,
Lies down to sleep curled
round a sagebrush root,
And cheerfully resigned to
being born,
It sprouts the first bud of a
future horn.

... ...

Linden just doesn't give a damn. He's a rough, tough customer who goes hard for the lead—"charging the field," as we say in racing. This recklessness has got him his share of hard licks. He has started three times at Indianapolis, and the first two times he never finished a total of four laps. He cracked into the brick wall at the speedway twice, and not many drivers have come out of those collisions alive.

I admire his complete lack of fear, but I'm not with him. I've driven some 25,000 miles in my eighteen years on the tracks, and I've never started a race without butterflies in my stomach. It's not the race that gets you. It's before the race.

Ted Horn always used to say that it was safer to drive on a track than on the highway, but he was killed in a race at Du Quoin, Illinois. It's pretty obvious that the public doesn't think race driving is safe. I'm convinced that half of the people who go out to the tracks are there to see somebody get killed. Since we run for 40 per cent of the receipts, I don't care what brings the customers there. I like to see a big crowd. I just hope I don't ever give that blood-lusting 50 per cent their money's worth. THE END

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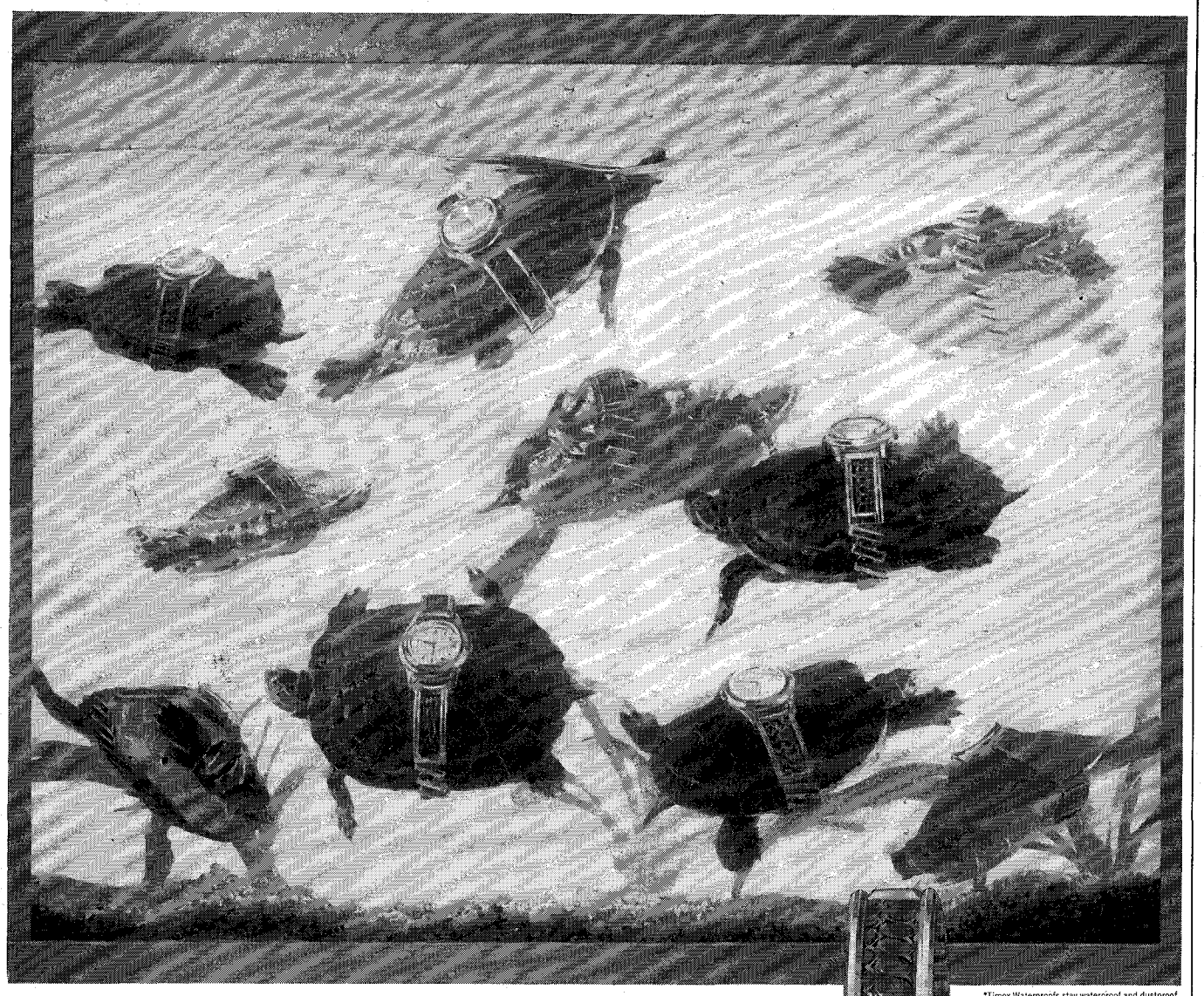

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 56)

wretched man had staggered back, caught by the roll of the ship and flung against the starboard plates. For a second he was spread-eagled across the gap between the cases and the hull, and then, as he tried to recover himself, he had missed his footing and had slithered down into the gap. And as the ship plunged, one of the cases shifted, toppling against the hull. "There was a scream. And then it was cut off short. And as the ship rolled to port, the case slid back into its proper position and I was able to get him out."

He stopped abruptly and wiped his forehead. And then he went on more quietly, telling us how he'd thought Dellimare was still alive, though there was blood glistening on his hair, and had managed somehow to get him up the vertical ladder to the deck. The man still had the cylinder gripped in his hand, but he hadn't stopped to examine it. He had nearly been knocked down by a sea that had come surging inboard, but he had made the ladder to the upper deck. But when he had almost reached the bridge housing the lights shining out of the after portholes showed him Dellimare's head and he knew that the man was dead. "His neck was broken." He said it flatly, without emotion.

"But it was an accident," I said. "You didn't kill him." I was remembering the coal dust and the sound of shifting coal in the bunker, knowing what was coming.

"No. But how was I to prove it?" He reached for the packet and lit a cigarette. Then he sat down opposite me again. "I panicked, I suppose," he said. "I decided to dump him over the side."

But he had set the body down to examine it, and when he bent to pick it up, he'd seen Higgins coming out through the starboard doorway from the bridge housing. He hadn't dared carry the body to the rail then. But just beside him the hatch of the port bunkering chute stood open for some reason and, without thinking, he pitched the body down the chute and slammed the lid on it. "It wasn't until hours later that I realized what I'd done." He took a pull at his cigarette, dragging at it, his hands trembling. "Instead of getting shut of the man, I'd hung his body round my neck like a millstone." His voice had fallen to a whisper and for a moment he sat in silence. Then he added, "When you came on board, I'd slung a rope ladder down into that bunker and was in there, trying to get at the body. But by then the rolling of the ship had buried him under tons of coal."

There was a long silence after that and I could hear the wind in the rigging, a high, singing note. The anchor chain was grating on the shingle as the boat yawed.

And then, speaking to himself, his head lowered, "I thought it was justice. I thought he deserved to die. That cylinder—I know it was some sort of bomb. He'd done it to the for'ard holds, and because he hadn't sunk the ship first time, he was trying again aft. I thought perhaps I'd saved the lives of thirty-odd men, my own included. But I couldn't prove it—not till I'd got his body out of that bunker and examined the cylinder he'd had gripped in his hand." And then he looked at me suddenly and said, "Well, I've told you the truth now."

I nodded. I knew this was the truth. I knew now why he had to get back there, why he couldn't reveal Dellimare's offer to the court. "You should have gone to the police," I said, "as soon as you reached England."

"Do you think they'd have believed me? It was only my word. I'd no proof."

"There was a time when you were prepared to go to the police," I said. "When you altered course for Southampton."

"I still had the ship then," he muttered, and in that moment I realized the difference that a ship meant to a man like Patch.

He reached out his hand for the bottle. "Mind if I have another drink?" His tone was resigned.

I watched him pour it, understanding now how desperate was his need to get back to the Mary Deare. I remembered how he'd reacted to the sight of the crew

"I never saw a jockey so determined to win."

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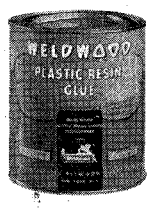

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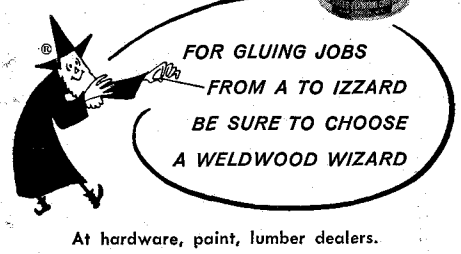

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huddled like sheep around Higgins in the office in Paimpol. His first command in years and the whole thing repeating itself. It was an appalling twist of fate.

"When did you feed last?" I asked him.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter." He swallowed some of the drink, his hand still trembling, his body slack.

"I'll get you some food." I got up and went through into the galley. The stew was still hot in the pressure cooker and I put some on a plate and set it in front of him. And then I asked Mike to come up on deck. Mike guessed what was in my mind. "You want Sea Witch, is that it, John?"

I nodded. "For four days," I said. "Five at the most."

He was looking at me, his face pale in the faint glow of the riding light. "You believe him then—about the Dellimare Company planning to sink the ship in deep water?"

"I don't know," I murmured. I wasn't sure. "But if you accept that the cargo has been switched, that the whole thing was planned ——" I hesitated, remembering how scared Higgins had been when Patch failed to appear in court. If Higgins had started that fire and knocked Patch out and panicked the crew —— "Yes," I said. "I think I do believe him."

Mike was silent for some time. At length he nodded. "O.K. Then we'd better get going right away."

"You don't have to come," I told him. But all he said was that he'd get the engine ready.

Down below, I found Patch leaning back, the glass in his hand, smoking a cigarette. He hadn't touched the food. His eyes were half closed and his head lolled. He didn't look up as we entered.

"We're getting under way," I told him. "We're taking you out to the Minkies."

He stared at me. "The Minkies." He repeated it slowly, his fuddled mind not taking it in. "You're going out to the Mary Deare?" And then he was on his feet, the glass crashing to the floor, his body jarring the table. "You mean it?" He lurched across to me, catching hold of me with both his hands.

"Yes," I said. "I mean it." It was like trying to convince a child.

"My God!", he said. "My God, I thought I was finished!" He was suddenly laughing, shaking me, gripping Mike's hand. He wasn't drunk, just a little crazed—the reaction of nerves strung too taut.

"Can you navigate into the Minkies without a chart?" I asked.

His mind seemed to snap suddenly into place. He hesitated—a seaman considering a nautical problem. "Yes. Yes, I'm sure I can remember. It's only a question of the tide. You've got a nautical almanac?"

I nodded and it was settled. I had charts for the Channel. All I lacked was the large-scale chart of the Minkies. "We'll hoist sail in here before we get the hook up," I said. I reached for my monkey jacket and slipped it on, and then we went up on deck and got the covers off the main and mizzen. I sent Mike to get the engine going while Patch and I put the battens in and hoisted the mainsail, tacking it down so that the luff was set up taut. The starter whined and the engine caught, throbbing at the deck under my feet. Sea Witch was suddenly alive. We hoisted the dinghy on board then, and the ship bustled with activity as we got her ready for sea.

It was while I was up for'ard, hanking the big Yankee jib onto the forestay, that I heard it—the beat of an engine coming in from the sea. I stood there for a moment, listening, and then I extinguished the riding light and ran aft, shouting to Mike to get the hook up. We were outside the law and I wanted to get clear of the cove without being seen. I switched off the lights below and sent Patch for'ard to help Mike, and then I was at the wheel and the chain was coming in with a run as I maneuvered Sea Witch up to her anchor on the engine.

The sound of the boat coming in was quite clear now, the beat of its engines throbbing back from the cliffs. The white of her masthead light appeared in the gap, bobbing to the swell. The green eye of a starboard light showed, and the red as she turned in.

"Up and down!" Mike called.

"Leave it there!" I called to him. "Hoist the Yankee!"

The big jib floated up, a glimmer of white in the darkness. I hauled in the sheet, and Sea Witch began to glide through the water as I swung her bows toward the gap. The incoming boat was right in the entrance now.

... ...

New House

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Alien and stark it stands
upon the ground,
No tree leans down to brush
against the roof,
The sprigs of grass are still,
they have not found
A hold, and bayonet-stiff,
remain aloof.

Yet there is something here
as old as Eden,
As old as stars reflected in
young eyes,
This raw, unlovely dwelling
is dream-laden,
And its potential rivals
Paradise.

... ...

"What do you think it is—the police?" Mike asked, as he came back aft to help trim the sheets.

"I don't know," I said. "Get the mizzen hoisted."

For an instant I saw Patch's face, a white gleam in the darkness as he stared seaward, and then he went aft to help Mike. I was keeping the engine throttled right back so that they wouldn't hear it above the noise of their own engine, hoping I could slip out without their seeing us in the darkness. I just had to hold my course and hope that the other boat would turn away.

But she held straight on, and we passed her so close that I could see the whole shape of her, a big seagoing motorboat with flared bow and a long sloping deckhouse. I even caught a glimpse of the man in the wheelhouse, a dim figure peering at us out of the night. And then their spotlight stabbed the darkness, momentarily blinding me, picking out the triangle of our mainsail in glaring white, and a voice hailed us. I think he was asking the name of our ship, but the words were lost in the roar of the engine as I opened the throttle wide, and we went steaming out through the gap.

I watched the black outline of the cliffs behind us and in a moment the masthead light of the motorboat reappeared, with the red and green of her navigation lights below it, and I knew then that she was following us.

Gradually the boat gained on us, until the spotlight, reaching out to us across the tumbled waters, lit our sails with a ghostly radiance.

Mike called to me from for'ard where he was lashing the anchor. "Hadn't we better heave to?"

"They haven't ordered you to." Patch's voice was hard and urgent. "You don't have to do anything till they signal instructions." He was back at sea again, and a man doesn't easily give up in his own element.

"John and I own this boat jointly," Mike flung out. "We've worked and planned and slaved our guts out to have our own outfit, and we're not going to risk it all to get you out of the mess you're in." He stepped down into the cockpit, balancing himself to the pitch of the boat. "You've got to heave to," he said to me. "You've got to heave to before that police boat comes up on us."

"It may not be the police," I said. I had been thinking about it all the time they'd been up for'ard. "The police would have sent a patrol car. They wouldn't have come by boat."

"If it's not the police, then who is it?"

I told them about the yacht broker who had come to the court that morning, and how Higgins had threatened me. "Higgins even guessed you'd come down to Lulworth," I added, turning to Patch.

"Higgins!" The spotlight was on his face and there was something in the way his eyes shone—it might have been anger or fear or exultation; I couldn't tell. And then the spotlight was switched off and he was just a black shape standing there beside me.

"Well, if it's only Higgins ——" Mike's voice sounded relieved. "He can't do anything, can he?"

Patch swung round on him. "You don't seem to realize ——" His voice came hard and abrupt out of the darkness, the sentence bitten off short. But I had caught his mood, and I looked back over my shoulder. Was it my imagination or was the motorboat nearer now? I found myself looking all round, searching for the lights of another ship. But there was nothing—only the blackness of the night and the white of the breaking wave tops rushing at us out of the darkness.

"Well, we go on. Is that right?" I wasn't sure what I ought to do.

"You've no alternative," Patch said.

A wave broke against the weather bow, showering spray aft, and we heeled to a gust so that our lee decks were awash.

"For heaven's sake cut that engine!" Patch shouted at me. "Can't you feel the drag of the prop, man?"

Mike swung round on him. "You don't run this boat."

"It's stopping our speed," Patch said.

He was right. I had been conscious of it for some time. "Switch it off, will you, Mike?" I asked.

He hesitated, and then dived into the charthouse. The noise of the engine died, leaving a stillness in which the sound of the sea seemed unnaturally loud. Under sail alone, the boat merged with the elements for which she had been designed, fitting herself to the pattern of wind and wave. The movement was easier. Waves ceased to break over the foredeck.

But though Patch had been right, Mike came back out of the charthouse in a mood of blazing anger. "You seem darn certain we're going to try and race that boat for you," he said. And then, turning to me, he added, "We should turn back ——"

"Damnation!" Patch said. "Don't you understand yet?" He leaned forward, his face thrust close to mine. "You tell him, Sands.

(*Continued on Page 86*)

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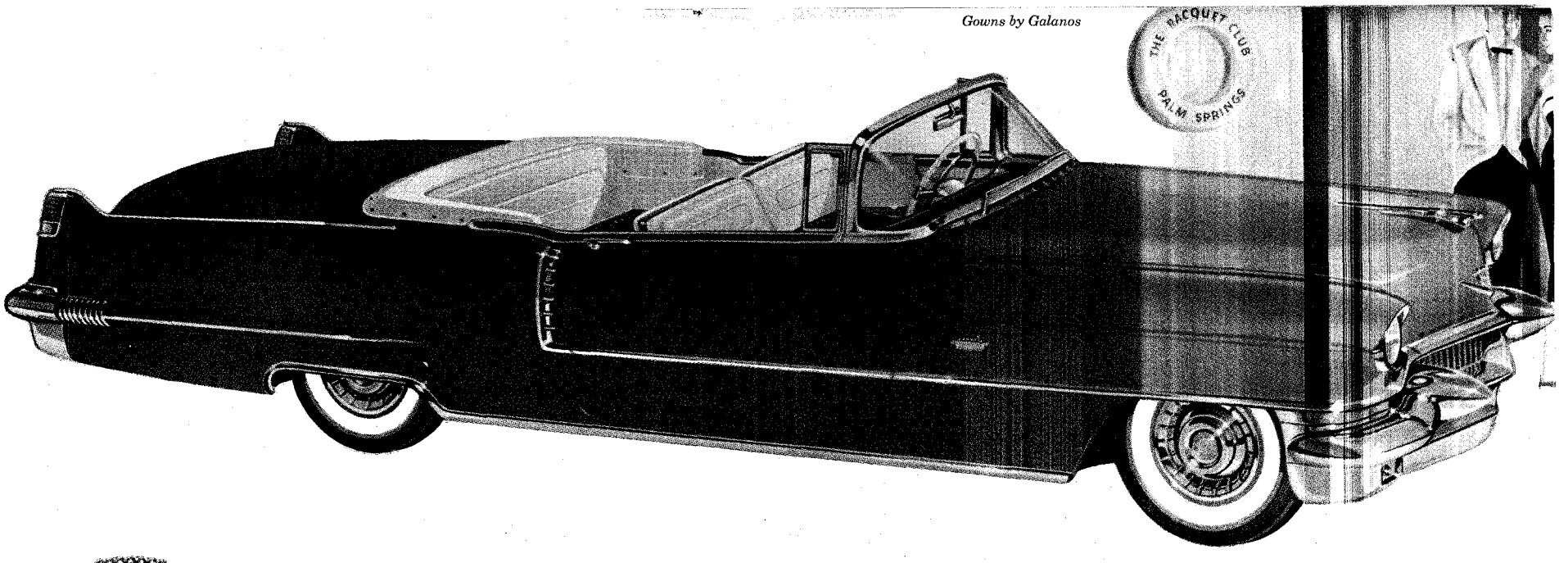

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(*Continued from Page 84*) You've seen Gundersen. You know the setup now." He stared at me, and then he swung round to face Mike again. "Listen!" he said. "Here was a plan to clean up over a quarter of a million pounds. The cargo was switched and sold to the Chinks. That part of it went all right. But all the rest went wrong. The captain refused to play his part. They tried to sink her in a gale and they failed. Higgins was left to do the job on his own and he botched it." His voice was pitched high in the urgency of his effort to communicate what he believed. "Can't you see it from their point of view—twelve men drowned, an old man dead, possibly murdered, and the ship herself lying out there on the Minkies. They daren't let me reach the Mary Deare. And they daren't let you reach her either. They daren't even let you get into port now—not until they've disposed of the Mary Deare."

Mike stared at him. "But that's fantastic," he breathed.

"Why fantastic? They must know I'm on board. And you wouldn't have sailed if you hadn't believed my story. Imagine what they face if the truth comes out."

Mike turned to me. "Do you believe this, John?" His face was very pale. He sounded bewildered.

"I think we'd better try and shake them off," I said. Patch had his own reasons for driving us on. But I knew I didn't want that boat to catch up with us in the dark.

"But good heaven! This is the English Channel! They can't do anything to us here!" Mike stared at Patch and me, waiting for us to answer him. "Well, what can they do?" And then he looked out at the blackness that surrounded us, realizing gradually that it made no difference that we were in the Channel. There were just the three of us alone in a black waste of tumbled water that spilled to white on the crests, and without another word he got the log line out of the locker and went aft to stream it astern.

"We go on, then," Patch said. The sudden relief from tension made his voice sound tired.

I nodded and got up stiffly from behind the wheel. "Will you take the first watch, Mike?" It would have to be two hours on and four off, with one man alone at the wheel and the other two on call. We were desperately shorthanded for a hard sail like this. I gave Mike the wheel and went through into the charthouse to enter up the log.

Patch followed me in. "Have you thought about who will be on board that motorboat?" he asked me. I shook my head, wondering what was coming, and he added, "It won't be Gundersen, you know."

"Who will it be then?"

"Higgins." He stared at me, watching to see whether I had understood his point. "Just remember what he's done. For the cash that I was offered he started a fire in a British ship on the high seas, created conditions of panic and, as a result, caused the death of twelve men."

"You mean he's desperate?"

He nodded. "If he doesn't stop us before we get to that salvage tug, he'll face charges of arson, mutiny, conspiracy to defraud—perhaps even murder. Manslaughter, at least." Patch looked at me for a moment. "No need to tell young Duncan, but I just wanted you to understand the position. If he's arrested, the others will panic. Burrows, for one, will turn Queen's evidence. You understand?" And when I nodded, he said he'd go and get some food. But in the doorway he hesitated. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I didn't mean to land you into a thing like this."

During the night we altered course to southwest for a time, sailing Sea Witch hard in a strong wind and a bumpy sea, and in the early hours of the morning Griselda's masthead light had dropped from sight below the breaking wavetops.

But at dawn Mike called me from my bunk, and as I emerged from the hatch, he was pointing to something away to port.

"Griselda?" I asked.

Mike nodded and passed me the glasses. I could see the water streaming off her, and every now and then a wave burst against her bows, throwing up a cloud of spray. I glanced aft to where Patch sat hunched over the wheel in borrowed oilskins.

"Does he know?" I asked.

"Yes. He saw her first."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He didn't seem surprised."

I stared at the boat through the glasses again, trying to estimate her speed. "What are we doing?" I asked. "Did you get a log reading at six?"

"Yes. We did eight in the last hour."

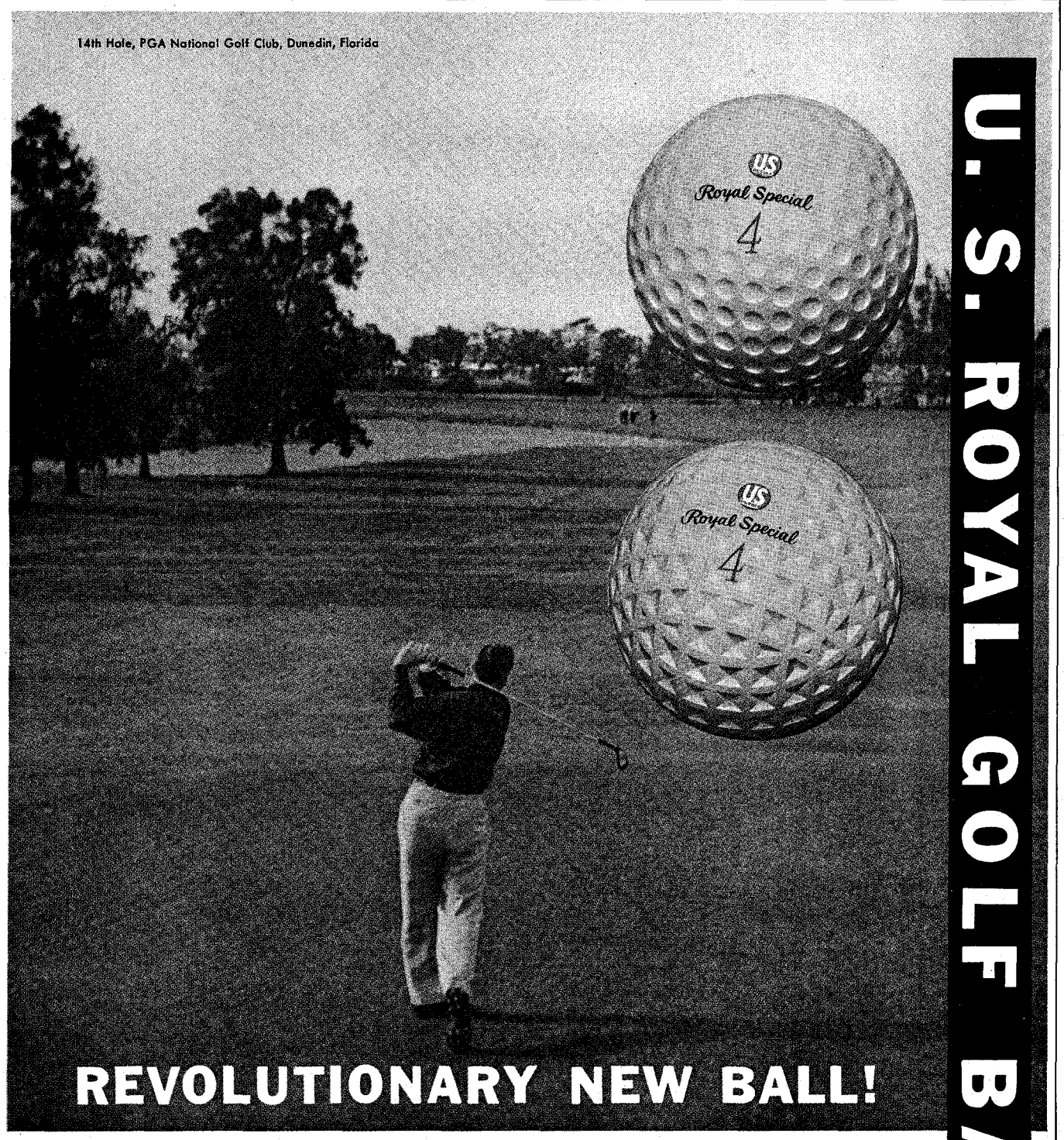
Eight knots! I glanced up at the sails. They were wind-bellied out, tight and hard, solid tons of weight pulling at the mast, hauling the boat through the water. It was hard that we hadn't shaken them off after a whole night of sailing.

"I've been thinking," Mike said. "If they come up with us ——"

"Well?"

"There's not much they can do really, is there? I mean ——" He hesitated, glancing at me uncertainly.

"I hope you're right," I said and went into the charthouse. I was tired and I didn't want to think about it. I worked out our dead reckoning, based on miles logged, courses sailed and tides, and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found we were ten miles north-northwest of the Casquets—the northwestern bastion of the Channel Islands. In two hours' time the tide would be east-going, setting us in toward Alderney and the Cotentin Peninsula. But that boat lay between us and the coast, and there was no getting away from her, not in daylight.

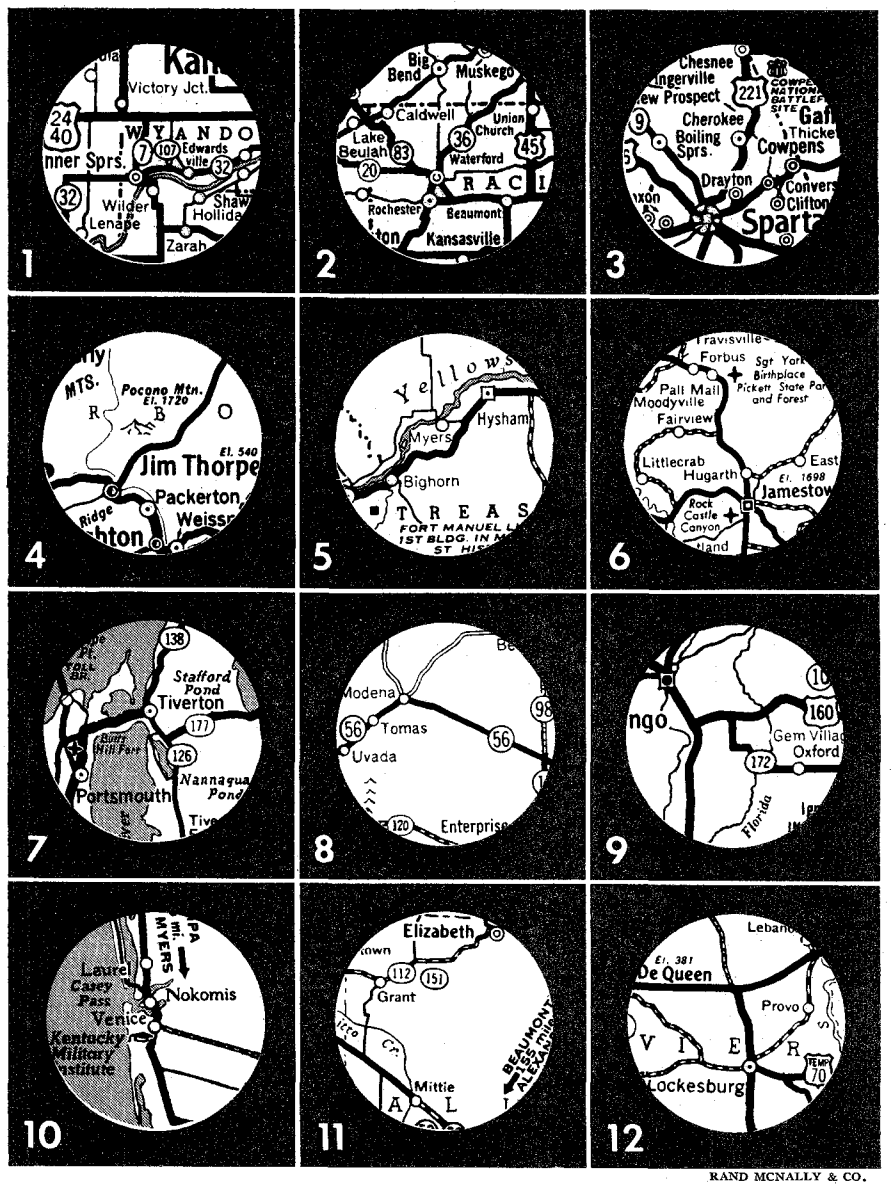
All morning Patch remained on deck, taking his trick at the helm, dozing in the cockpit or sitting, staring at the gray acres that separated us from Griselda. Sometimes he would dive into the charthouse and work frenziedly with parallel rule and dividers, checking our course and our estimated time of arrival at the Minkies. Once I suggested that he go below and get some sleep, but all he said was "Sleep? I can't sleep till I see the Mary Deare." And he stayed there, gray and exhausted, existing on his nerves, as he had done all through the inquiry.

I think he was afraid to go below—afraid that when he couldn't see her, Griselda would somehow creep up on us. He was frighteningly tired. He kept on asking me about the tides. We had no tidal chart, and it worried him. Even when the tide turned around midday, pushing us westward again, he kept on checking our bearing on the jagged outline of Guernsey Island.

I should perhaps explain that the tidal surge of six hours' flood and six hours' ebb that shifts the whole body of water of the English Channel builds up to an extraordinary peak in the great bight of the French coast that contains the Channel Islands. At "springs," when the tides are greatest, it sluices in and out of the narrow gap between Alderney and the mainland at a rate of up to seven knots. Its direction in the main body of the Channel Islands rotates throughout the twelve hours. Moreover, the rise and fall of tide is as much as from thirty to forty feet.

I mention this to explain our preoccupation with the tide and because it has a bearing on what followed. In addition, the whole area being strewn with submerged reefs, rock outcrops and islands, there is always a sense of tension when navigating in this section of the Channel.

Holding to our course, we were headed direct for the central mass of Guernsey. I was relying on the westward thrust of the tide to push us clear, and as we closed with the broken water that marked the submerged rocks known as Les Frettes, we were all of us watching to see what Griselda would do. In fact, she had no alternative, and when the rock cliffs of the island were close to port she altered course to come in astern of us.



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 88*)

ANOTHER REASON FOR

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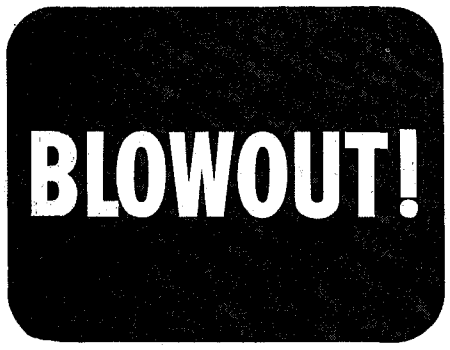
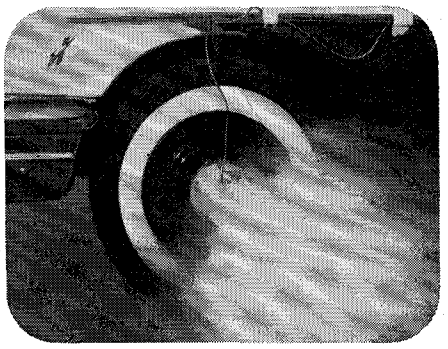


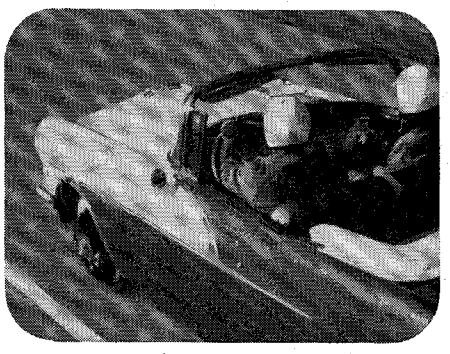


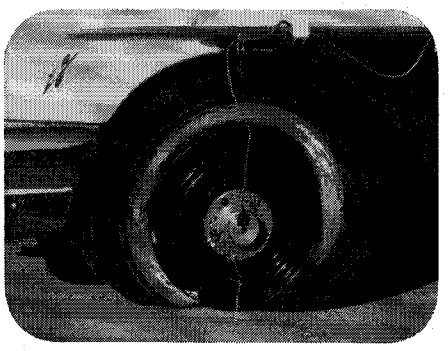
An unretouched photo sequence from a motion picture of test runs at the GM Proving Ground.

1. BANG! The left front tire blows out at 55 mph. With ordinary steering, this is an *emergency!*

2. But this Pontiac has new 1956 *Safety* Power Steering. Watch as GM test drivers try it again . . .

3. BLAM! A dynamite cap blows another tire at 55—but the car hardly veers an inch off course!





4. Driver easily holds car straight along white line; hydraulic power resists severe wheel twists.

5. Tire is cut to pieces but car is brought safely to stop. *Proof that Safety Power Steering is far safer!*

If you value the safety of your family, need we say more? *Safety* Power Steering is so good it's standard equipment, or optional at a price too low to pass up, on General Motors and other fine cars for 1956. Chevrolet's linkage type costs even less. Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Michigan.

NEW Safety POWER STEERING by Saginaw

BE SURE TO TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR NEXT CAR!

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The westernmost tip of Guernsey is marked by Les Hanois, a lighthouse set to seaward on a group of rocks. We passed so close that we could see every detail of it—the cormorants standing like vultures on the rocks and the swell breaking white all along the edge; and dead astern of us Griselda followed in our wake, pitching and rolling, with the spray flying from her bow wave.

She was less than a quarter of a mile away and Patch stood with his body braced against the charthouse, staring at her through the glasses.

"Well," I said, "is it Higgins?" I could see a figure moving on the deck.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it's Higgins, all right. And Yules too. There's another of them in the wheelhouse, but I can't see who it is."

He handed me the glasses. I could recognize Higgins all right. He was standing by the rail, staring at us, his big body balanced to the movement of the boat. Higgins and Yules and Patch—three of the men who had sailed the Mary Deare! And here we were, within forty miles of where the ship was stranded.

Mike was at the wheel, and he suddenly called to me, "If we turn now, we could make Peter Port ahead of them."

It was a straight run before the wind along the southern coast of the island. We could make St. Martin's Point without their gaining on us and then a few miles under engine and we should be in Peter Port. I glanced at Patch. He had stepped down into the cockpit.

"I'll relieve you," he said. It wasn't a suggestion. It was an order.

"No." Mike was staring at him, anger flaring up into his eyes.

"I said I'll relieve you." Patch reached for the wheel.

"I heard what you said." Mike swung the wheel over, shouting to me to ease the sheets. But Patch had his hands on the wheel too. Standing, he had more purchase, and he slowly got it back, holding it there while Mike shouted obscenities at him. Their two faces were within a foot of each other—Patch's hard and tense, Mike's livid with rage. They were like that for a long two minutes, held immobile by the counteracting force of their muscles, like two statues.

And then the moment when we had any choice of action was past. Griselda, clear of Les Hanois rocks, was altering course to get between us and Peter Port. Patch had seen it, and he said, "You've no choice now." He hadn't relaxed his grip on the wheel, but the tension was out of his voice. Mike stopped cursing at him. He seemed to understand, for he turned his head and stared at the motorboat. Then he let go of the wheel and stood up. "Since you appear to be skippering this boat, you'd better steer her! But," he added, "if anything happens to her ——" He stared coldly at me, still trembling with anger, and went below.

"I'm sorry," Patch said. He had seated himself at the wheel and his voice was weary.

"This isn't your boat," I reminded him.

He shrugged his shoulders, looking round at Griselda. "What else did you expect me to do?"

There was no point in discussing it. We were committed now to go on until we reached the Mary Deare. But if the wind dropped —— "Suppose Higgins catches up with us?" I said.

He looked at me quickly. "He mustn't." And then he added, "We've got to get there first."

"Yes, but suppose he does?" I was thinking that, after all, Higgins had got to keep within the law. "He can't do very much."

"No?" He laughed a little wildly. "How do you know what Higgins can do? He's frightened." He looked at me sideways out of the corners of his eyes. "Wouldn't you be frightened if you were Higgins?"

After that we didn't talk any more, and gradually I became conscious of the sound of the motorboat's engine. It was very faint at first, a gentle undertone to the swish of the sea going past, but it warned me that the wind was easing. The overcast had thinned and a humid glare hung over the water, so that the outline of Jersey Island away to port was barely visible. I started the engine, and from that moment I knew Griselda would overtake us.

All the time the wind was dropping now and Griselda was coming up abeam of us, keeping between us and Jersey Island. The glare faded, leaving sea and sky a chill, luminous gray. There was no horizon any more. Patch went below to get some more clothes. It had suddenly become much colder and the wind was fluky, blowing in sudden puffs.

I sat at the wheel and watched Griselda draw steadily ahead of the beam, wallowing in the swell. I wondered what Higgins would do, what I would do in his place. I tried to think it out rationally. But it's difficult to think rationally when you're cold and tired and sitting alone, almost at water level, isolated in an opaque void.

I didn't notice the fog at first. I was thinking of Higgins—and then suddenly a gray-white plasma was creeping toward us across the sea, shrouding and enveloping the water in its folds. Mike came up from below and I gave him the wheel, shouting for Patch to come on deck. Griselda had seen the fog, too, and she had turned in toward us. I watched her coming, waiting for the fog to close round us and hide us from her.

"We'll go about as soon as we lose sight of her," I said as Patch came up through the hatch.

She wasn't more than two cables away when her outline blurred and then she vanished, swallowed abruptly. "Lee-ho!" Mike called, and spun the wheel. Sea Witch turned into the wind and through it, the big Yankee flapping as I let go the jib sheet. And then the main boom was across and Patch and I were winching in the starboard jib sheet as we gathered way on the port tack.

We were doubling back on our tracks through a cold, dead, clammy world, and I straightened up, listening to the beat of the motorboat's engines, trying to estimate her position, wondering whether the fog was thick enough for us to lose her.

But Higgins must have guessed what we'd do or else we had lost too much time in going about, for the sound of Griselda's engines was abeam of us and, just as I realized this, the shape of her reappeared. Her bows seemed to thrust through the curtain of the fog, and suddenly the whole of her was visible, coming straight for us.

She was coming in at right angles, her engines running flat-out and her sharp bows cutting into the swell, spray flying up past her wheelhouse. I shouted to Mike to go about again. We were heeled over, going fast and I knew that if both boats held their course, we must hit. And when he didn't do anything, my throat was suddenly dry.

"Put her about!" I yelled at him. And at the same moment Patch shouted, "Turn, man! For heaven's sake, turn!"

But Mike stood there, his body braced against the wheel, staring at the oncoming boat with a set expression on his face. "Let him turn," he said through his clenched teeth. "I'm holding on."

Patch jumped down into the cockpit. "He's going to ram you!"

"He wouldn't dare." And Mike held obstinately to his course, his face suddenly white. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Higgins lean out of his wheelhouse. He was shouting and his powerful voice reached across to us through the (*Continued on Page 92*)

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 87

1. Kans.	2. Wis.	3. S. C.
4. Pa.	5. Mon.	6. Tenn.
7. R. I.	8. Utah	9. Col.
10. Fla.	11. La.	12. Ark.

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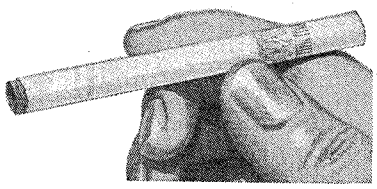
Smoke



When the deal is closed, relax, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool and sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.

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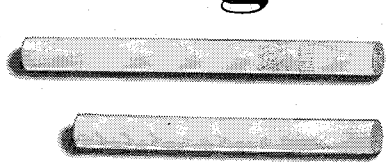

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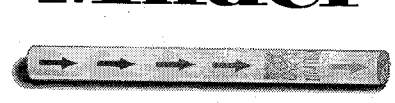
You get more than greater length when you smoke PALL MALL. For PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious . . . and distinctively PALL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.

Milder



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The spirit of a nation is as real as steel and as vital to its strength and future. Using only steel wire, sheets and a bar as his medium, sculptor Charles Rudy captures the new spirit of pride and power that is America today.

We have had three years of peace with dignity. Over three years of prosperity based on peacetime growth. A new faith in this country's future has been born. You can feel it among men in all walks of life. You can sense a new confidence in the nation's expansion.

Ours is not the forced-draft expansion of wartime.

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Today we have the sound growth of true business development. The steel industry's own expansion is a case in point—a case of faith that the sound and solid present can continue into a sound and solid future.

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THE THREE-FOOT FIGURE is composed entirely of steel wire. Colossus-like, it strides a base of stainless steel sheet while curving a stainless bar, symbolic of the endless horizon of America's future. Steel companies of this country are producing finished steel at the rate of over 85,000,000 tons per year.

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STEEL SINEWS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY—you will see millions of these in the next few years. They are the reinforcing bars for concrete. The new concrete bridges and roads, which our booming nation is eager for, will be laced with the inner strength of steel. Republic's Truscon® Steel Division is one of the nation's largest suppliers of fabricated reinforcing steels of all kinds.

AMONG THE 15,000,000 screws, rivets, bolts and nuts which Republic can make in a day from bar or wire are giant-sized mine roof bolts. These huge threaded shafts, that can be made as long as necessary, enter the rock ceiling of a mine, expand and bolt a plate of steel against the mine roof. The rock is literally bolted to itself. They also fasten tunnels and cliff surfaces, preventing rock slides.

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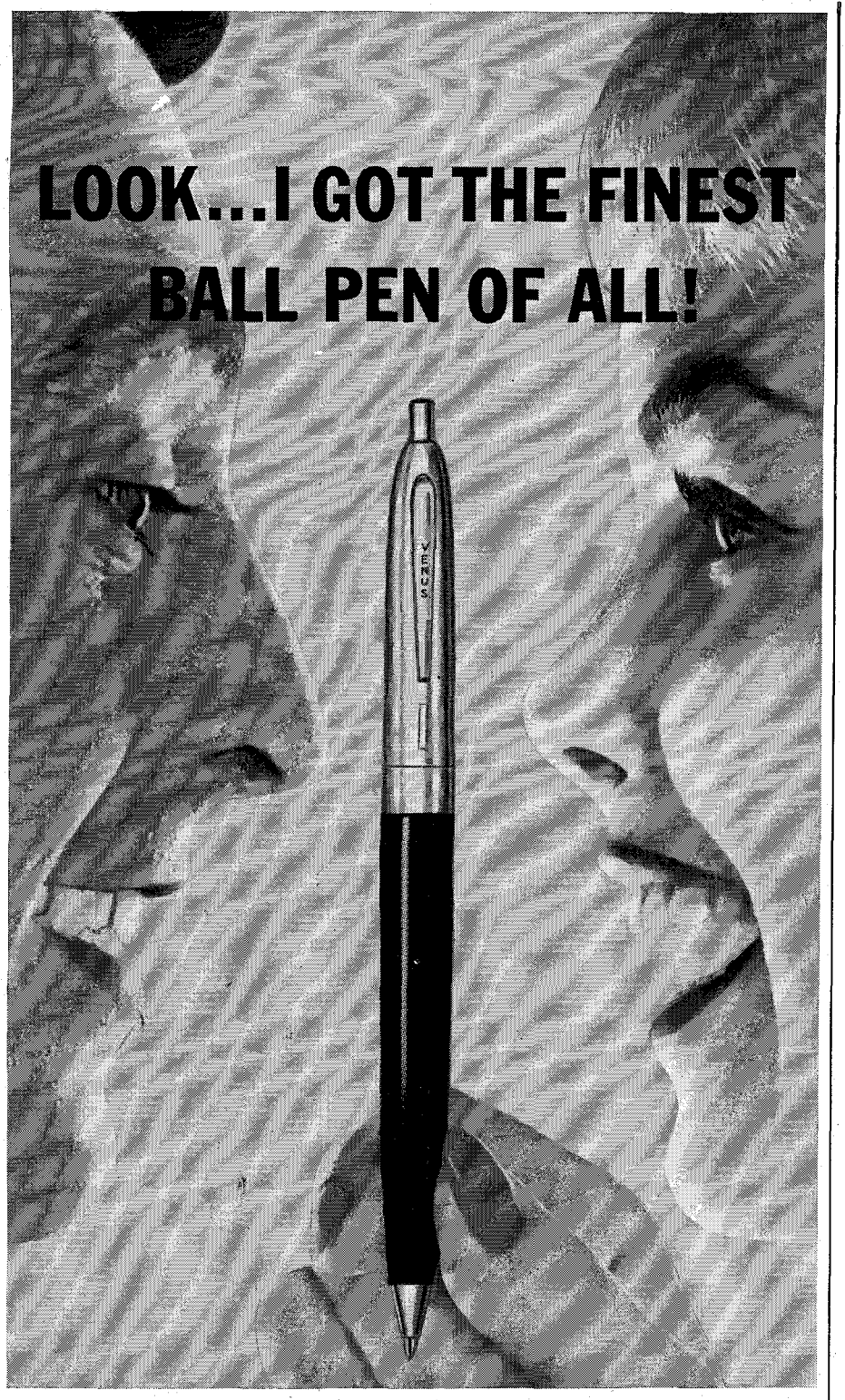

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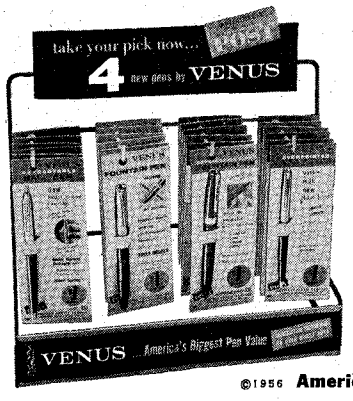

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(*Continued from Page 88*) roar of engines, "Stand by! I'm coming alongside!" And then Griselda was turning, swinging to come in on our bows and crowd us up into the wind.

Everything happened very fast then. Mike shouted at us to ease the sheets. "I'm going to cut under her stern!" He turned the wheel and Sea Witch began to swing her bows in toward the motorboat. Griselda was halfway through her turn. There was just room for us to pass astern of her if we turned quickly.

But things went wrong. I eased out on the jib sheet, but Patch, unaccustomed to sail, failed to ease out on the main. And at the same moment we heeled to a puff of wind. It was that unlucky puff of wind that did it. With the full weight of it on the mainsail, Sea Witch failed to come round fast enough. And at the same moment Higgins had throttled down to bring his boat alongside us. We drove straight into Griselda's counter, drove straight into it with all the force of our powerful engine and tons of wind-driven canvas. We caught her on the port side just a few feet from her stern as it was swinging in toward us on the turn. There was a rending, splintering crash; our bows reared up as though to climb over her, and then we stopped with a horrible, jarring shudder. I caught a glimpse of Yules, staring openmouthed, and then I was flung forward against the charthouse. The boom jerked free of the mast and swung in toward me. I threw up my arm and it caught my shoulder a shattering blow, wrenching it from its socket and flinging me against the guardrails.

I remember clutching at the guardrails, blinded with pain, and then I was lying on the deck, my face pressed close against a metal jib-sheet lead, and the noise of rending wood was still there and somebody was screaming. I shifted myself and pain stabbed through me. I was looking down into the water and a man's body drifted past. It was Yules, and he was thrashing wildly at the water, his face white and scared.

The deck vibrated under me. It was as though compressed-air drills had been put to work on the hull. I could feel the shuddering all through my body.

"You all right?" Mike reached a hand down and dragged me to my feet. My teeth clenched on my lip.

"The damn swine!" He was staring for'ard, his face paper-white, all the freckles showing a dull orange against his pasty skin, and his hair flaming red. "I'll kill him!" He was shaking with anger.

I turned to see Higgins erupt from Griselda's wheelhouse. He was shouting something, his great, bellowing voice audible above the noise of the engines and the continuing, rending sound of wood. The two boats were locked together and he caught hold of our bowsprit, his teeth bared like an animal's, his head sunk into his bull neck and his shoulder muscles bunched as he tried to tear the boats apart with his bare hands.

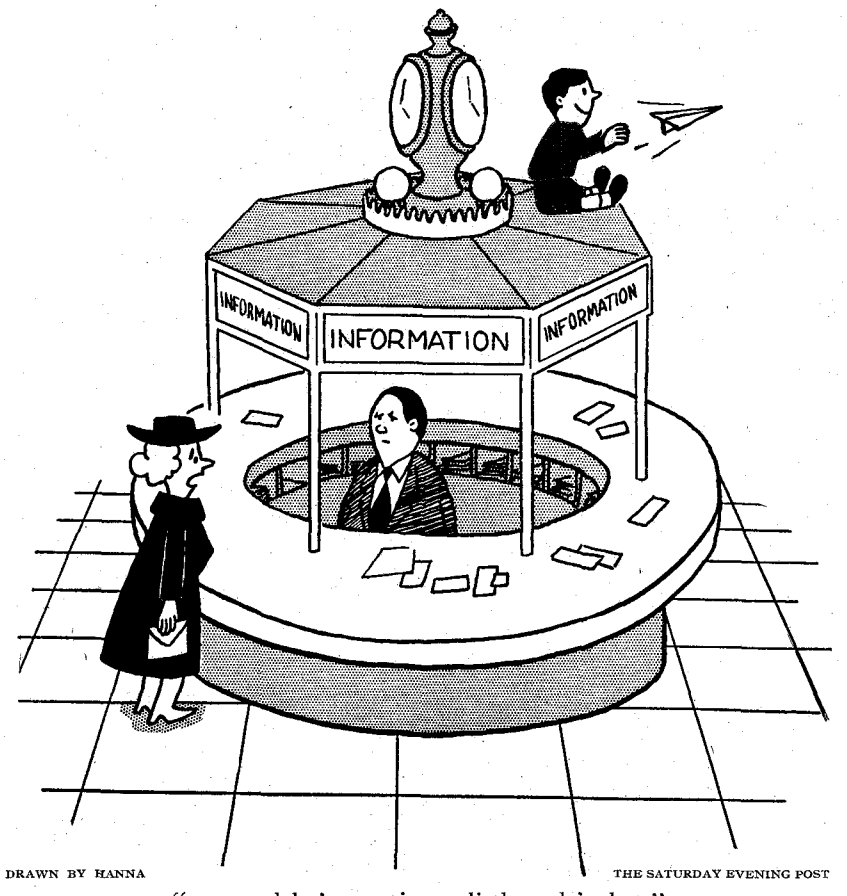
Mike moved then. He had the grim, avenging look of a man who has seen something he loves and has worked for wantonly smashed up. I called to him, for the fool was running for'ard up the sloped deck, yelling at Higgins, cursing him; and he flung himself from the bowsprit, straight at the man, hitting out at him in a blind fury of rage.

The boats separated then with a tearing of wood and bubbling of water, and I didn't see any more. Patch had put our engine into reverse, and I staggered into the cockpit, shouting at him to stop. "Mike is still there! You can't leave him!"

"Do you want the belly torn out of your boat?" he demanded, turning the wheel as Sea Witch began to go astern. "Those props were drilling the guts out of her!" Dimly I realized that he meant Griselda's props, and understood what had caused the deck planks to vibrate under my body.

I turned and watched as the gap between us and the motorboat widened. Griselda was down by the stern, with a hole torn out of her port quarter as though a battering ram had hit her. Higgins was going back into the wheelhouse. There was nobody else on her deck. I suddenly felt sick and tired.

"What happened to him?" I asked. The sickly sweet taste of blood was in my mouth where I'd bitten through my lip. My arm (*Continued on Page 97*)



DRAWN BY HANNA THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and he's wearing a little red jacket."

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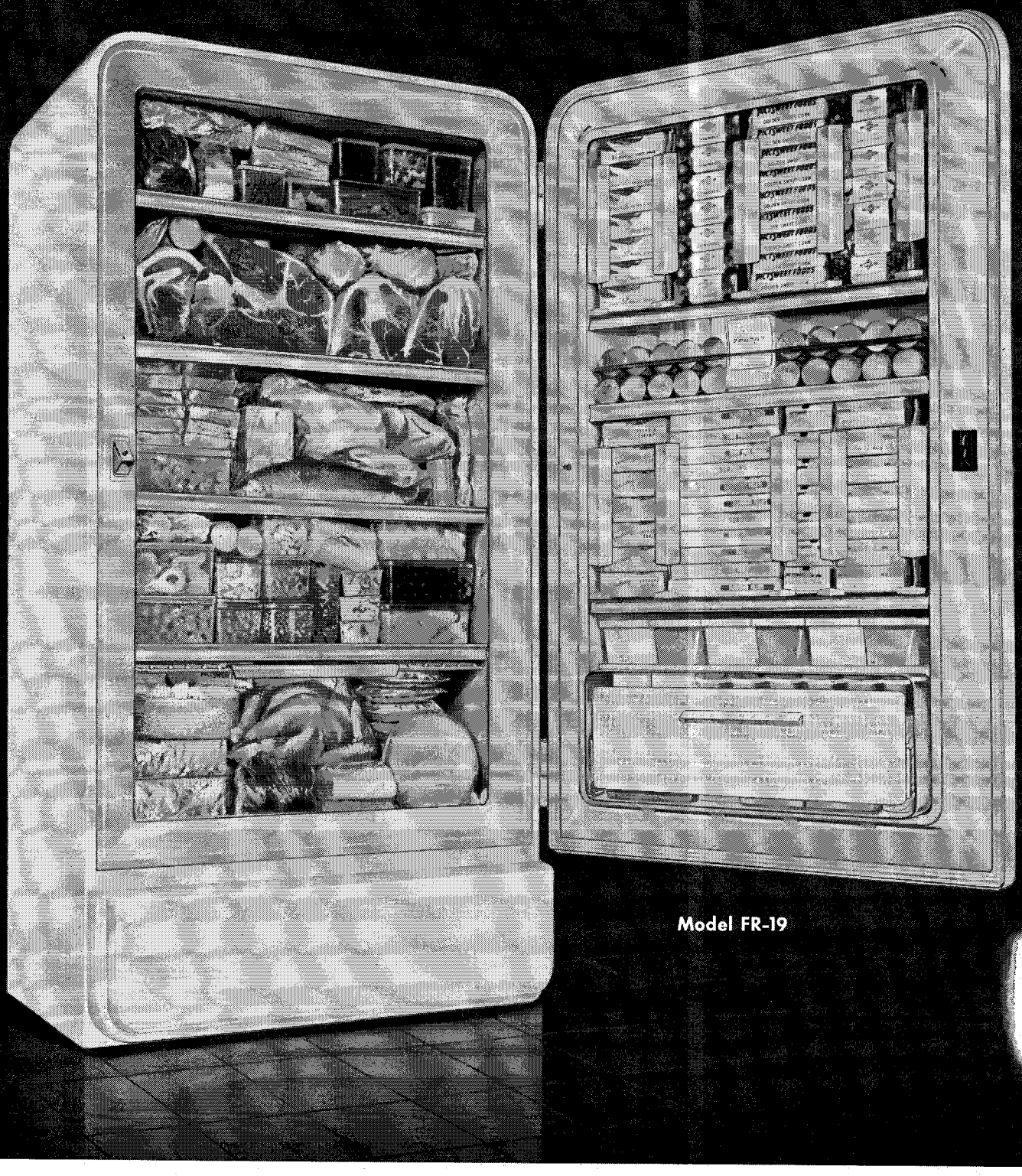
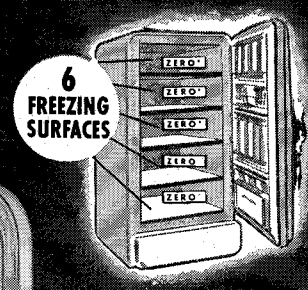


Model FR-19



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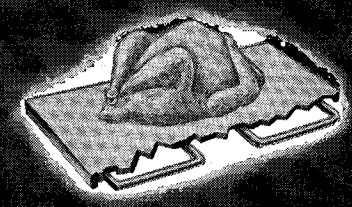

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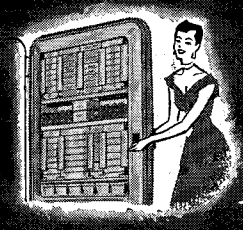

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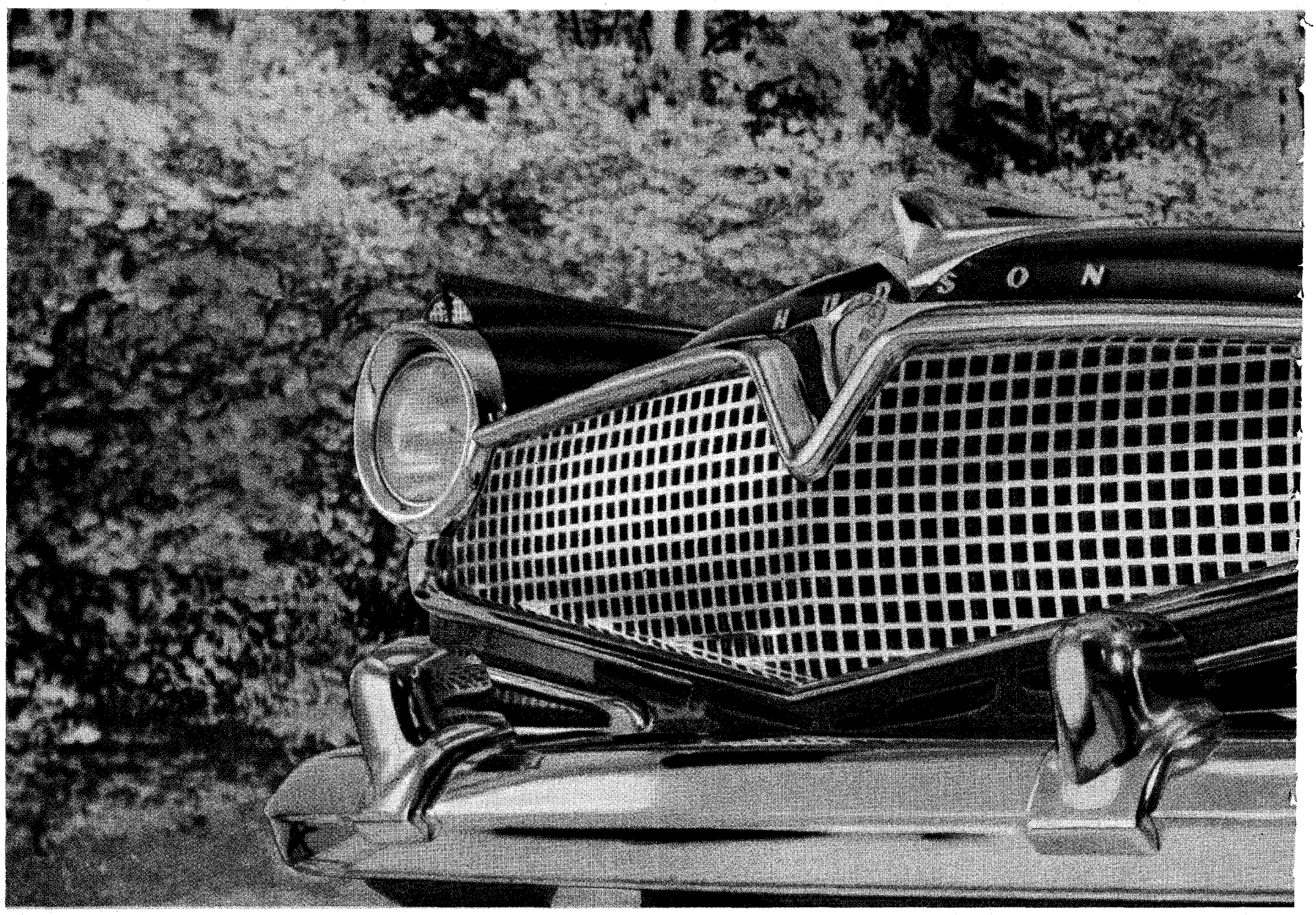

Step up to the fine-car class...with the buy of the year!

Here comes excitement . . . the newest car of the year. Here—at your Hudson dealer's—is the car you've dreamed of, priced to make dreams come true!

It brings you new beauty—the clean, exciting sweep of Hudson's new V-line styling; new two- and three-tone exteriors; new interiors that are color-keyed to match.

And under the hood, *pure* excitement . . . the totally new Hornet V-8 Special engine. Here's the great result of American Motors' 39 years of engine-building experience—a short-stroke, low-friction power plant that combines jet-age dash with the top V-8 mileage . . . and does it on *regular* gas! Teamed with new Flash-Away Hydra-Matic, it gives you glass-smooth, jerk-free acceleration—more *scat* than you'll ever use—effortless cruising, and instant response at every point in the driving range.

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New HUDSON
Hornet Special V-8

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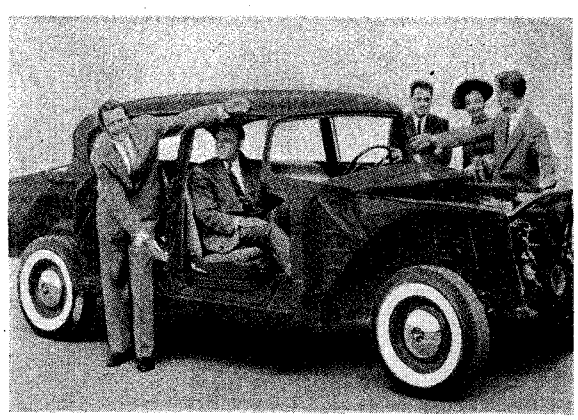
THE NEW HORNET SPECIAL V-8

ower... sensational mileage on regular gas!

Tune in **"DISNEYLAND"**—ABC-TV Network

You arrive refreshed with Airliner Reclining Seats. They adjust to 5 comfortable positions; fold all the way back to form luxurious Twin Travel Beds for a daytime catnap or a full night's sleep. Rich upholstery fabrics come in a wide range of colors—are beautifully color-keyed to match 21 different exteriors.



You arrive relaxed after a 3-times smoother ride on Hudson's 4 Deep Coil Springs. Hudson's single-unit construction is *so* much stronger that it's backed, at no extra cost to you, by Personal Automobile Accident Insurance against fatal injury (where state insurance regulations permit).

You'll get more when you sell or trade, because this car has everything! Power to spare; squeakproof, rattleproof construction; sensational mileage economy—all these, plus years-ahead styling, will make it the used car *everyone* wants! So be smart—drive the new Hornet Special V-8 today!

Hudson Hornets • Wasps • Ramblers • Metropolitans . . . products of American Motors

Built the better way . . . the American Way

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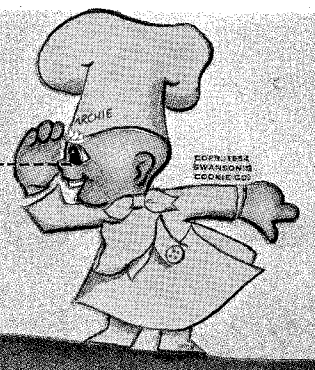
ARCHWAY "Home Style" COOKIES ARE ON A COOKIE HUNT!



$15,000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR OLD-FASHIONED COOKIE NAMES & RECIPES!

Here's your chance to have your recipe baked and distributed nationally!

YOU CAN WIN

1ST PRIZE	$10,000 cash
2ND PRIZE	$1,000 cash
3RD PRIZE	$500 cash
4TH PRIZE	$500 cash
5TH PRIZE	$500 cash
15 PRIZES	$100 cash ea.
100 PRIZES	$10 cash ea.

CONTEST RULES AND REGULATIONS

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Mail your "undiscovered" cookie name and recipe with a label from any variety of Archway Cookies along with your name and address and the name and address of the food store where you purchase your Archway Cookies to ARCHWAY COOKIE CONTEST, P. O. BOX 1210, CHICAGO 77, ILLINOIS. Be sure all details are printed clearly. Entry blanks are available at your grocer's for your convenience.

2. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight June 30, 1956. Enter as many times as you wish so long as each entry is accompanied by a label from any package of Archway Cookies.

3. All entries will be judged on the basis of uniqueness of cookie name and appeal and originality of recipe. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Only recipes and recipe names which are unpublished and have never been used, or are not intended for use, by professional or commercial bakers, will be accepted.

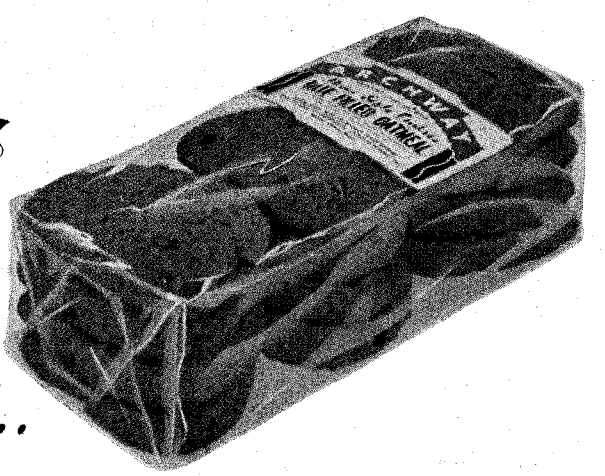
5. Archway employees, their families, Archway's advertising agencies, their families, professional and commercial bakers are not eligible.

6. All entries become the sole property of Swanson Cookie Company for use as it sees fit and cannot be returned. Winners will be notified by mail.

This contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

Archway, the home style cookie with old fashioned goodness . . . featuring more than a dozen different varieties . . . is looking for an "undiscovered" cookie idea that can mean $10,000.00 first prize money for *you!*
It's a real old fashioned cookie hunt!
Somewhere tucked away in your attic or kitchen drawer can be the unique, "undiscovered" cookie name and recipe that the Archway bakers want to add to their famous line of home style cookies. Any cookie of yours . . . as long as it is excitingly different and delicious and with an unusual name . . . can be a winner.
Start hunting now! Whether your family favorite has been a plain cookie . . . or one filled with fruit or nuts . . . Archway wants to know your secret! It can mean $10,000.00 . . . or any one of more than 100 other cash prizes for *you.*
But hurry! Contest ends midnight, June 30th!

ARCHWAY®
Home Style
Cookies



Available at Better Grocers Everywhere...

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(*Continued from Page 92*) and all that side of my body were heavy and numb with pain. "Did you see what happened?"

"He's all right," Patch said. "Just knocked cold." He started to ask me about my shoulder, but I was telling him to get into forward gear and start sailing again. "Don't lose her!" Already Griselda's outlines were fading, and a moment later she disappeared. Patch had put the gear lever into neutral and we could hear her engines then, racing with an ugly, grinding noise. There was a sharp report and, a little later, another. After that we couldn't hear her any more.

"Prop shafts gone, by the sound of it," Patch said.

Sails and mast and boat began to spin before my eyes, and I sat down. Patch seemed immensely tall, standing at the wheel, and his head swung dizzily over me. I steadied myself and the roll of a swell lapped into the cockpit. I stared at it stupidly, watching the water roll back down the forward-sloping deck. And then the engine spluttered and gave out.

I shook my head, bracing myself against the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm me. There was nobody at the helm. I called to Patch and struggled to my feet. He came up out of the main hatch, his trousers dripping. "It's up to the galley already." And then my eyes took in the tilt of the deck, following it down to where the bowsprit was buried in the back of a wave. All the foredeck was awash. I stared at it, taking it in slowly, while he pushed past me into the charthouse. He came out with a jackknife in his hand.

"She's going down," I said. My voice sounded dead and hopeless in my ears.

"Yes," he said. "Not much time." And he began slashing at the dinghy tiers. I watched him hoist the praam over so that she fell with her keel on the guardrails and he was able to slide her into the water.

We were still sailing, moving sluggishly through the water, and over Patch's back, as he bent to secure the dinghy painter, I caught a glimpse of Griselda again, a vague shape rolling sluggishly on the edge of visibility.

"Is there any food up here?" Patch was gathering up things from the charthouse and tossing them into the dinghy—blankets, duffel coats, torches, flares, even the hand-bearing compass.

"Some chocolate." I got it from the drawer of the chart table—three small slabs and some sweets. I got life jackets, too, from the locker aft. But my movements were slow and clumsy, and by the time I had dropped them in the dinghy the whole length of the deck was awash, the mast tilted forward and the foot of the Yankee below the water.

"Quick!" Patch said. "In you get!" He was already untying the painter. I clambered in. It wasn't difficult. The dinghy rode level with the deck. He followed me and pushed off.

I never saw her go down. As we rowed away from her, she slowly disappeared into the fog, her stern a little cocked-up, the big jib and the mizzen still set, and nothing but sea for'ard of the charthouse. She looked a strange sight—like the ghost of a ship doomed everlastingly to sail herself under. I could have wept as she faded and was suddenly gone.

I turned then to look at Griselda. She was lying like a log, badly down by the stern and rolling slowly to the long swell—as useless as only a motorboat can be when her engines are out of action. "Pull on your right," I told Patch.

He stared at me, not saying anything, his body moving rhythmically to the swing of the oars. "For heaven's sake, pull on your right," I said. "You're still not headed for Griselda."

"We're not going to Griselda."

I didn't understand for a moment. "But where else ——" My voice broke off abruptly and I felt suddenly deadly scared. He had the box of the hand-bearing compass set up at his feet, the lid open. His eyes were watching it as he rowed. He was steering a compass course. "My God!" I cried. "You're not going to try and make it in the dinghy?"

"Why not?"

"But what about Mike?" I was suddenly desperate. I could see Higgins struggling to get his dinghy into the water. "You can't do it." I seized hold of his hand as he leaned forward, gripping hold of one of the oars, pain bursting like an explosive charge in my body. "You can't do it, I tell you."

He stared at me, his face only a foot or two from mine. "No?" His voice grated in the stillness, and faint across the water came a cry for help—a desperate, long-drawn-out cry. He wrenched the oar free of me and began to row again. "If you don't like it, you can get out and swim for it like that poor guy." He nodded across his left shoulder, and at the same moment the cry came again. This time I was able to pick him out on the lift of a swell, a black head and two dripping arms flailing at the water as he tried to swim toward the motorboat, which was drifting away from him at the edge of visibility, blown by the wind.

"It's Yules," Patch said. And I saw Higgins launching the motorboat's dinghy to pick him up, watched him pulling away from Griselda just as her outline blurred and faded. I remember thinking then that only her stern was damaged. All the fore part of her would still be watertight. Mike would be all right and Higgins would pick up Yules. She would stay afloat till the fog cleared and then they would be picked up.

In the weird, fog-belt light Higgins and his dinghy looked like some giant specimen of those insects that are called water boatmen as he rowed toward us. Yules had seen him coming and had ceased to thrash about in the water. He was directly between us and Higgins, and he lay still in the water, not crying out any more, just waiting to be picked up.

I don't know why I should have stayed, twisted round like that, in a position that gave me a lot of pain. But I felt I had to see him picked up. I had to know that there was no justification for the feeling of horror that had suddenly gripped me.

Higgins was rowing fast, a long, sweeping stroke that was full of power, and at each pull a little froth of white water showed at the dinghy's blunt bows. Every now and then he turned and looked over his shoulder, and I knew that it was at us he was looking, and not at the man in the water.

We were pulling away all the time and I couldn't be sure of their exact positions. But I heard Yules call out. "Alf!" he called, and he raised his hand. "I'm here!" The words were distinct and very clear in the stillness of the fog. And then suddenly he was shouting and swimming with frantic desperation, his arms flailing the water, his feet kicking at the surface.

But Higgins never checked, never spoke a word to him. He left him to drown and the oars dipped and rose with terrible regularity, the water streaming from them at every stroke as he came after us.

TO BE CONTINUED

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

While Morgan was riding to hounds, his pack damaged farmer Zeke's standing crops and stampeded Zeke's cattle. Failing to get any compensation from Morgan, Zeke sued.

"The law recognizes that dogs are naturally inclined to roam," Morgan argued, "and it therefore gives them liberty to do so. Why should I keep my dogs home when all others run free? If Zeke's cattle and crops are allergic to dogs, he should put up a fence."

"Your dogs might not have done so much harm," Zeke replied, "if they had just been prowling doglike. But you encouraged them with all that whooping and excitement, and you should pay for your fun."

If you were the judge, would you make Morgan pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Morgan had to pay. The court said that the "free-to-roam" privilege doesn't apply where dogs are released on another's land without permission in a possibly destructive venture such as the pursuit of game.

Based upon a 1954 North Carolina case.

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"You can't measure the cost of life insurance by the premium!"

It's a fact—you might save a dollar on some types of life insurance now and miss priceless benefits later on. Or you might pay for benefits now that you'll never have occasion to use. The answer is simple. Choose a company, like Mutual Benefit Life, that provides a complete selection of policies without prejudice. And select an agent like **Edward Mellor, C.L.U., of Philadelphia** that knows how to use them. Then you're certain to get the best insurance for *you*—with the most satisfaction. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey.

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YOU who pay big fuel bills

IRON FIREMAN OFFERS YOU . . .

FIRST—Lower costs on fuel, maintenance and man hours

SECOND—*Dependable* heat, with OIL · GAS · COAL

That's about it, gentlemen. Everything else that is desirable in heating must start from there. We won't stress the fine points of our various burners; oil, gas and the gas-oil burners which enable you to switch fuels at a moment's notice. (With interruptible rates on gas you can switch to oil, when its price is more favorable, and save money).

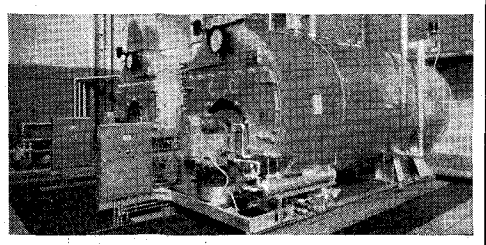
We won't bother you about the Iron Fireman Oil Volumeter that feeds the sluggish heavy oils with hair-line precision (those tar-like oils that cost less per gallon and are *much* richer in Btu's).

We won't describe the revolutionary new SelecTemp heating system, with *thermostat in every room.*

All we want to say is that we have a complete range of equipment for all kinds of heating and firing jobs; *any* application that requires heat or steam. We can fire oil, gas or coal with high efficiency, or even all three fuels in the same boiler.

We have an engineering organization that covers the United States, Canada, and many foreign countries.

It will pay you to get full information—there's no cost or obligation. See the yellow pages of your telephone directory for nearest Iron Fireman dealer, or mail the coupon.



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Within the Law (Continued from Page 28)

along like babies. Well, he's your baby, Frank. All yours."

"He's a wrongheaded idealist, chief," Brodie said. "He wants to see the world all straightened out in a hurry. You can't just bust a man like that off the force; you'll break him all to bits."

"Then do something with him, Frank," Brigham said. "Quick. It's up to you."

Brodie took a deep breath and picked up his parakeets. "O.K., Beria." He smiled. "You country cop. Which scares you worst? P-Thirty-eight, the Times or the mothers?"

Brigham did not smile. "The mothers."

Brodie skipped downstairs to the basement. He sidled up to the desk.

"You seen Cushing?" he asked Barker, who was correcting one of his laborious handwritten reports.

Bald-headed Barker looked up calmly. "In the locker room, captain. Just got off. You do me a favor?"

"Sure," Brodie said, "I'm just going home after my usual sixteen-hour day, but don't let that stop you."

"It don't," Barker said calmly. "Go down to the beach and pick up a kid from Olsen. He phoned in and he's been waiting down the corner of Bath and Carrizon for twenty minutes already."

"What is it now?"

"The Aces and the Nikes were having a fair fight down behind the horse-show arena, and Olsen saw some of their girls carrying pipes and bats, and figured it would end up a rumble, so he broke it up. They all got away but the Nike leader—you know, Tony Sanborn—and Tony had on a pistol. A twenty-two. Tony's developing. By the way, ain't he on probation?"

Brodie looked tired suddenly. "Yeah, he's on probation. You know, he's one of my fifty-four godchildren. You don't have any children yourself, so you get fifty-four godchildren. Especially if you know everybody in town. Sure, I'll do you a favor. Why should I mind arresting my own godson?"

"I didn't mean ——" Barker said. "Look, Lovebird, just forget it."

"No. I got plenty of time—all night, in fact," Brodie said. "I don't have to be on duty till eight in the morning. It'd be a pleasure to arrest my own godson. At least he won't get his arm broken. What car'll I take?"

"What's the matter?" somebody said behind him.

Brodie turned around. "Hello, Cushing." Six feet one, dark and handsome, comfortably tired.

"Hello, captain."

"Juvenile," Barker said. "Listen, Frank, let Cushing take it. . . . Cushing, I didn't know, but this kid is Brodie's ——"

"He's a juvenile delinquent," Brodie broke in loudly. "What car'll I take, Barker?"

"Another punk," Cushing said, buttoning up his jacket.

"I told you people in class, don't call them punks," Brodie said. "It's the one word they can't stand."

"It's what they are, captain," Cushing said quietly. "What's the use of being sentimental?"

"Kids," Brodie said. "The parents are the punks."

"Punks," Cushing said, tall and comfortably tired. "That's why I call them punks. It makes them mad so they'll fight me, and then I can teach them something."

Silence. Barker and Brodie looked at each other. Then Brodie looked quietly up at Cushing. "That's a crime in itself, Cushing," he said. "Provoking an assault. You're nothing but a lousy punk yourself."

Cushing's face flushed very slowly, the red rising from his neck to his ears and then across to his nostrils.

"You don't like it," Brodie said. "Why should they?"

Cushing took a deep breath. "O.K., Lovebird. I wish I had you in Korea once."

"Smile," Brodie said. "Look pleasant at a captain, you hero. Get it through your bone head that a police officer deals with United States citizens. A crook is a citizen. A juvenile is a minor citizen. Not a Chink communist."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'd like to show you a little item your neighbors said you couldn't afford."

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"Is this a lecture hall?" Barker asked.

"O.K., captain," Cushing said, his big, handsome face easing into a painful smile. "I'm sorry I said the dirty word. Now can I go home?"

"No. We're going to pick up a kid downtown."

"Huh? I just got off."

"Tell it to the union."

"But listen, I got a poker date."

"Listen yourself. I've been trying to get these birds home to Mrs. Brodie for seven hours. It's eleven-thirty and I haven't had dinner. . . . What car, Barker?"

"Take your own car, Lovebird," Barker said. "We got 'em all out looking for that red-and-black car."

"I'm not in uniform. I ought at least to have a police car."

"You got Cushing," Barker said. "He's in uniform, God bless him."

Out in the garage, Brodie stowed the parakeets in the back of his sedan, and with Cushing beside him, rolled out to the curb.

He glanced up the street. No life. The late-movie crowds were long gone. The stop lights blinked on the night circuit. Across the street the night light of a liquor store shone dully on banks of bottles.

"I wouldn't put it past P-Thirty-eight to hold up Seaton's, right in front of the station," Brodie said.

"Captain, I thought you and I were friends," Cushing said. "After all that poker."

"When you're as old as I am and have as much brains as I have, you can bawl out the new officers, too, Cushy. If you don't get bounced off the force first."

He swung right, down Anna Street toward the beach.

"All right," Cushing said. "What's the beef?"

"The kid with the dislocated shoulder. Did you do it on purpose? Your report didn't say."

Cushing thought a moment and then said, "Yes, I did it on purpose. I got sore. I had his arm up behind him, and I gave him a hard shove into the car. Too hard, I guess. I was sore."

"You were full of righteous indignation."

Cushing looked at him. "You got the words. Righteous indignation. There was two boys stabbed in that rumble. This baby had a knife and there was blood on it—on the handle and in the hinge."

"That doesn't prove anything. Maybe he picked the knife up."

"Blood on his hands," Cushing said.

"From the knife, maybe, that he picked up. Nobody's guilty until they're proved guilty in a court. Sooner or later, a cop who jumps to conclusions is going to kill somebody who's perfectly innocent—and somebody'll bring a charge of murder. Not just a kid's mother complaining."

"Listen, I saw that blood, and I saw those two kids who got slashed sitting on the curb bleeding all over and scared to death. So this mother complained. What about the other kids' mothers?"

"If you want to reform the world, run for Congress. If you want to stay an officer, learn to keep your shirt on. And quit getting sore. No matter how much you hate crimes, you can't hate the crooks. Can you get that through your dumb bonehead?"

Cushing sat there, relaxed, looking out the window. "No," he said finally, "I can't."

"Then take a warning," Brodie said in an even, quiet voice. "The next time you beat up one of these kids just because of your almighty sense of justice and your inalienable right to play God, you'll be looking for a job."

Brodie could feel Cushing tighten beside him. The sedan rolled on down California Street, rumbled across the S. P. tracks and on down into the luxury-motel district along the beach, with its subdued chi-chi neons glowing like multicolored angels in some Disney heaven. A faint veil of fog was coming in.

"All right," Cushing said, his voice muffled as though he had swallowed it and couldn't get it up. "Then take me off these juveniles and give me something like a man's job."

"You take what comes."

Brodie swung right along the boulevard, past the hot-dog joints. He saw Olsen on the corner by the deserted park, under the street light, and his godson leaning against the lamppost.

"Where the hella you been, Frank?" Olsen asked calmly. Another grade-school chum, Brodie thought. "What am I suppose' to do—drag this kid all over the beat?" No wrath in the placid Swedish eye. "Here's the gun." He held out a paper bag. Brodie took it.

"Get in the back, Tony," Brodie said.

The kid climbed in, kicking the cage. The parakeets twittered resentfully.

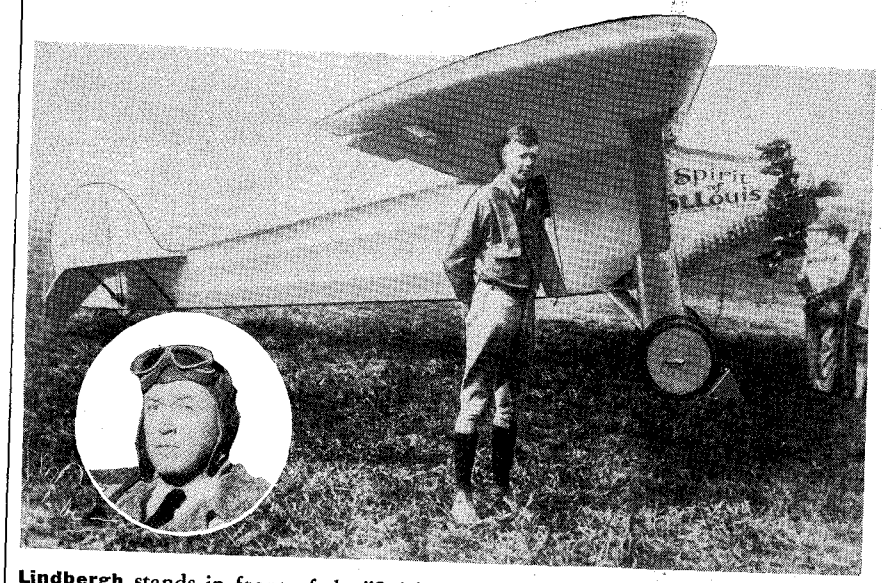
"Birds." Tony sneered. He was seventeen and built like a college football player. Curly dark hair like Cushing's, and heavy brows. Sullen face like sour dough, and eyes like a couple of shrunken prunes somebody had thrown at it.

"Tony, I warned you about concealed weapons," Brodie said.

Tony sat there, looking with the aloofness of a dead Indian at the warm-water swimming pool across the street—a motel nicety

(*Continued on Page 101*)

"Spirit of St. Louis" flies again ...with Thompson valves



Lindbergh stands in front of the "Spirit of St. Louis", just before his take-off for Paris. His Ryan monoplane is now enshrined in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D.C. James Stewart, (inset), plays the starring role in Warner Bros. new film based on Gen. Lindbergh's Pulitzer Prize-winning book "The Spirit of St. Louis".

At the Very Heart of Lindbergh's Engine!
He had eighteen Thompson Valves
—so THIS testimonial really means something
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VALVES IN THE WRIGHT WHIRLWIND ENGINE IN CAPTAIN LINDBERGHS NEW YORK TO PARIS RYAN MONOPLANE WERE FURNISHED BY YOU STOP YOU MAY WELL BE HAPPY BECAUSE OF YOUR ESSENTIAL CONTRIBUTION TO HIS BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT.
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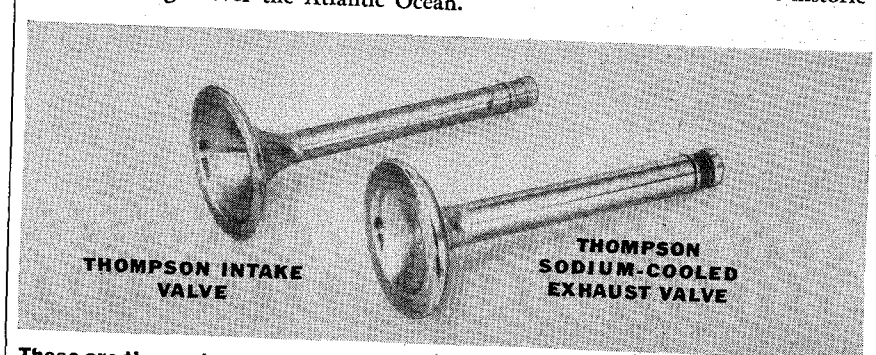
This is a Thompson magazine advertisement that appeared soon after Charles Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget airfield on the outskirts of Paris after his historic 33½-hour flight over the Atlantic Ocean.



These are the modern duplicates of the Thompson-made valves which Lindbergh used in his 1927 Wright Whirlwind engine. They look like the original parts but incorporate years of Thompson progress in valve materials and design development.

And chances are Thompson valves help make your car last longer

29 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH Charles A. Lindbergh thrilled the world with his trail-blazing solo flight from New York to Paris. This event has been brought to life in Warner Bros. soon-to-be released film, "The Spirit of St. Louis".

At the heart of "Lindy's" Wright Whirlwind engine were 18 vital valves made by Thompson Products. If any one of them had failed, then the history-making flight to Paris could have failed too. And now Thompson valves have *again* been chosen . . . this time for use in the exact replica of the famous "Spirit" that James Stewart flies in the film.

You too may be receiving the same kind of dependable performance from Thompson valves. Since 1905 Thompson has produced nearly a billion valves for all types of engines . . . aircraft, truck, tractor, bus and car.

Thompson's research and development engineers have continually made great contributions to better engine performance through improvements in valve design, materials and manufacture. These improvements are incorporated in the Thompson valves used as *original equipment* in most of today's internal combustion engines. And, along with many other Thompson automotive parts, they are available at leading automotive service shops for replacement use.

Thompson also plays an important role in other industries . . . Electronics, Light Metals and Metallurgy, to cite a few. You can *count on Thompson* to continue to help all industry make life more convenient and safer for you. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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FACTORIES IN SIXTEEN CITIES.

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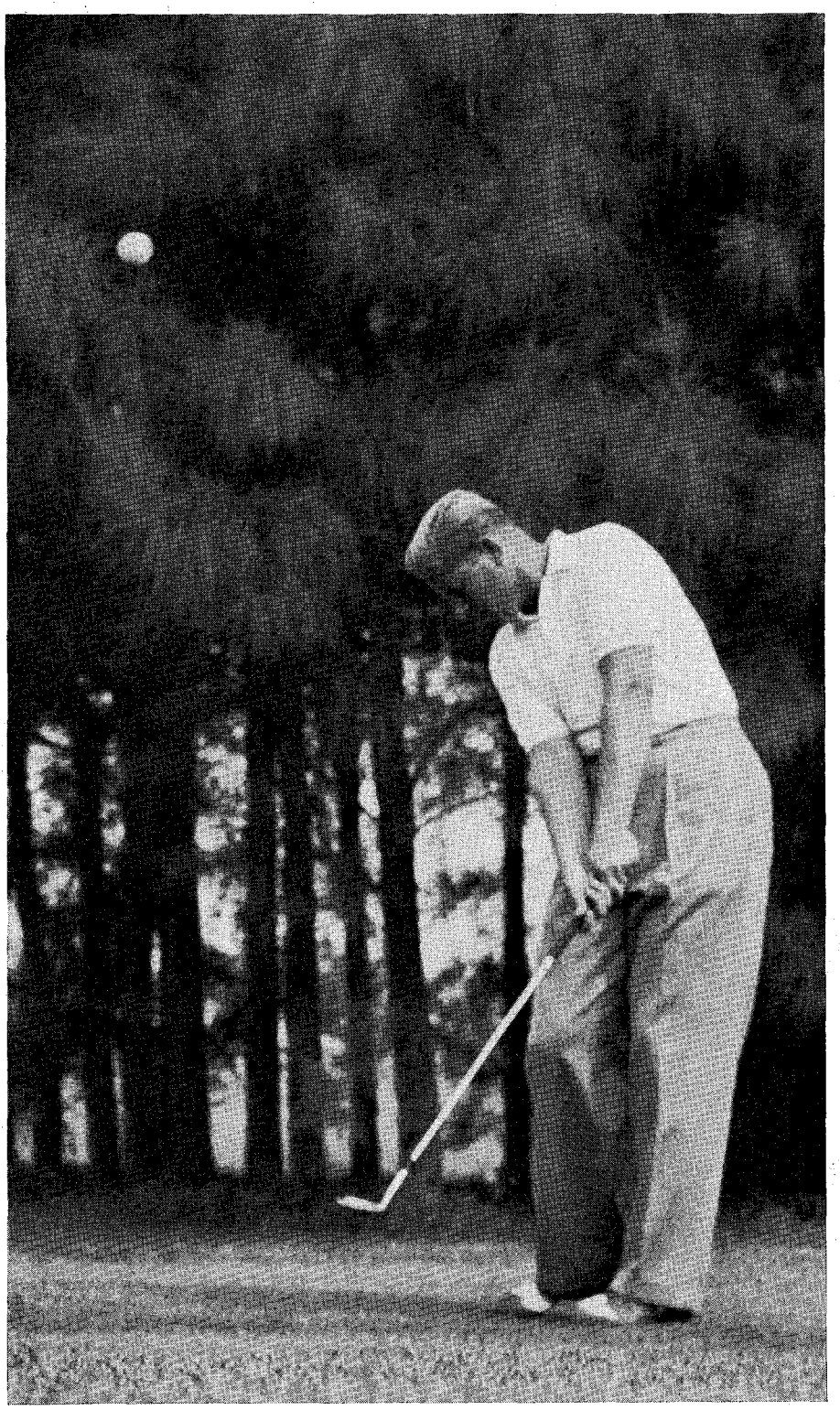

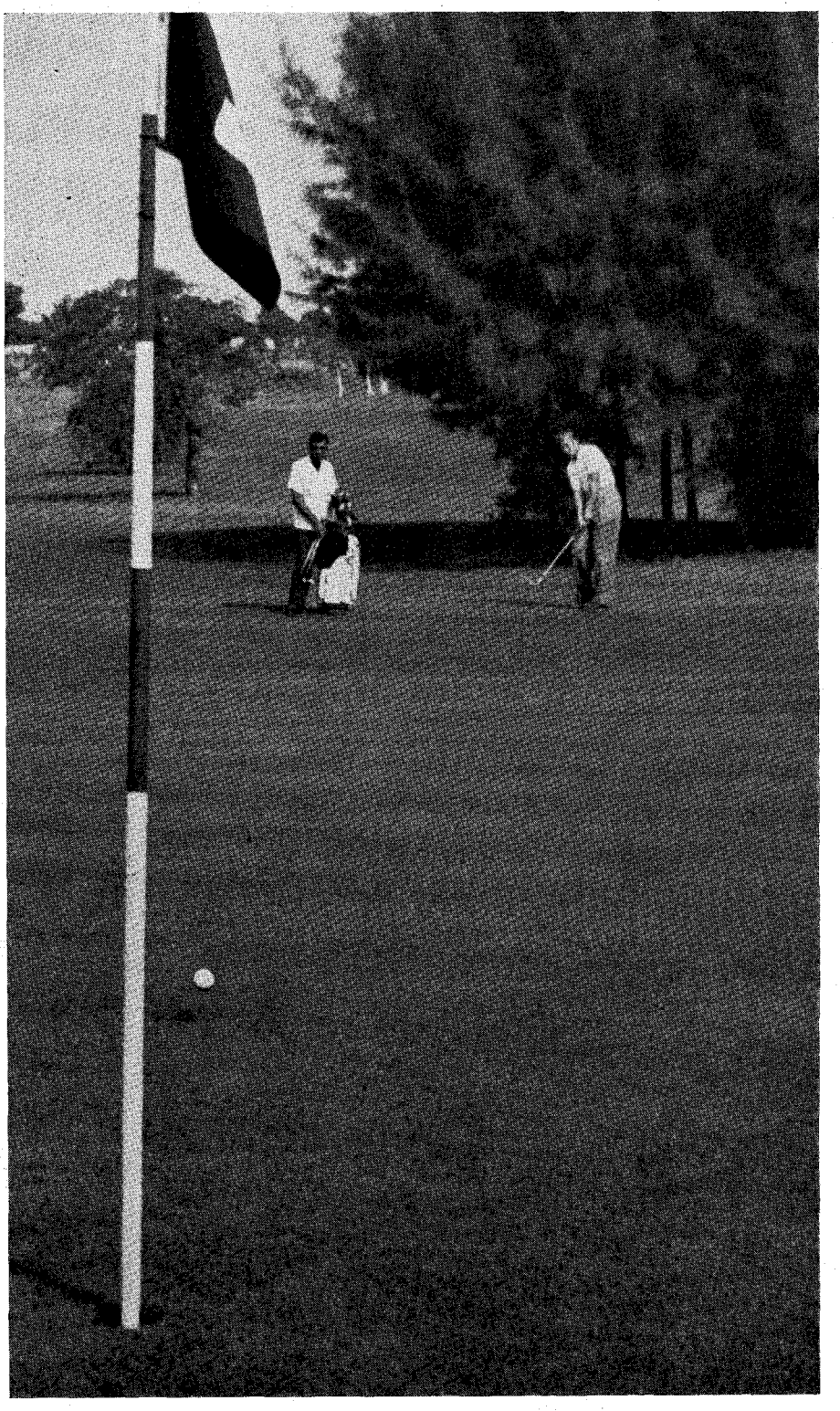

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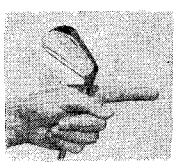

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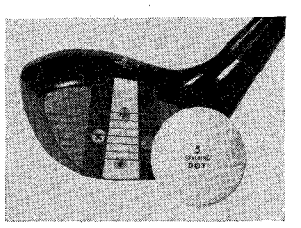

SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

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(*Continued from Page 99*) smoking in the fog a hundred feet from the poor old outmoded Pacific Ocean.

"Why don't you go take a long bath in that, Lovebird?" Tony asked quietly, in a hopeless voice, and slumped back into the seat. "O.K., take me to the can. I know what I got coming. A year. Just don't lecture me."

Brodie headed back uptown. "You afraid the Aces wouldn't be happy with a fair fight?"

"A guy has got to protect his own outfit, don't he?"

"Tell that to the judge," Cushing said.

"How come you brought this fathead along, Lovebird?" Tony asked. "So he could break my arm off throwing me in the gutter?" He was brave, defying two cops.

Brodie said, "I brought him along so he could see you and I were friends, Tony. Even if I am taking you in."

"What?" Tony said. The voice was suddenly younger. The sullen lump of dough began to look like a face.

"I wanted you two to meet each other," Brodie said. "You got a lot in common."

"Sure," Tony said. "He's on one end of a nightstick, and I'm on the other. Pals."

"You both got the same approach to everything. Force it. Always force it."

"What's the idea of this?" Cushing said loudly. "Tearing down an officer in front of one of these kids?"

"Don't let it worry you," Brodie said. "This is just between us three, for just these few minutes. I'm just telling you, you're both knotheads. Supermen. You think you can do it all with your own right arm. Two thousand years since Christ our Lord, and you still got the values of a half-witted sowbug. Tony, the great leader—the big protector waving a twenty-two. Cushing, the great reformer, waving a thirty-eight. What's the difference?" The street lights whipped by. "And I can't do anything about it. Like pounding butter through a pinhole. There's nothing but the grace of God will change either of you."

"It's him," Cushing said, sitting forward, looking in the outside rear-view mirror.

"Who?"

"P-Thirty-eight. He's following us."

Brodie's heart gave a slow, heavy pound, picked up and went on. "You mean it's a red-and-black sedan," he said, looking back in the other mirror.

"It's the car, isn't it?" Cushing said, his voice tense. "Of course it's him."

"Take off your cap, Cushing. Don't wise him." Brodie pulled his little Centennial out of his hip pocket and dropped it in the side pocket of his coat. The sedan was getting ready to pass, nosing up behind. It swung out to Brodie's left, and went past, smooth as silk. The man in it was smiling to himself. Not much older than Tony. Daydreaming.

"Give him the light," Cushing said. He was still leaning forward, tense.

"No light," Brodie said. "This is my own sedan. Remember?"

Cushing swore.

"No radio, either," Brodie said.

"This is fine," Cushing said softly. "Fine."

"That isn't the only red-and-black sedan in the city, Cushing. You remember the regulations? A suspect is a suspect, nothing more."

"You aren't going to let him get away?" Cushing groaned.

"I can't stop him," Brodie said. "We'll have to wait till he stops." He let the red-and-black car drift thirty yards ahead and held it there.

"He must be full of dope," Cushing said, "joyriding around this time of night with the whole town looking for him. All hopped up and crazy with a gun."

"Maybe he isn't P-Thirty-eight," Brodie said quietly. "Maybe he's a brassière salesman just got in from San Luis Obispo. Did any of the descriptions agree enough to get a picture?"

"No. He had light dark hair and was clean-shaven, except for a heavy purple beard. For Pete's sake, you trying to let him get away just 'cause we can't radio for help? Let me drive this can. I'll ram him up against the curb."

"You got to be careful of his paint," Brodie said. "He might be a councilman's nephew that never reads the papers."

Down the street the other car swung right into a side street and disappeared. Brodie shoved on the gas. He swung after

... ...

Crow's-Nest

By Richard F. Armknecht

The lookout watch must
climb and climb
An iron ladder into Time
Unlike earth time—the
swaying sum
Of sea's eternal pendulum.

Unquiet the horizons lie,
Now low and slant, now
skewed and high,
While from the mast roots
he may feel
The ocean tugging at the
keel.

The wind is salt and sinewy,
And sings one song, "The
sea! The sea!"
And as the seabirds wheel
and fly,
They write "The sea!"
against the sky.

The waves, the winds, the
birds combine
Into an intricate design
That is the sea itself, known
only
To lookouts watching high
and lonely.

... ...

it. The street ahead was empty. Then he saw the other car, halfway up the block, parked, lights out. The street light showed the man still inside, and he was studying a sheet of paper—maybe a map.

"Cut in ahead of him," Cushing said.

"Take it easy," Brodie said, and pulled up at the curb twenty feet behind the other, leaving his lights on. "Now put on your cap and get out."

He could feel Tony behind him. There was no telling what the kid would do. No telling what the man in that car would do; if he broke, it would mean a chase, with no siren, not even a red spot.

Cushing was clear, on the sidewalk. Now the fellow could see the uniform, and if he shot, he couldn't plead self-defense from hijackers.

Brodie took a deep breath and said in a loud voice, "Police officers!"

The man's head jerked up, and he sat frozen. Brodie waited, his hand on his gun.

The man in the car suddenly relaxed, laid down his paper and casually got out.

"Come on," Cushing said.

"One of us has got to watch Tony."

"O.K., you be the baby sitter. I'll take the man," Cushing said, and advanced.

Walking slowly, the man came back toward Cushing, who was crossing in front of Brodie's sedan. Brodie suddenly felt heavy. It was a bad sign, when they came back like that. It was meant to be disarming, to look helpful—actually it meant they were trying to hide something in the car, to keep the police away from it.

He slipped out of his sedan and turned to Tony. "Listen, kid, can I trust you to sit tight? I got to back up Cushing."

"How can I tell if you can trust me? Leave me a chance to beat it—I'll let you know."

Brodie's mouth tightened. He glanced back at Cushing. The two men had met halfway between the cars. The man had a fixed, pleasant look. Maybe twenty-three, six feet, 170 pounds. His suit, tropical worsted it looked like, dark blue, fitted loosely on the thin body. A P-38 was a military gun, not meant to hide. No knobs on this bird. But that didn't mean he wasn't armed with something else, like Brodie's own little round-butt job, or a couple of them. The first thing Cushing would do would be to frisk him.

He turned fast back to Tony. "I don't want to have to handcuff you," he said. "I'm trying, as long as I can, to give you all the breaks. Give me your word you won't run." He stood looking straight into Tony's eyes, beating him down, and Tony's bold stare weakened and flickered. Tony dropped his eyes.

"Hurry up," Brodie said. He glanced at Cushing. He was questioning the other quietly, so he must have been unarmed. In a case like this you had to frisk them first. "Hurry up," he said again.

"O.K., Lovebird. I'll stick around."

Brodie left the kid and walked up behind the fellow from the car. He stood, listening, ready.

You never knew what they'd do. Only a fool would try to battle it out, but how could you tell which were the fools? It did no good to run, but they might run. Brodie knew this block without looking. Up ahead was Antonelli's body shop. The man's car was parked right across the drive leading into Antonelli's lot.

The front of the lot was rented in the day to parkers, and the back of it was full of old wrecks that Antonelli was saving for his old age or something, and the wrecks were full of winos. Usually. The winos off California Street took out the seats and fixed up the bodies for clubs and homes. They'd buy a quart of synthetic sherry for thirty-six cents and gather back there in the jungle of wrecks, and hole up and drink.

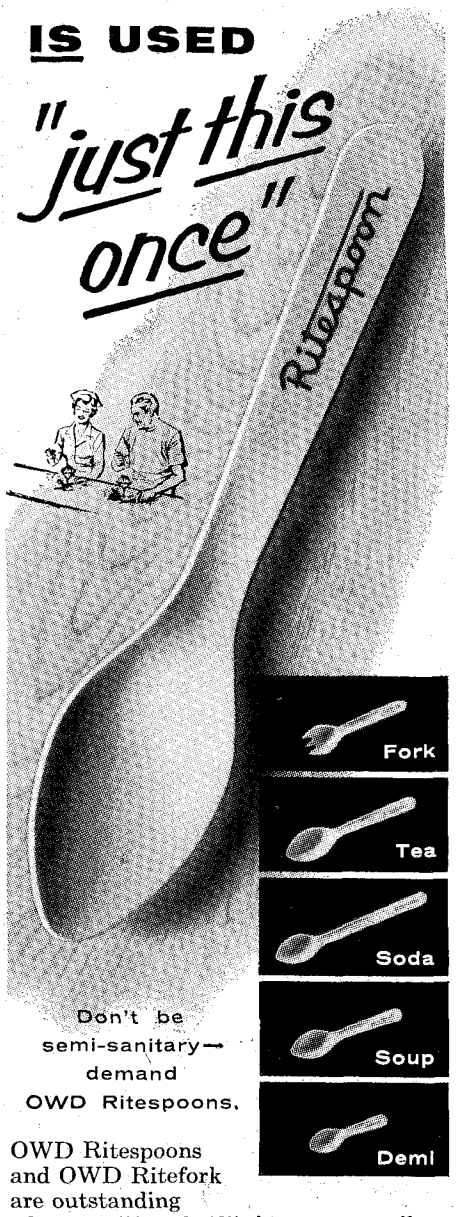
Brodie knew them all. He'd chased them out a thousand times on complaints from Antonelli; he'd even found them jobs. A harmless bunch of crocks, living in their private dream worlds, with kidneys as delicate as ancient Ming vases. They had to be handled with extreme care.

You couldn't say this man's voice was guarded; it was just even, without expression. Name, Alden. New resident. Where from? Los Angeles. A house painter. Brother-in-law's car. None of it meant anything. Maybe his name was Alden. Or maybe he had bought a forged operator's license, or stolen it. The car plate numbers were different from P-38's car, but that didn't mean anything either. They always switched plates—stolen ones—on and off jobs.

Cushing went around and opened the driver's door to check the registration.

If the guy broke, he could do one of three things—run down the street, run for his car or run into Antonelli's lot. There was a seven-foot stone wall across the rear end of the lot, with a narrow gate at one

THE SPOON THAT REALLY IS USED "just this once"



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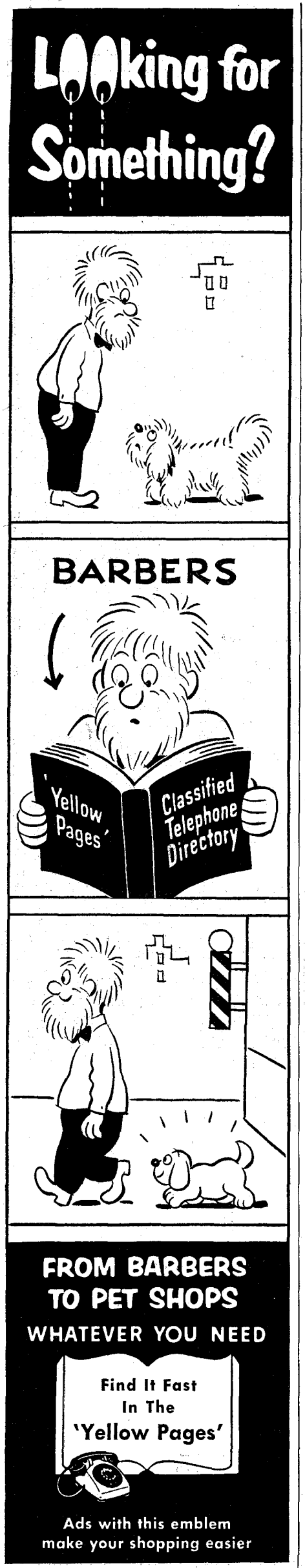
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side, against the backs of the California Street buildings. But P-38, if this was P-38, wouldn't know about that gate. He'd think he was trapped. He'd have to climb that wall in the moonlight or shoot it out—from the middle of all those winos.

Cushing went around to the other door and pulled up the front seat. Brodie came up behind the man and stood looking past him at Cushing. He watched the man's profile, just a fixed, pleasant look, stuck on with adhesive tape. Then Brodie saw the sweat come out on his face, shining.

On the floor under the seat there were two small canvas bank bags full of lumps like coin rolls. Beside them were two sets of California plates, and one of them was the set that had been seen twice by P-38's victims. Beside the plates there was a made-up bank deposit of checks and bills, and on top of it a deposit slip, and on the deposit slip was rubber-stamped: "Peltak's Liquor Store."

The man's lip trembled. He said, "I never seen that stuff before! Honest to ——"

"You're under arrest," Cushing said, his voice tense, and turned out of the car. "Put your hands up.... Frisk him, Frank."

"What?" Brodie stood stunned. "You didn't frisk him already?"

"I had to arrest him first, didn't I? ... Put them up!"

"But I didn't! I swear I never saw 'em!" His hands went up, and Brodie moved in fast to pat him over. He could save the bawling out till later. The bone-headed dope, he could have been dead six times by now. Overconfidence. Cocky cops. They thought they could handle——

The man's hands came down in fists on top of Brodie's head, knocking him silly for an instant, and the man whirled and ducked at the same time. His feet spurted gravel in the entrance of the lot. Brodie staggered and caught himself, half dazed, in a single instant aware of three hard, driving strides of thin legs in dark tropical worsted.

"Halt!" Cushing shouted.

"After him!" Brodie cried, and started for the low-ducked body, going straight away toward the dark of Antonelli's lot.

A gun went off almost in his ear, stabbing the drum with pain like a knife, and the muzzle blast half blinded him. He turned back and saw Cushing's thumb rock the hammer back again, and Brodie struck at the gun with the heel of his hand, trying to knock it aside. The hammer came down, the firing pin caught his little finger against the frame and held it.

They wrestled for a moment, breath puffing, Cushing trying to get the gun away with Brodie's finger in it. Then Cushing saw the finger and stopped, and Brodie got free. They stood there, breathing heavily, and the sound of running feet suddenly ceased.

There was a banging of old metal from the darkness of the lot. A crash of glass, and somebody cursing.

Somebody sang out, "What goes on, George?"

Over on the other side of the lot somebody else said, "Shuddup, shuddup, you fool! You want the cops on us?" Drunken, slurring tongue.

Brodie could hear the winos, mildly disturbed by the shot, resettling themselves, mumbling around, totally befuddled, almost childish.

"If he kills a wino now ——" Brodie whispered.

"You fool!" Cushing said furiously. "Why'd you grab my gun? I could have had him by now."

"You dumb boob!" Brodie said. "Did you see a gun on him? Shooting a suspect! I said to chase him. Is that all you can do? Stand there and shoot? Get back down that alley and cover the back wall. If he sticks his head over, grab him, and if he shoots at you, shoot him. But not until. Now beat it before he finds that gate."

Then Cushing said, "I hope he has got a gun. Let's see you handle him. I could have had him laid out cold, instead of holed up safe. It's him, it's P-Thirty-eight, Brodie, and you know it. And he didn't shoot because we were two against him. And now he can get us alone. You're a coward, Brodie. You're afraid to kill a man. Now let's see you go in there after him, alone." Cushing turned and ran.

A simple tackle would have got him, Brodie thought without bitterness, and stood there alone, facing the darkness, listening to the faint whisper of late traffic in the city.

Some police car might have heard that shot, and come. But not over two blocks away, with the dispatcher's voice blatting and rasping at you out of the speaker.

Everything in his training flicked through his mind: Trap your man, hold him. Don't shoot. Give him every chance to surrender. Radio for reinforcements. Don't shoot. Try persuasion. Don't shoot. Tear gas, close in, more tear gas. But don't shoot unless they force you. And every suspect is innocent until proved guilty.

"Lovebird," somebody said.

He spun around. It was the kid with the twenty-two in his hand.

"I could of got him," Tony said bitterly. "If that bird-head Olsen hadn't of emptied it." He held out the gun, cylinder swung open, showing the empty chambers.

"Listen, kid," Brodie said, "that guy can be anybody. Anybody can get scared and run. Maybe it is his brother-in-law's car, like he said. How come you're still here?"

Tony looked at him. And Brodie looked back. The kid could do anything; he had guts, he had leadership. he had brains. And a lush for a father. A dead lush, now, but in the kid's head the lush still lived, an object of contempt, a symbol of corrupt authority.

"I got plenty of time," Tony said, smiling, ten feet away. "I'm just watching. I just want to see if you can handle it. A lot of the boys say you're just soft. A lovebird. I want to see," Tony said. "If I don't like the way you handle it, I can always take off, and I still got the twenty-two. Better than a year in jail." He grinned. "Unless you handcuff me to the steering wheel." He held his hands out, grinning. "Catch me, Lovebird."

"A real good godson," Brodie said. "Like I always wanted. Listen, Tony. I need help. I got no radio. Go somewhere and phone the station."

"Me? Are you kidding?"

"No," Brodie said. "This isn't kid stuff, Tony. Maybe somebody's going to get killed."

Tony's mouth slowly hardened. "Cops. Heroes."

Brodie said, "I mean, that wild guy's loose in the middle of all those winos. Suppose he starts shooting at me. He doesn't know how easy they die. I'm asking you, Tony. Go and phone. It's up to you."

Brodie turned and went toward the lot.

There was plenty of shadow, black against the moonlight. He crept along the chain fence toward the jumbled sea of old cars. Sometimes you had to balance along bumpers, crawl over hoods, where they were too close together.

A game of chess—P-38 to 1948 coupé, cop to hardtop. A shadow moves there, trying to get back to the cars. Hurry, cut him off. Or was it a man? Was it a delusion? Just tension, just fear. Or a wino? How could a man tell who it was? The only way he'd know would be when the other fired first. Cushing was right. The guy would try to get back to the cars in the street—shoot the tires out of the red-and-black car and take off in Brodie's sedan, safe as a money order.

A clink over to the side. He stopped short, facing the shadow.

"Gimme the bottle now, George."

"Aw, take your time."

Over on the other side, somebody laughed. Wino heaven. "What's the hurry?"

And if P-38 shot, how was he to tell which was the cop and which was the wino? He didn't even know about the winos—any movement in the dark, he'd think was the cop.

Slurred, mumbling voices here and there. A piece of sheet metal banged lightly.

(*Continued on Page 104*)

"That's quite a severe case of hiccups you have there, Mr. Pipsley."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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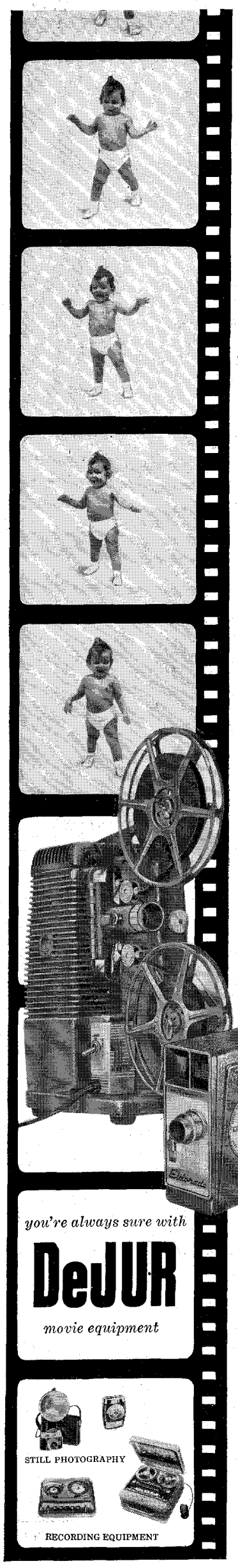

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Winos didn't move much. He crouched in shadow, facing the noise, sweat standing out on his skin, his heart beating heavily.

"Now, listen, George. I put fourteen cents of my own in that there bottle. It ain't fair. I got my rights. Let me have that bottle."

Brodie thought, *Suppose I stand up and shout, "Come out. You're surrounded. You're covered." The winos would panic. No soap.*

"Da-a-avy Crockett, Da-a-a-avy Crockett!" somebody crooned, hidden in the wrecks.

"Ah, shuddup with Davy Crockett," somebody said.

"Boys!" Brodie said. "Boys!" His voice was sharp. "It's me. Brodie!"

"Cops," somebody said. "Wooden ya know it?"

"Just take it easy," Brodie said. "I don't want you. Just sit still. Understand?"

"It's Lovebird," somebody said. "Sit down, George, or whatever your name is. It's mole pal, Lovebird."

"This is just a warning," Brodie said. "Antonelli's complained. You got to get out by tomorrow. But have a good time and sit still. That's all."

"That's old Lovebird, George; that's our old Lovebird. I'd do anything for old Lovebird. Pass me that bottle, you poor, lousy lush, you!"

"Da-a-a-avy Crockett!" went the mournful voice, off to the left.

"Heersh to mole pal, Lovebird. I love lovebirdge."

Black shadow to the left, moving fast. Brodie whirled, gun in hand. Shadow gone behind the gray ghost of a car. He ran down a dusty path.

Shadow again, ghosting, black and swift, across an opening, heading back toward the street.

Brodie ran, heading the shadow off. He tripped on an engine, fell, rolled, ran. No, the guy hadn't got past. He stood there, panting, hand on gun, ready for the flash out of the dark, the blast.

He listened. No sound, except the clink of bottles and the mumble of the drunks. No sirens coming, no help. Six hours till daylight.

You got to face it, Brodie said to Brodie, inside his mind. *You can't play checkers all night. Sooner or later he'll stumble on one of those winos and beat him to the ground, and then you've got a murder. A preventable murder. You got to go in.*

And the closer you crowd him, the easier it'll be for him to kill you, and the more he'll want to.

He moved forward, his gun in hand. A dark figure suddenly jumped up on the trunk of a wreck and scurried across the top and was gone. Brodie dashed forward, clambering, jumping, and froze. No sound.

Then he heard somebody panting hard, back against the wall of a building. Trapped.

Move in fast now, Brodie said to Brodie, *before he runs to one side or the other. You've got to get him.*

His feet didn't want to move. *He's right there*, Brodie thought. *You're walking right into the gun.* Brodie was tied with ropes, staked out like a cow, by fear.

You lousy coward, Brodie thought; and the ropes suddenly broke and left him loose and trembling. He went toward the sound of panting, and with the faint noise of his advance, the panting stopped, and there was nothing.

And then, above him, a grunt. He looked up, swung his gun, and a chunk of iron, barely seen out of the dark, hit him in the shoulder, the side of his neck and chest. He went down backward under it, wheel, ring gear, whatever it was, and the dark figure leaped from the top of one car to another, away across the wrecks toward the street.

Brodie got up and blundered after it. An immense pain stabbed him high in the breast—broken collarbone, broken rib, something.

If he goes for the car, Brodie thought, *you've got him. Shoot out the tires and make him fight.*

He got clear of the cars and sprinted back toward the lot entrance, and there, in the light of the street lamp, he saw the man running, clear as day, not heading for the cars but up the street, away.

And then the man went down with somebody wrapped around his legs, and Brodie saw Tony's black curly hair. The two were fighting on the walk, rolling over, fists beating, all silent except for grunting and hissing of breath through teeth.

They rolled into the gutter, and Tony was down, with the other swatting him in the face, and then the guy was clear, breaking away, and Brodie reached him with a long right. The man staggered and

People are Like That

So much is said about the problem of adjusting to retirement that many older people dread the prospect. Are they actually to be pitied?

No, to judge by a survey of nearly 500 retired employees of many sorts at Cleveland, Ohio. Researchers Stanley L. Payne and Frank J. Chokel found that approximately three fourths were just as happy as when working or more so. Only one in six claimed he was unhappy. And far from being underfoot at home, four out of five said their wives liked having them at home.

Arthur Larsen

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threw himself desperately at Brodie, and Brodie dodged, tripped him as he went by, and hung another right on the cheekbone as he came up. The head snapped back and the man fell and lay there, crying.

Sirens uptown; the high, steady scream of the police. Cushing ran up and held his handcuffs out to Brodie. Brodie knelt on one knee, panting, beside Tony, looking at the man in the street.

"I tell you—I swear to God, I didn't do it! I stole it!" the man was crying. "That's all I did! I just stole it! I seen it there by the curb; it even had the key in it. I swear I didn't do any holdups! I didn't even see the money till that cop pulled up the seat!"

"The lousy liar," Cushing said. . . . "Where's the gun? The P-Thirty-eight?"

"I ain't got a gun, I swear it."

Sirens coming down the street, black-and-white cars, two of them, stopped in the road, red lights blinking.

"Listen, it was just a party, see? There was five of us. We just wanted a car; I was just taking it back to the gang when you stopped me. I would of left it in the morning. I never thought it was that crook's car. Listen, I'm no robber. I'm a painter. I got a family. I can prove it. This, tonight—listen, I did it on a bet. I can prove it. The gang'll swear it. Just on a bet. And then you guys stopped me, and I saw that money, and I seen what you thought, and I got scared. And then that cop shot at me and I was scared worse."

Cops running up, crowding around. Dispatcher's voice blatting out of the speakers. Barker ran up without his cap, bald head shining in the street light.

The man got slowly to his feet. Blood was running out of his nose, his suit was a wreck. "Listen! Won't you believe me? I didn't know it was some stickup's car. All right, I was crazy; I stole a car on a bet. I'm wrong, I'm crazy, but I didn't do no five holdups."

"He's a lousy liar," Cushing said. Something was struggling in Cushing's face—confusion and fear.

"No, he ain't," Barker said. "We already got P-Thirty-eight. Five minutes ago. Patrol car caught him trying to heist another car five minutes ago, and he tried to shoot it out. He caught one in the knee, however, and it made him so sick that he confessed."

Barker looked at the man in the street. "So you heisted his car on a bet? And put him on foot. A good thing for you he didn't take the bus instead of stealing another car, sonny." He beckoned an officer. "Come on, take him in. I'll drive the stolen car. Everybody get back on the job."

Barker turned to Brodie as the black-and-white cars pulled out.

"I had a phone call from your godson."

"That's good," Brodie said, trying not to breathe at all. "I think I got two broken ribs."

"He said you needed help, and that he was going to do what he could till we got there."

Brodie looked at Tony, sitting on the curb, his head in his hands. His shirt was torn and covered with dirt.

"He did all right," Brodie said, smiling. "Tackled him just like a good cop. What about that gun charge against him, Barker?"

"Why don't you take him home?" Barker said. "We can talk to the judge about it in the morning." He drove off. Brodie looked at Cushing.

Brodie said, "You know what you'd be facing if you'd killed that fool painter. A wife and kids. They'd make it a murder charge."

Cushing was pale. He was looking at the gravel at the entrance of Antonelli's lot. "I can see him now," he said. "I want to thank you, Brodie." He licked his lips. "Any time you want to, you can kick me in my dumb bonehead. I deserve it."

"A hero," Tony said.

"Shut up," Brodie said. . . . "Cushy, go get my car, will you? I can't drive." Cushing ran.

"Listen, Tony," Brodie said. "You did a man's work tonight. The slate's clean for you, kid. You can do anything, go anywhere. Why don't you go to work?"

"Yeah," Tony said. "You know, I seen you go in there, Lovebird, after that guy, with your gun in your pocket. I thought you were crazy, until I heard you gassing with the winos, and then I got it. I guess any fool can blast away with a gun. Any fool can kill people." The sedan rolled toward them. "What you going to do with Hero? Old Trigger-happy? Can him off the force?"

Cushing pulled up, leaned over and opened the door for Brodie. Brodie climbed in, with Tony after him. The parakeets twittered in protest.

"Just don't kick my pets, Tony," Brodie said. "It takes a long time to teach them their tricks, and the dumber they are and the harder they learn, the more you care about them, for some reason. And sometimes the harder they learn, the longer it sticks." He glanced at Cushing, smiling. "Let's go, Hero."

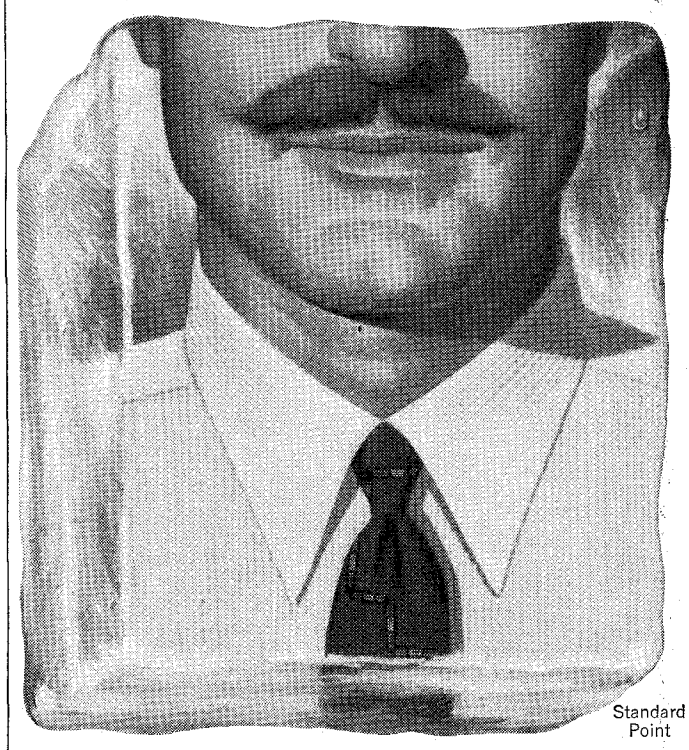
Cushing flushed. "Listen, just don't call me that. Not that."

"You're tagged for good," Brodie said. "They got me long ago. Step on it, Hero."

The lovebird swore, in Spanish.

THE END

See Bert Parks on Van Heusen's "Stop the Music"—ABC-TV



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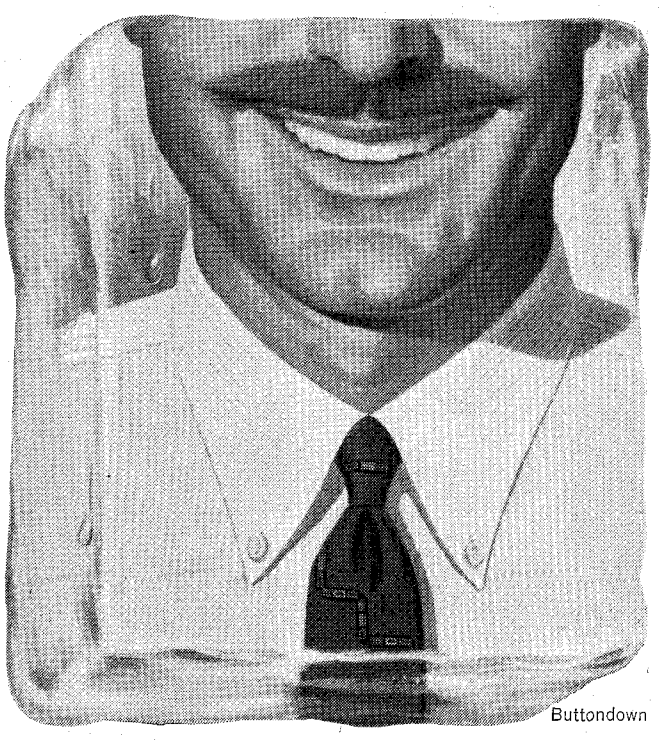

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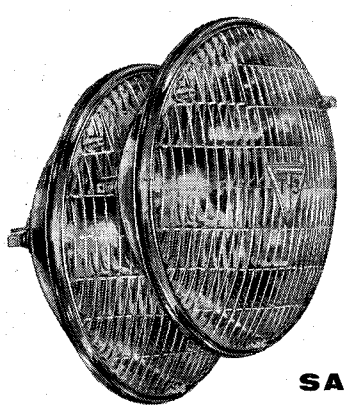

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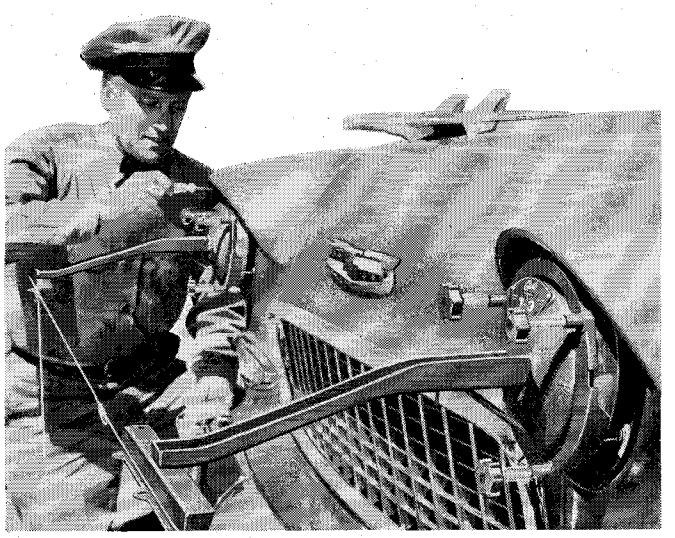

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Nightmare for the West (Continued from Page 27)

ornate cane, walking with downcast eyes. Suddenly he bumped into me and looked up, startled. An expression of horror crossed his face as if he had seen the devil himself. Obviously he took me for a Communist Russian, just as many Chinese did wherever I went. A white man in China today is more likely than not to be a Soviet Russian.

But these White Russian leftovers from the past no longer count in Harbin, a city utterly transformed since I saw it last. Outwardly Harbin has become far more Chinese than it ever was, so far as the population is concerned. One has to dig below the surface to detect how firmly and subtly this city, like Manchuria itself, has been bound to Soviet Russia. One morning in Harbin I was taken to a new factory which, I was told, had not been visited by any previous western journalist. I was startled to see a long row of very modern workshops, each containing what must have been some of the newest types of Soviet-made machines. Of course I knew that Moscow was actively supporting the Chinese five-year plan, and had undertaken to guide the plan's 156 key projects. But I had not expected to find such an impressive show place in old Harbin, scarcely an industrial city. This huge new factory makes precision instruments and cutting tools. It was interesting to learn that construction upon it had started early in 1953, before an armistice had been concluded in Korea.

Directly across the street I found myself submerged in another sea of Russian machines, this time for a flax mill. Every machine was dated 1953, 1954 or 1955, and stamped MADE IN USSR. A few days later I was shown the most impressive Russian-built factory of them all, in Changchun. By far the most distinctive feature of Changchun today is Automobile Factory No. 1, still in the process of being equipped. Everything possible has been done to make this factory look spectacular. Its extensive red-brick buildings are so ornate, and the colossal black chimneys of the adjoining thermoelectric works are so striking, that I muttered to myself: "These people make factories look like some palace of the viceroy of India in New Delhi!" Here, I was told, the first automobile ever completely manufactured in China will come from the assembly lines next October. This Automobile Factory No. 1 is Russian except the workers, who are all Chinese.

The railroads which were built by Russians and Japanese in Manchuria are operated wholly by Chinese now—and they run very well. I came southward to Anshan, which the Japanese made the largest industrial combine in China several decades ago. But in 1945 the Japanese-built factories there were dismantled completely by Russia's Red Army. Today nobody mentions that steal, and there is no sign of it. For the Russians have put Anshan back in business completely, and Chinese are operating it.

Among the shops I visited were the rolled-steel mill, the seamless-tube factory and the automatic blast furnaces. The Chinese who showed me around went out of their way to explain that the equipment is wholly Russian, installed by Russian technicians. But, if Russians are still directing operations, they do not show themselves much. All the people I saw there were Chinese. They told me that everything here also had been planned and swiftly constructed while fighting was still going on in Korea. Evidently the Russian and Chinese planners assumed that these expensive new factories were not going to be bombed by the United Nations Command, whose bases were within easy striking distance.

A Belgian industrialist told me, after visiting the seamless-tube factory in Anshan: "Some of this equipment is better than anything we have in Western Europe, and I suspect that the Russians themselves have very little in use which is so up-to-date. You probably would have to go to the United States to find something better."

In nearby Fushun I was shown how Russian technique has renovated the giant open coal mines, and the industrial combine the Japanese built around the mines, including a large aluminum works. Later, while traveling through other parts of China, I found that Russian equipment, Russian technique and Russian help had gone into every important industrial project. That was true of the huge oil refinery just begun near Lanchow, in the far west of China; of the hydroelectric plant in Chungking, the wartime capital of

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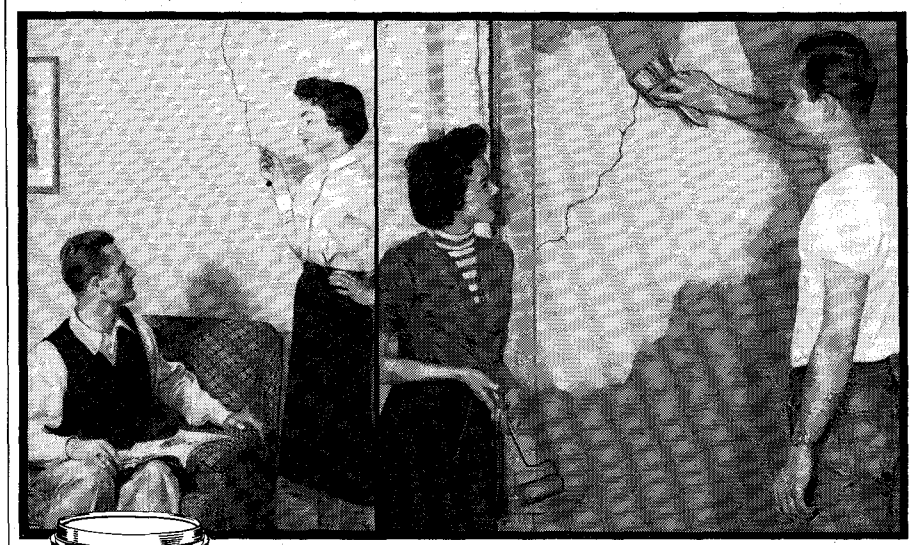

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generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; of the great Yangtze River bridge at Hankow, which now connects the railroads of North and South China, and of the big paper mill in Canton.

Yet one rarely encounters Russians in China, because they keep so much to themselves. One evening when I was dining alone in a Canton hotel, a man whom I took to be Russian sat down at my table. He turned out to be a Czechoslovakian who spoke good French and was in charge of a touring technical exhibition. From him I learned a few things about what he called "Soviet experts," mostly Russian, who help in the five-year plan. He said that he and his fellows were receiving "very high pay." The Chinese treat them very well, he said. As an example, he told how, when he said he was homesick for his wife and children, the Chinese Government immediately offered to bring them from Prague, with all expenses paid.

In one hotel where I was billeted I encountered the only sizable group of Russians I met in two months of travel in China. There were about thirty of them, and they moved around in close formation like an infantry company. They marched into the dining room together, sat down simultaneously and arose after meals as if one of them had given an invisible signal. These men had the calloused hands of men who do physical labor and probably were skilled mechanics of some kind. At a small railroad station in Hunan province, I saw one Russian being shown off by a group of his countrymen. In my hotel at Sianfu a few Russians were staying, including one man with his Russian wife.

But two things I did not see at any time. I never saw a Russian in uniform and I never saw a Russian working in the numerous Russian-built factories I visited. Of course, it was obvious that many Russians have been working in Manchuria and all through China, helping to install the Soviet industrial equipment. But apparently they have orders not to stay longer than necessary, and to keep out of sight as much as possible. I judged that this behavior was primarily intended to impress the Chinese. Certainly the Russians would not take such pains just to impress Red China's few foreign visitors. The Russians have made China their technical vassal while being careful not to make the relationship obvious.

Almost all the large new industrial combines of the five-year plan are Russian factories in China, despite the fact that they are the property of the Chinese state, that the workers and foremen are Chinese. For all the industry of Red China lies within the orbit of Soviet technique, which has now spread from Prague, in Czechoslovakia, to Hanoi, in Indochina. No matter what happens in the political world, industrialized China must depend upon the Soviet world centered in Moscow. Nowhere else can the Chinese get the spare parts for these Soviet-made machines or the equipment to replace them and expand factories and mills. The more this Russian-designed Chinese industry grows, the more dependent it will become upon Soviet manuals and instructors for Chinese engineers and supervisors. The day will come, of course, when China will be able to fabricate Chinese machines. The Chinese already make some of their own textile machinery—as I saw it clicking away in Peking. But the Russians have made almost certain that China will continue to be a technical vassal for at least one generation. It took Japan longer than that to shake off her dependence upon Western technique, please remember.

In the more remote parts of China which I visited, the hotels showed that most, if not all, foreign visitors are expected to understand Russian. Beside the Chinese ideographs for such words as "restaurant" and "bathroom" now appear their Russian equivalents. These new hotels in cities hitherto rarely reached by foreigners show that Chinese Communists want to make their Russian comrades very comfortable. Only in Red China, I must confess, have I been given a luxurious hotel suite for the price of a single bedroom. In such places, although I was just a "capitalistic" correspondent, I was automatically given the same privileges as the Soviet experts. Both in Lanchow and Sianfu, which boasted no comfortable hotels in the past, I not only occupied a bedroom and bathroom of imposing proportions but was given a large sitting room with sofas, armchairs and a huge office desk. To top this off, the sitting room contained a very large short-wave receiving set such as few Chinese have ever seen—to say nothing of owning. Apparently the Russians are as eager as everybody else to get news from home—prefabricated though it is.

After my first week in China I got used to being mistaken everywhere for a Soviet Russian. This was a good way to learn what the Chinese really think about the Russians, and I studied their reactions to me. There was a great difference between the attitudes of older people and of the young. Everywhere I went, Chinese adults stared at me, but their faces remained absolutely blank and expressionless. They showed no sign of hostility, but none of sympathy, either. They acted as if they had emptied their heads and hearts of all personal feeling, perhaps the best way to become a good citizen of Red China.

The reactions of children were very different. They would crowd around me, touch my clothes, smile and laugh. They always shouted some Chinese words which I did not understand at first, and my interpreter insisted that they were just crying, "A Russian, a Soviet Russian." But I understood enough Chinese to know they were saying more than that. What they were really shouting was, "An elder brother (or big brother) from Soviet Russia!" I found that they were taught to say that by their teachers. Later I found that this familiar cry has been used to make one of those "counterrevolutionary" jokes which always appear under autocratic rulers. The Chinese language depends upon tones, and by changing just one tone of the children's exclamation, the meaning became, "Cows from Soviet Russia!" A feeble joke, perhaps, but it was the only one I heard while in China.

As for Chinese of high-school or college age, they give every indication of boundless and well-organized admiration for Russia. Everywhere I went, involuntarily mistaken for a Russian, I was greeted with applause—actual hand clapping. These young people are taught to clap as soon as any foreigner appears now, assuming him to be a friend from the Soviet world. He gets the ovation as if he were a hero. Moreover, communist etiquette demands that the stranger thus greeted should reciprocate by applauding the applauders. This was an embarrassing comedy to me until I got accustomed to it after going through it a hundred times in a hundred places.

The attitude of Communist Chinese officials toward the Russians is marked by an uncharacteristic humility. At a formal dinner in Peking I watched a foreign visitor, desiring to be polite, offer a toast in Chinese wine "to the remarkable progress of Chinese technique." But one of the Chinese hosts, lifting his own glass, promptly corrected the guest, saying, "Don't speak of Chinese technique. Everything you have seen is the result of Russian technique. Without Russian help, we are still too backward and poorly informed to accomplish anything!" Chinese supervisors were constantly emphasizing to me the importance of Russian technical assistance. A high official in Peking said, "All the 156 projects which are the backbone of the five-year plan depend upon Russian technicians. The plan itself has been largely shaped by Russian consultants."

> The man who lets his wife get in the last word should keep her away from auctions.
>
> ROBERT LARR

The Chinese director of the Changchun Automobile Factory told me, "We have received more than 1,000,000 blueprints from Moscow. More than twenty Soviet Russian institutions participated in these plans. Because we lack experience, Soviet experts are playing a leading role even in our small problems. For example, we did not know how to make good cement, but the Russians taught us. Without them it would have been impossible for us to erect our prefabricated buildings, install the machinery and construct the powerful thermoelectric station."

I asked how many Russians had worked or were working on this one project. The director replied, "About thirty already have come and gone, and we still have about fifty. But we shall probably need more when we reach the stage when the first trucks come off the assembly lines."

Traveling northwest of Peking on the railroad to Kalgan, now linked to the Soviet Union through Outer Mongolia, I visited the Kwangtung dam, which has been widely publicized in Red China. The dam has tamed the Yung Ding River, infamous for centuries as the cause of calamitous floods in the low areas of North China, as far as Tientsin and the sea. Behind the dam a beautiful new lake has been formed in the Yellow Mountains.

One of the Chinese engineers there, with a note of queer humility, told me, "The Russians have been guiding us at every stage. They told us how to make this dam unique. We had planned a modern, costly structure of iron and concrete, but the Russian engineers came and told us, 'Do it in the simple old Chinese way. The rock here is not solid enough for anchoring a concrete dam. You would spend millions unnecessarily.' That is why we built a dam which is just a mountain of sand and earth thrown across the river bed. We used hardly any machinery. Thousands of men just carried earth and gravel and rocks in small baskets, as we have done for centuries in China. All the Russians have left here now, but some are still sitting in Peking, advising our Ministry of Water Conservancy."

Judging from what I heard, there are few places where the Russians are not sitting and giving advice. In Shanghai, for example, I was told how the Chinese had decided to train "accelerated doctors" in cram courses lasting only thirty months, because the demand for medical personnel was so great. But Russian advisers told them, "You are making a mistake. A medic needs at least four years of study to be worth anything." And the Chinese accepted this advice. In Lanchow, deep in the interior of China, I was told how the Russians were training teams of prospectors to look for oil, uranium, and other metals in the unexplored areas of nearby Chinghai province. At Peking University they told me they have ten Russians on their faculty now and that there are many more in other universities.

The Russians also co-operate with the Chinese in other fields. For example, one recent gift from Moscow to Peking was a fossil reptile said to be 200,000,000 years old. While I was in the capital, a national conference of linguistic scholars was being held (*Continued on Page 110*)

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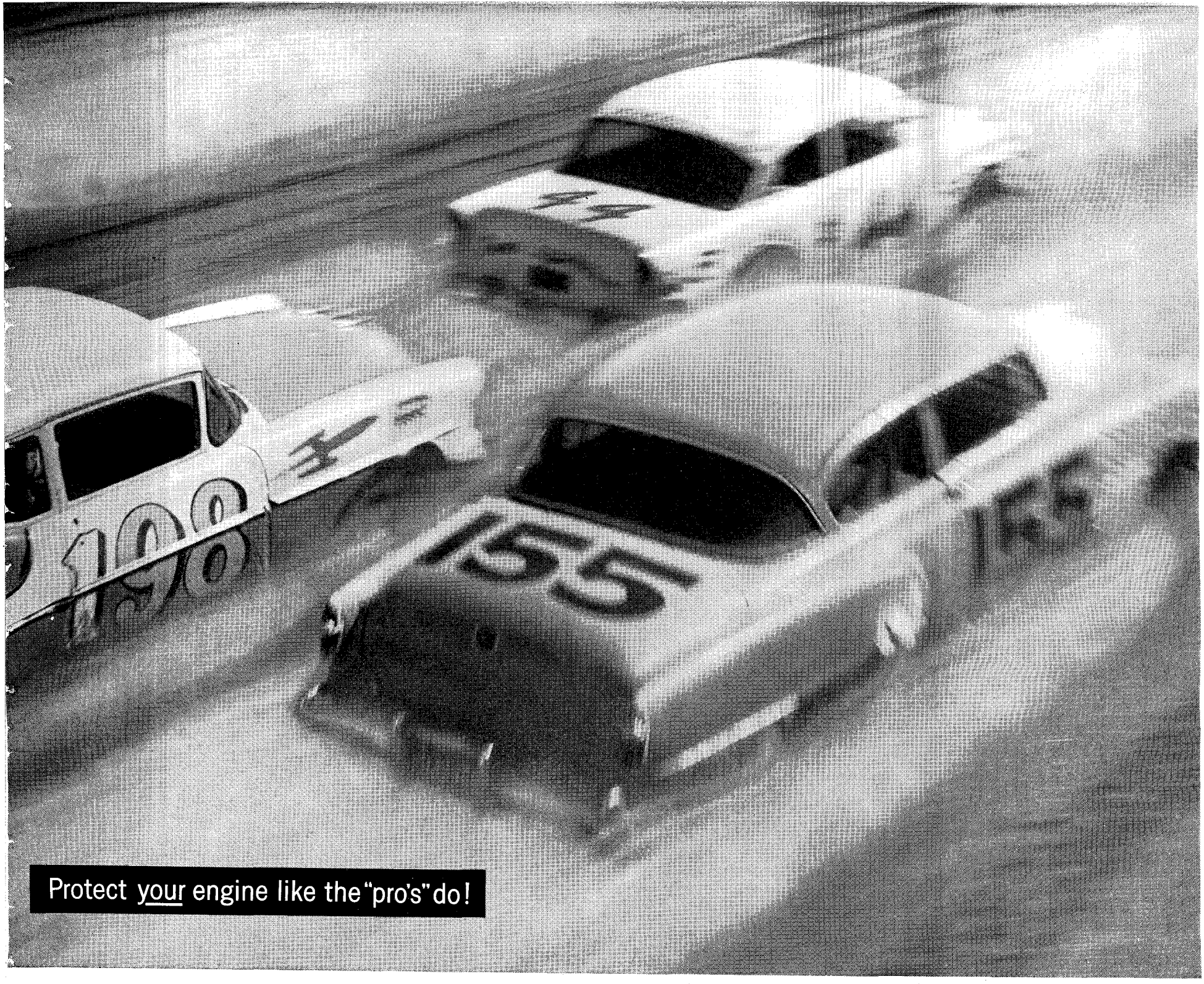

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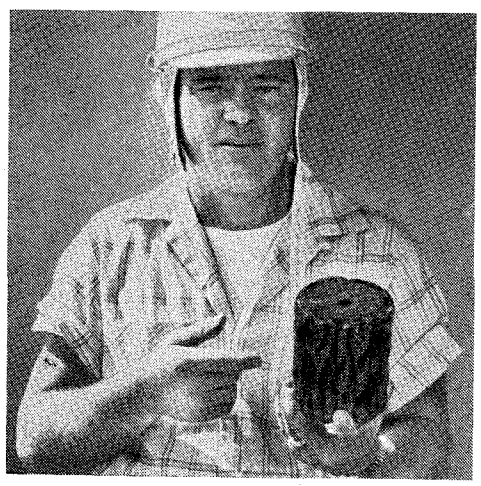

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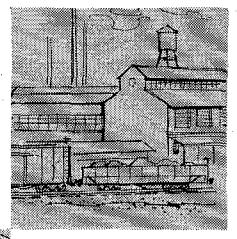

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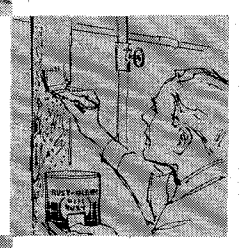

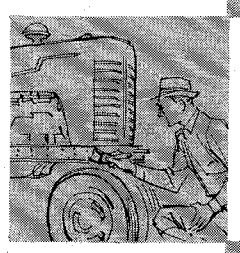

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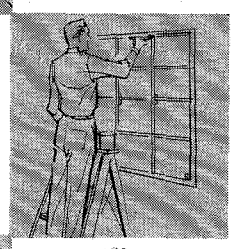

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(*Continued from Page 108*) to consider the possibility of creating an alphabet for written Chinese. One would think that this, of all subjects, was one which the Chinese would prefer to decide for themselves. But the People's Daily reported that alongside the learned Chinese at the conference were "the Sinologues I. M. Oshanin and N. N. Korotkov, a certain Prof. G. P. Serdiuchenko and the specialist A. F. Maltsev." Rumors were circulating that it had been decided to use not the Roman, but the Russian—Cyrillic—alphabet. If true, this would be a striking illustration of how far Russification of Red China has gone.

Russian influence, I found, pervades every phase of Chinese life and penetrates into Chinese brains. A newly repainted slogan stands forth on the ancient red wall of Peking's Forbidden City which I found endlessly repeated in every part of China. The slogan reads: "Learn and put into application the advanced experiences of the Soviet Union!" That slogan is being interpreted: "Russia is ahead of us, follow the same road, imitate her in everything!" The extent of this imitation is almost incredible to those of us who were familiar with precommunist China.

In political methods, the most striking and ominous example of Russification I saw was the introduction of the system of "reform through labor"—forced-labor and concentration camps to bring about what is euphoniously called "political conversion." Two years ago, in 1954, the regulations for this system were published in Red Chinese newspapers, and they faithfully imitate the Russian regulations. There is no attempt to conceal the use of this system—in fact, the Chinese seem to be proud of it.

On one journey, my train window gave me a view of prisoners working in the fields under the eyes of armed sentries sitting in high towers. In Peking a prison director showed me what he called "reactionaries" doing forced labor to "help their ideological renovation." Another official explained the workings of a forced-labor camp for "counterrevolutionaries." One day on the road to Lanchow I met a sorry procession of what must have been political prisoners marching to work guarded by soldiers with bayonets. Because so much of Red China now appears in some kind of uniform, this was one of the few groups I saw anywhere wearing old-style clothes, and some of them wore shabby western-style suits, showing that they had been people of some consequence not long ago. The Russian word "Intourist"—the name of the official Soviet travel agency—has been adopted by the Chinese to describe their own travel agency. One of these Chinese Intourist guides told me that political prisoners are helping to push new railroads through the interior of China, thereby opening a more direct route to Russia through remote Chinese Turkestan (Sinkiang province).

When I visited the Institute for National Minorities, in Peking, I found another remarkable example of Russian influence. There was every evidence that the methods for dealing with the numerous minority races in China are identical with those applied in Russia under the direction of the late Joseph Stalin. Chinese intellectual life is being drowned under what can be described as a tidal wave of the Russian version of Marxism.

Enter one of the many new bookshops to be found everywhere. The place is full of young people, because new China has an intense thirst for reading and learning. But what are they reading? More than 50 per cent of the books are translations from Russian—Russian novels, some Russian classics, more often Russian scientific and technical treatises. Piled up to the ceiling here is the whole heavy artillery of Marxist ideology, in Chinese as well as in Russian. Many of the illustrated magazines on sale are simply Chinese editions of Russian magazines. Explain that you want to buy books in French or English and you are brought to one of the so-called international bookshops, of which there is at least one in every sizable city. You find that these books in French or English were almost all printed in Moscow and, of course, selected as suitable for faithful followers of the Kremlin.

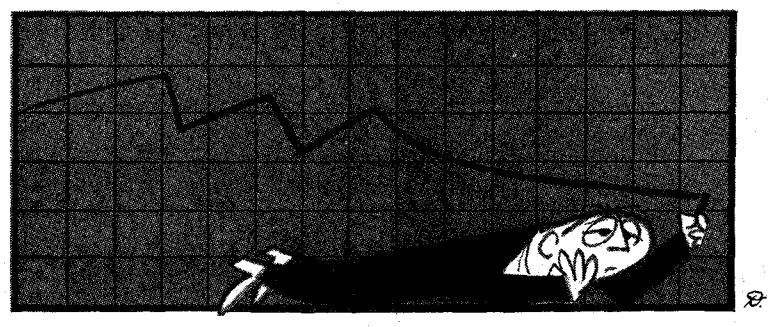
Several times during my visit Chinese "ideological" decisions were almost identical with decisions previously taken in Russia. When Russian writers were warned that they had to "remold" their thinking, a few weeks later Chinese writers were given the same warning in very similar words. When Russian architects were officially criticized for making their buildings too ornate, Chinese architects soon heard the same criticism. Maybe this was a good thing, because every big Chinese city is marred by a few samples of gaudy buildings in what the Chinese call "Soviet-Moscow style," topped with golden spires holding aloft big red stars, lighted at night in red neon. It is a pity, however, that Chinese architects have been discouraged from adapting the charming old Chinese architecture to modern buildings, as was done in Peking several decades ago with Rockefeller money for the Union Medical College there. But when Moscow architects recently were accused of being wasteful and extravagant, Chinese architects were warned to throw away their blueprints for the traditional curved tiled Chinese roofs, because this would multiply the cost of "socialist construction."

It is now a fact that during the first period of Chinese communism, before Mao Tse-tung set himself up in Peking, Russian material help to China was relatively minor, and even its ideological influence was limited. One can say that, prior to 1945, at least, it was mostly Chinese who made the Chinese-communist movement. When I watched the communists taking over Shanghai in 1949, I never saw a single Russian, I never heard anything that sounded Russian and I never detected Russian influence at work even behind the scenes. I cannot imagine a greater contrast with what is happening today. Russia has become the fount from which all Chinese-communist blessings flow. And the number of Chinese brought under this all-pervasive Russification is not a mere few thousands, but something like 600,000,000.

Today there is nothing which really can be called "Chinese communism." There may have been a time when Red Chinese leaders believed that they could adapt Marxism to China. Once it was a favorite theme of Chinese propaganda that Mao Tse-tung was no mere copyist of Russian communism. In the early, slow-growing days of the Chinese-communist movement, that seemed to be true. But ever since the Reds came into full control they have shown almost no originality. They seem to ask themselves, "Why seek a Chinese solution when every problem we have has been studied and solved years ago in Russia?"

If some adaptation is needed, it can come later. If Russian methods do not quite fit the Chinese, if they cause more devastation in China than they did in Russia—well, it doesn't matter much. China is so huge, so resistant, so crammed with people. So it looks as though the men in Peking have stopped even trying to remain Asian. They are forcing their people to absorb the West in a new way—the Russo-communist-Marxist type of western civilization.

In next week's installment of this series *Mr. Guillain reveals the methods through* which the Chinese rig their boasted "volunteering" and how they have drilled their people into spying on one another to an extent the Russians never even attempted.—The Editors.



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"From the way you've laid your plans," the target of his talk replied, "I think you'll make it."

Merrill Marshall

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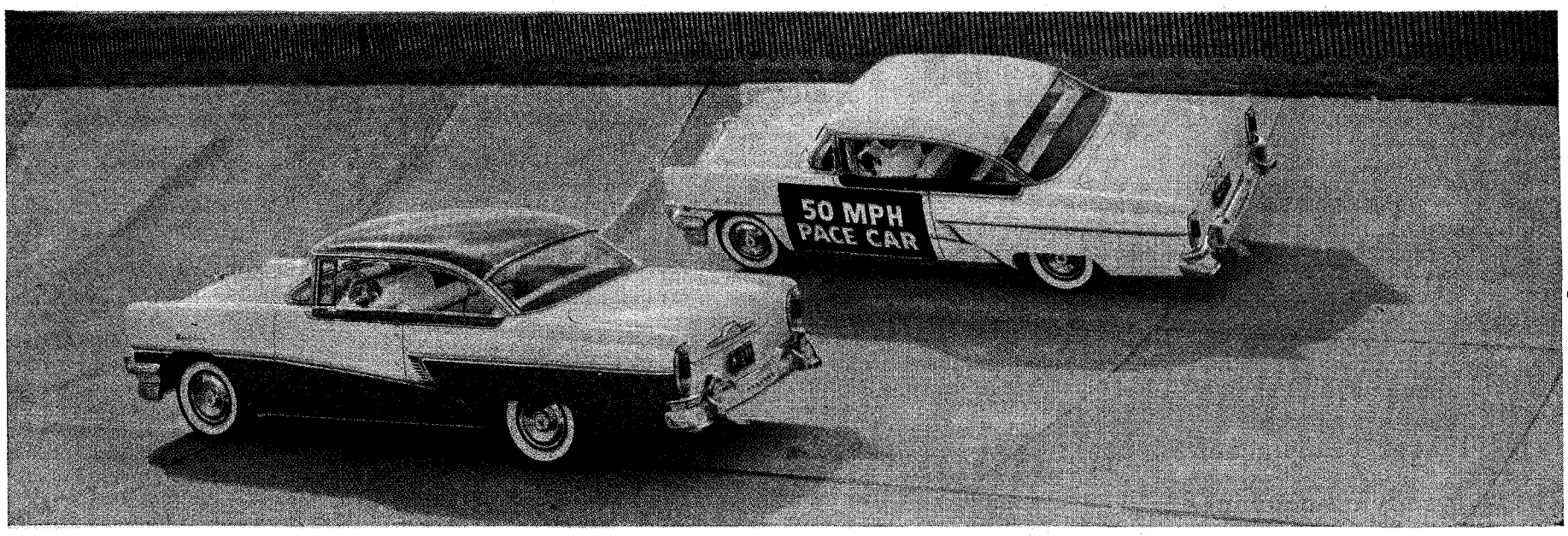

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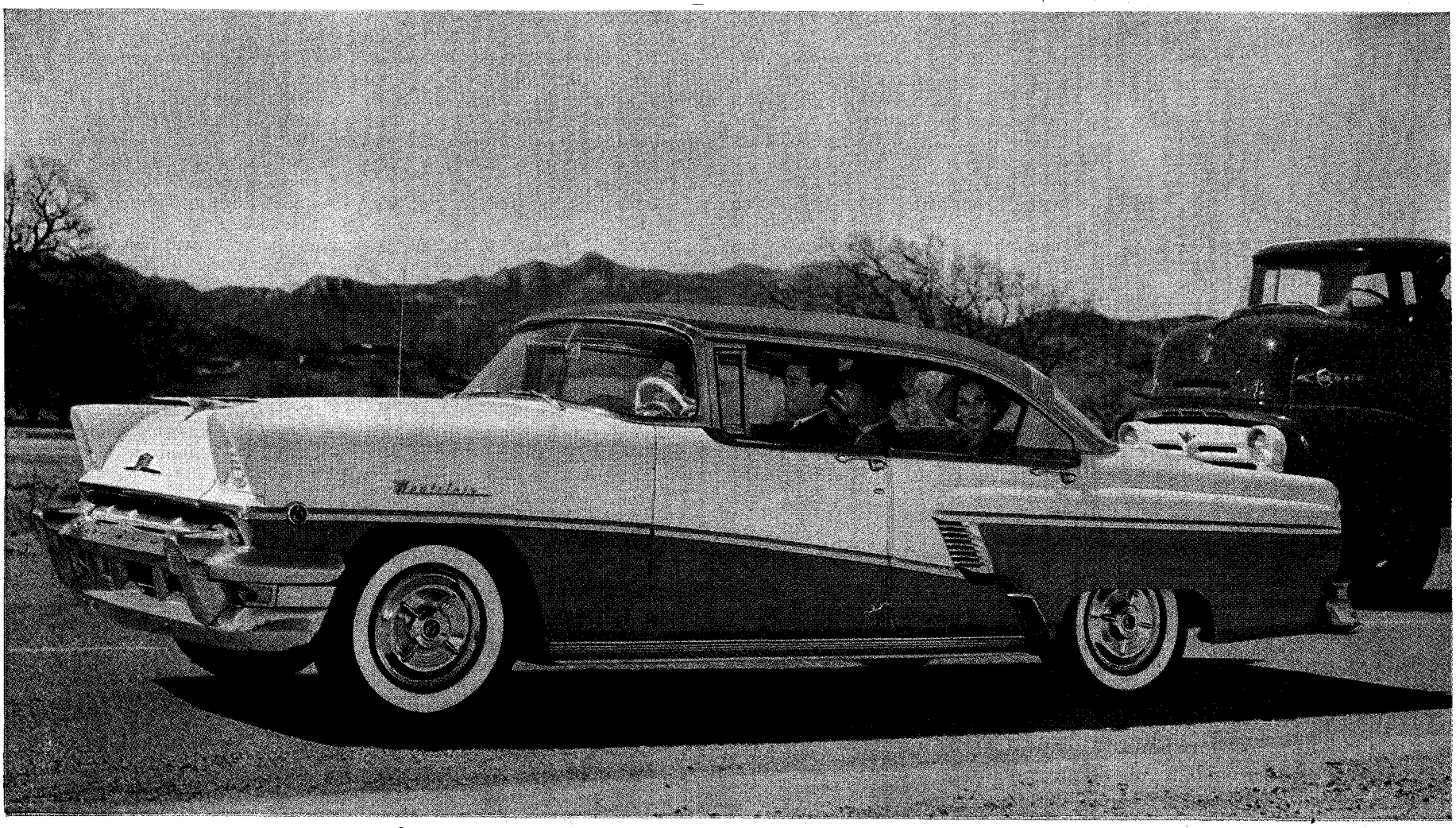

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Rising Star of Britain (Continued from Page 35)

selections, whether among racehorses or statesmen, are not to be taken lightly.)

To me, Anthony Nutting is interesting chiefly as a sample of the brilliant array of young men who have been coming toward the front recently in British politics. This development has significance for our own country.

Americans generally would agree that, among all our friends in this increasingly dangerous world, our most important single ally is Great Britain. But some express a doubt about the future. England, they say, is "old and tired" or "nearly played out." Possibly the aging of the great Churchill and the retirement of Clement Attlee have subtly contributed to this impression.

The future depends, however, not on who is bowing out but on who is coming up. If you want to estimate a college's football prospects three years hence you study the freshmen. Similarly, the best tip on the strength of British leadership ten or twenty years from now may be found in those Englishmen, in their thirties or early forties, who have already shown high ability in public affairs. When I was in London last fall, I found that "old" England has a batch of young statesmen coming along which any country—including ours—would find it hard to match.

For example, there is Reginald Maudling. At thirty-nine, as British Minister of Supply, his responsibilities include military research and development—a field in which the British work with us in a partnership vital to the survival of both. Our debt to the British in such matters as radar, jet propulsion and atomic energy is great. Another young star is Iain Macleod, now forty-two, Minister of Health from 1952 until his recent appointment as Minister of Labour and National Service. Another is Nutting himself, who has risen fast since his election to Parliament at the early age of twenty-five. Another is Sir Edward Boyle, Baronet, who at thirty-two, as Economic Secretary to the Treasury, works to keep the British economy on an even keel.

It happens that all these are members of the Conservative Party. It is harder to identify the ablest younger men in the Labor Party, since it has been out of power for five years, but I understand that they also are a promising crop. The recent election to the Labor leadership, at the age of forty-nine, of Hugh Gaitskell, a moderate who is friendly to the United States, should help advance the younger talent. All this is a cheering omen not only for England itself but for America and the rest of the free world in which England is so indispensable a partner.

This article is focused on Anthony Nutting, not because he is the best of the young Britishers—at this stage such comparisons would be guesswork—but because Americans have had some opportunity to see him in action, and because, in more than one crisis, he has shown himself a stanch friend of this country. Incidentally, he is an extraordinary person, and personality, in his own right. Finally, Nutting himself has played a leading role in the rejuvenation process I have mentioned.

In the summer of 1945, just as the war was ending victoriously, Churchill's Conservative Party suffered an unexpected, stunning defeat at the polls. The party leaders, in a "Wha' hoppen?" mood, woke up to the fact that the Conservative organization had been slowly withering at the roots—too much age and vested interest in the upper branches, too little youth and energy below. Two of those most concerned were Anthony Eden, now Prime Minister, and James P. L. Thomas, until recently First Lord of the Admiralty. They looked around for a man to head a sort of Conservative youth movement. Anthony Nutting was chosen. He had once served for a few months as a private secretary to Eden, and in 1945, a political novice of twenty-five, he had bucked the Laborite landslide to win a seat in Parliament from his home constituency of Melton, in mid-country Leicestershire. In '46 he was made chairman of the Young Conservative and Unionist Movement.

In some ways he seemed an unlikely choice. Prior to 1945 he had given hardly a thought to politics, and he had no politics in his background. His father, Sir Harold Nutting, Baronet, was known chiefly as a gallant officer, a superb horseman and a famous Master of the Hounds (the Quorn Hunt). The old huntsman's opinion of politics is freely and firmly expressed.

"Rotten game," says Sir Harold, "rotten game!"

Despite this absence of paternal encouragement, young Anthony took to politics like a duck, born far from the water, which suddenly discovers a millpond. He drew young people into the Conservative ranks, and put them to work, with the energy and art of a Tory Jim Farley. Perhaps some ancestral clue can be found in the fact that Anthony's gifted mother, Lady Nutting, comes of a family which has lived for seven centuries in Southern Ireland.

Whatever the feeling of the parents about politics, they follow Anthony's career with an affectionate anxiety. It has a special poignancy because he is their only surviving child. Their two older sons, Capt. John Nutting, of the Royal Scots Greys, and Capt. Edward Nutting, of the Royal Horse Guards, were lost on active service in World War II. Except for a curious accident, to be described later, Anthony might have shared their destiny.

Good-looking, jaunty, amusing and eloquent, the twenty-six-year-old Nutting presented political work not as a dreary duty but as a challenge and an adventure. "Let's prove to the world we are ready to build a Britain where youth and courage can flourish once more"—that was one of his typical themes. In a few years the number of Young Conservative clubs had climbed from a postwar low of fifty-one to more than 1000.

He was making a hit with his elders too. By the later 1940's certain of his speeches at the (senior) Conservative Conference were compared with those of Churchill. In 1948 he was made a vice-chairman, in 1950 the chairman, of the Conservative organization—the youngest chairman in the party's history.

When the Conservatives rode back into power with the election of 1951, Nutting was made Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The post was a training not only in the upper realms of diplomacy but in the exacting art—vital to any aspiring British politician—of answering questions in the House of Commons. In this his wit was sometimes considered too caustic for the friendly atmosphere of the House, but in time he learned to mellow his replies without weakening them.

He also, from '52 onward, led the British Delegation to the Council of Europe. In early '54 he accompanied Sir Anthony Eden to the four-power Berlin Conference. Later that year Churchill and Eden entrusted him with the delicate negotiations leading to the Anglo-Egyptian (Suez) Treaty. He was raised to the position of Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and in November of '54 sent to New York as head of the British delegation to the U.N. He was also given the coveted honor of a "P.C." after his name. (The English have a wondrous system by which a man's eminence can be measured by the trailing string of initials after his name. *(Continued on Page 114)*

England 1929: The three Nutting brothers in front of their ancestral home, Quenby Hall. Only Anthony (center) survives. The others were killed in World War II. A riding injury kept Anthony from active service.

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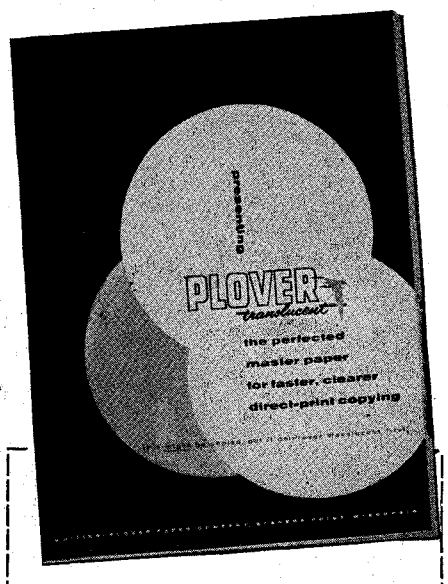

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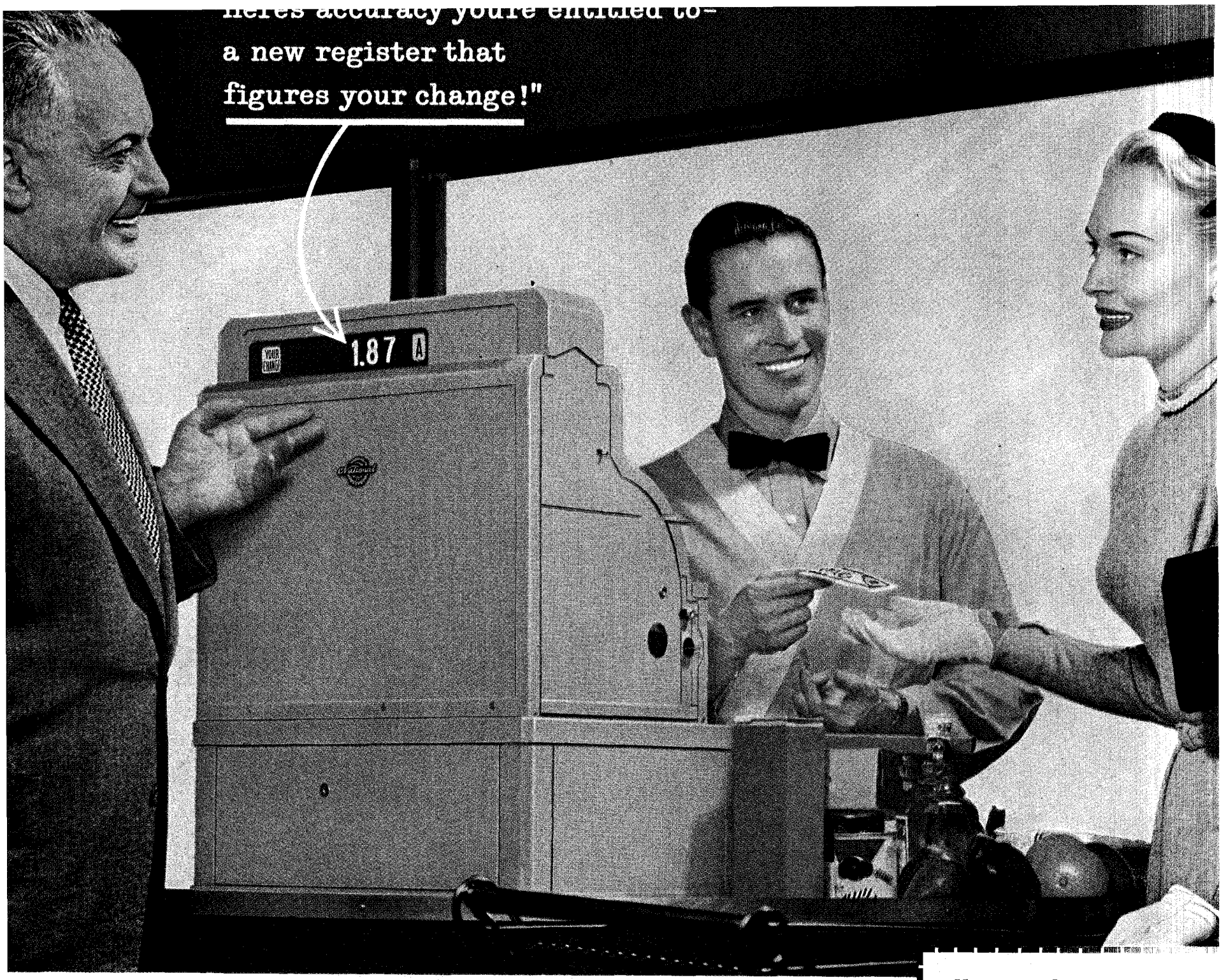

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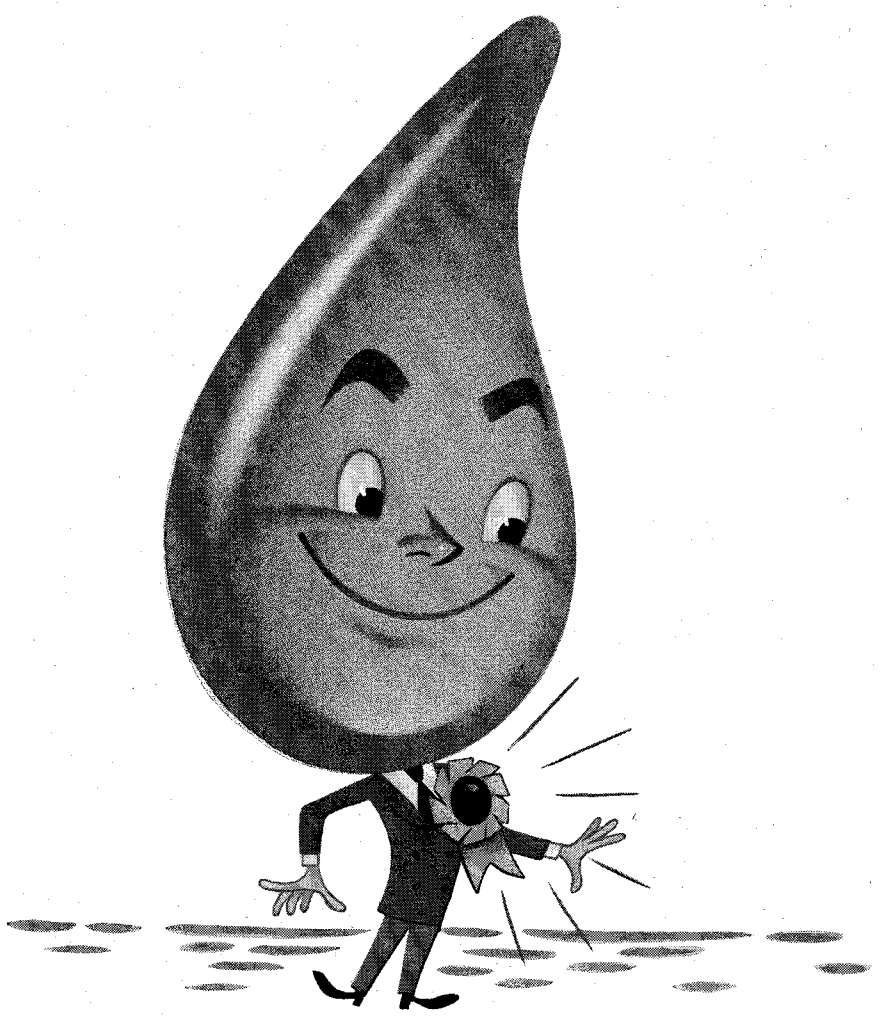

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(*Continued from Page 112*) The British Who's Who lists fourteen pages of such initials. "P.C.," for example, can mean Police Constable or, climbing a bit, Perpetual Curate. In Nutting's case it means Privy Councillor—a member of that very select group who are honorary—and occasionally actual—advisers to the Crown.)

Such, in brief, was the swift sequence of events which brought young Mr. Nutting (Rt. Hon., M.P., P.C., and so on) to the U.N. in time for him to strike his telling blow for the American fliers. Even more important for the world, perhaps, was his statement aligning Britain at our side in the Formosa crisis. Members of the American delegation feel that the boldness and timing of Nutting's remarks helped to prevent a Red Chinese attack on Formosa in the spring of '55—an attack which might have flamed into a world war.

A rise as spectacular as Nutting's carries with it certain penalties. The opposition is exasperated; older colleagues would hardly be human if they did not feel a twinge of envy. Laborites have pictured Nutting as a Pied Piper, luring innocent youth into the dark Conservative caverns. The analogy has some point, except that the young voters, to judge by the 1955 election, like their new quarters.

Some of the sharpest sniping at Nutting comes from the extreme right of his own party. This is not strange. Nutting is a so-called "enlightened Conservative," which is roughly comparable to our term, "Eisenhower Republican." The die-hard Tories, still fuming over "the surrendah of Injah and the Empah," choke over their port at the very word "enlightened." Furthermore, they feel, young Nutting is a bit too familiar with that upstart ex-colony, the U.S.A.

"All charm and no substance" is the toughest charge made against Nutting, but I can find no support for it among men who have had a chance to work with and observe him closely. I have talked with such men in Parliament (of both parties), in the Foreign Office, in the U.N., in the American diplomatic service and among his old neighbors in Leicestershire.

Some of these men had their criticisms of Nutting, but all are agreed that he has "substance"; that his mind is unusually lively, ingenious and tenacious; that he can stand up to punishing hours of work without losing his good humor or mental clarity; that he has the ability quickly to grasp a complex new situation and get to its essentials; that in prolonged negotiations, which so often stray from the issue, he has the gift of getting the discussion back on the track and summing up the main points effectively.

One experienced British diplomat told me: "I don't say Nutting is a Great Brain—you hardly want that in this business. But his mind is far above the ordinary, and he has judgment, common sense. He has the quality—amazing how rare it is—of not being a damn fool."

Nutting's friendliness to America, and his strongly expressed belief that the American alliance is vital to the survival of Britain and the West, have also drawn attack at home, mostly from the far right or left. One Socialist M.P. called him "a little American lapdog." Since this critic had shown sympathy for Red China and even made a pilgrimage to Peking, Nutting's defense was simple: "Imagine being called a lapdog by a Pekingese."

There are a number of other misapprehensions about Nutting. I have heard him called "a typically smooth, British-university product" and "a modern urban sophisticate." Actually his education included only one very casual year at Cambridge. And his formative years were passed, not among the enticements of London's Mayfair, but in the robust farming-hunting country of Leicestershire, where life and customs were not so different from the eighteenth century.

Anthony, born January 11, 1920, was no underprivileged child. His father, a man of comfortable fortune and sportsman-squire of old Quenby Hall, was a prominent figure in the county. As a young man, Sir Harold had served as a cavalry officer in India and Australia; then through years of trench warfare in France. He survived only because of some brilliant surgery which enabled him to breathe through an incision in his back while a terrible throat injury mended. (Sir Harold got so good at this that he could even sneeze through his back.)

After the war, fully recovered, he distinguished himself as an M.F.H. (Master of the Fox Hounds). This expensive, arduous and sometimes dangerous honor carries great prestige. Even royalty, when they go ahunting, stand in some awe of the M.F.H., who rules his horsy domain with dictatorial powers. In 1940, when Britain lay under the threat of imminent invasion, the old cavalryman put aside his hunting togs to command the Leicestershire Home Guard.

"Good outfit," Sir Harold recalls, "considerin' they were armed mostly with pitchforks."

With this background, little Tony naturally learned to ride almost as soon as he could walk. At (*Continued on Page 118*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish my ailments were only imaginary, like yours."

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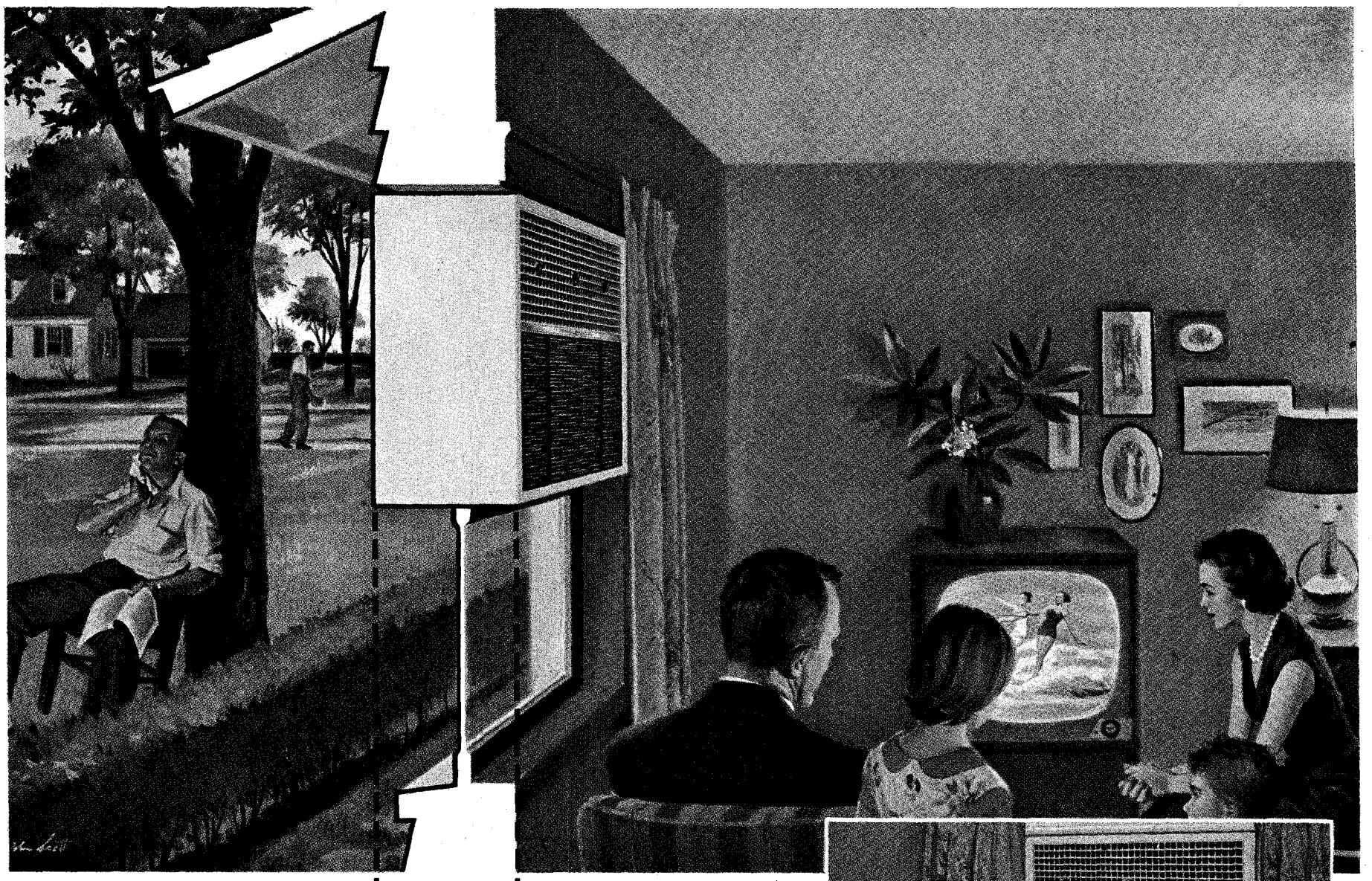

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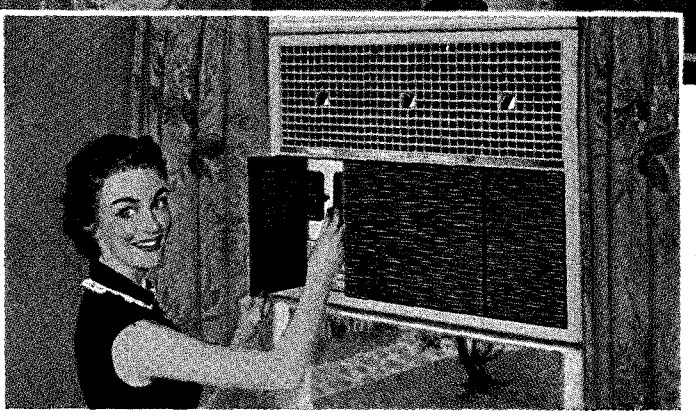

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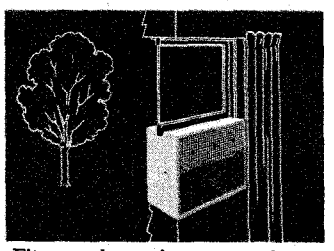

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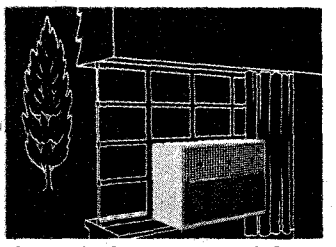

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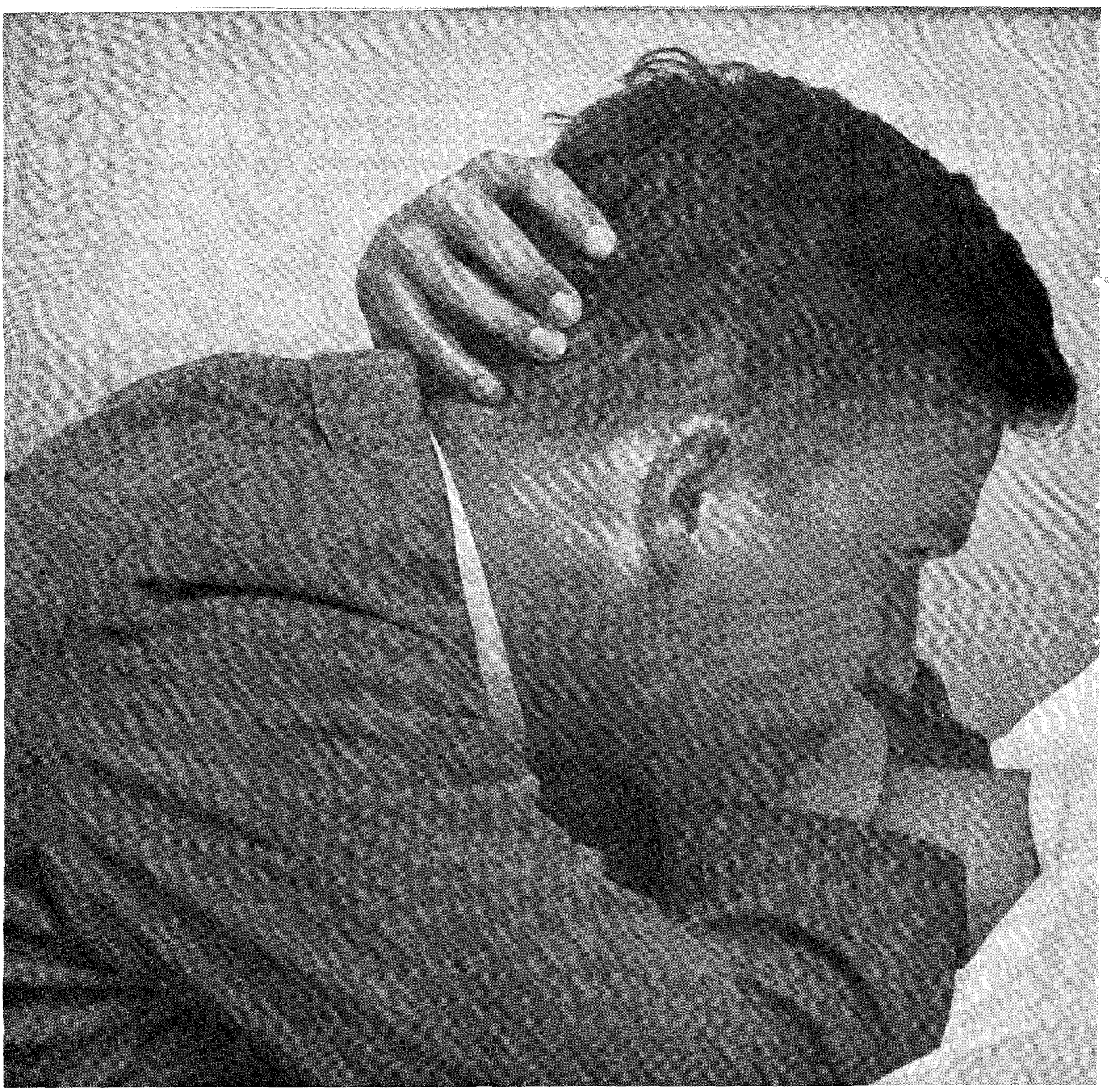

How to keep the event blessed for life

You can protect a baby's future with Equitable's Living Insurance

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a place for big dreams. At first they are built with tl
eyes, but soon there is time to talk of these drean
and to do something about them.

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These plans *guarantee* that he will have funds f
special training or college when he grows up.

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"Childbirth"—Photographed by Shelly Grossman.

Next, consider the mortgage on the home where you'll raise him. Your home will always be there for him — even if you're not here — with Equitable's Assured Home Ownership Plan.

Third, there's his health. Equitable's low-cost Major Medical Expense Policy goes far beyond ordinary insurance to help pay the huge bills of serious illness or accident that could wipe out life's savings.

These are just three ways that Equitable's *Living Insurance* works for you and your family while you live — or, for those who live on after you. It will pay you to see the Man from Equitable — an experienced insurance advisor — and learn how to keep the event blessed for life with Equitable's *Living Insurance*. *The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

Living Insurance

by Equitable, New York

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(*Continued from Page 114*) seven he came a cropper over a high fence and got a kick in the head which knocked him unconscious for twenty-four hours. This grounded him for two years. At nine he wangled himself another mount and, as his mother says, "was off across country like a scalded cat."

At ten Anthony's ambition was fixed on the Navy, which he planned to enter—as many young Britons do—as a junior cadet at age thirteen. His mother argued that he should wait until he finished school and prep school (Eton). A mother-son contest ensued, with each trying to drum up supporting advice from retired naval types in the neighborhood. Lady Nutting forged ahead when she got a full-fledged commodore on her side. Then one morning as the hunt assembled, Anthony spotted a burly horseman, his top hat far on the side of his head, whom he recognized as the famed Admiral Lord Beatty.

The boy spurred alongside, doffed his cap and said, "Good morning, sir. I'm Tony."

"Good morning to you," said the hero of Jutland, "I'm David."

Eagerly the boy explained his problem. He had found the right adviser—Beatty himself had become a naval cadet at thirteen. "That's the age to start," the admiral growled, "and you can tell your mother I said so." Tony put heels to his steed, galloped most of the ten miles home and rushed in to his mother.

"Game, set and match!" he shouted. "Lord Beatty says thirteen!"

Lady Nutting was crestfallen, but bided her time. Mother knows best. Divining her youngest son's gift for diplomacy, she craftily guided him into studies suited to that career—history, political science, languages. She had him tutored in French until he spoke it like a native. Taking to such studies readily, Anthony gradually forgot his naval ambitions. Also, he was ever more engrossed in such land pursuits as hunting, hurdle racing and steeplechasing. While still in his teens he was good enough to ride in the Irish Grand National—to the dismay of his parents when they heard about it, afterward.

Unbeknownst to himself, in his riding and hunting, young Anthony was storing up future political capital. He learned to know the highways, byways and villages of what is now his parliamentary district. Countless farmers there still have pleasant memories of the friendly, hard-riding boy on the big horse.

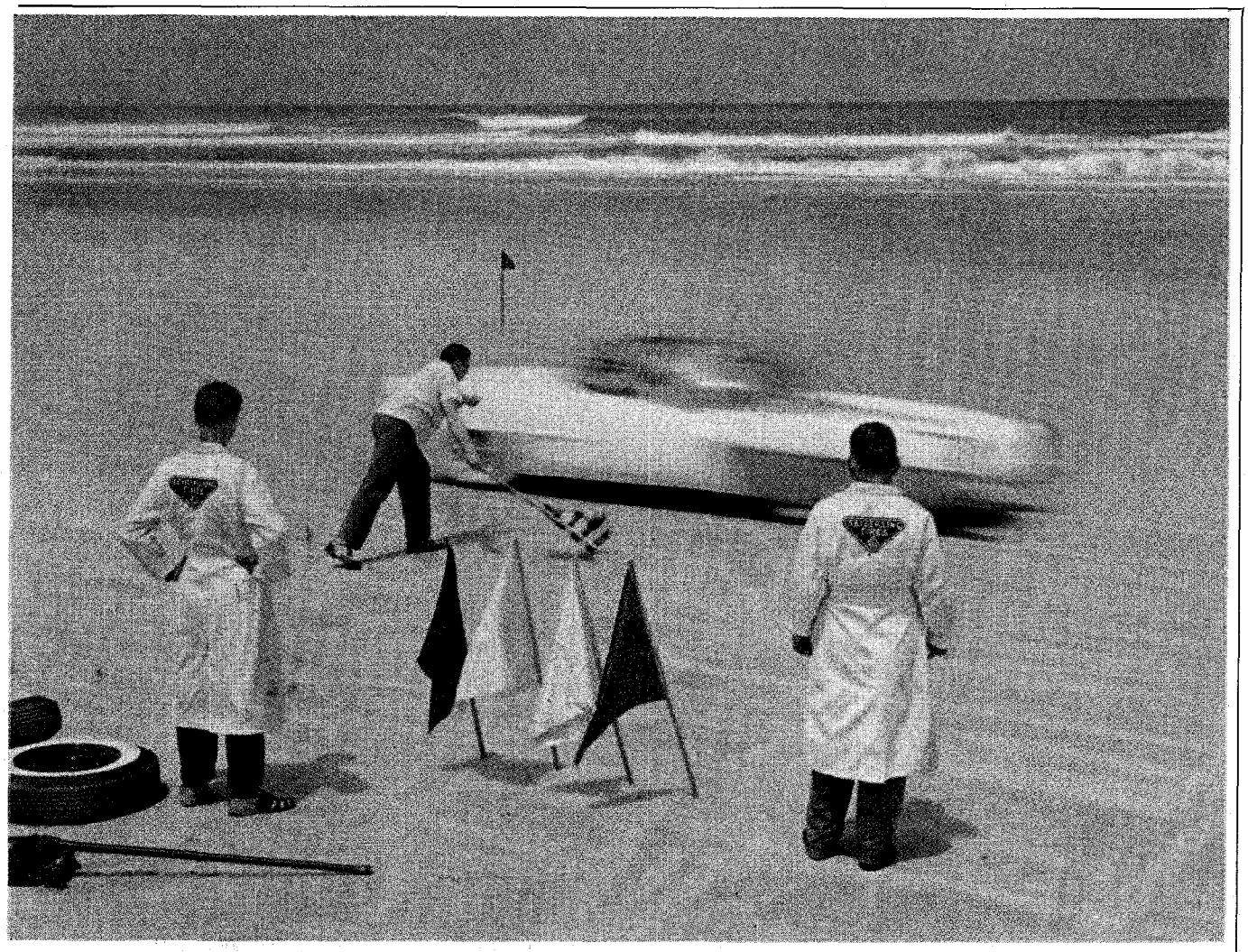
When he went to Eton he knew more French, schoolmates say, than his teachers, and he was good enough at his other studies to graduate in the top section of his class. That was in 1938. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn—the dark autumn of Munich and Hitler's subsequent seizure of Czechoslovakia. With the war shadow deepening, young students were less interested in study than in enjoying life while they could. Anthony probably spent more time in the saddle than in the lecture hall or tutor's den. In the spring of 1939 he had the accident which was to change his career.

He was riding in a hurdle race. At one of the jumps the horse ahead of him fell, his horse piled on, and the horse behind fell on him. "I was the jam in the sandwich," Nutting recalls. The impact dazed him and broke some ribs, one of which pierced a lung. There was worse to come. At that time patriotic British girls were training in first-aid nursing. Many of them attended the hurdle races, knowing that such events often provided living cases on which they could practice their new art. Following the triple spill, a bevy of these admirable young ladies dashed to the rescue. Pouncing on the prone Nutting, they started to give him artificial respiration. This is not ideal treatment for a man with a rib in his lung. Nutting screamed in agony. "Ah!" cried one of the girls. "He's coming to!" Fortunately, a doctor arrived in time to save him from the ministering angels.

In July of '39, with war only weeks away, the nineteen-year-old Nutting enlisted as a trooper in the Leicestershire Yeomanry. His chest had not entirely healed, but a friendly doctor passed him in. Active training did the chest no good, and in the winter a hard bout of pneumonia made things worse, leaving a persistent abscess which took several years and the advent of penicillin finally to clear up. Early in 1940 he was invalided out of the service for the duration.

He was offered a desk job in uniform, but preferred to see what he could do in civilian clothes. With the war on, Cambridge had no further appeal to him. He applied at the Foreign Office, which was hard up for young men, and was accepted on a "temporary" basis which was to last five years. He was afraid he would be assigned to some such obscure post as Pongo-Bongo, but, thanks to the fluent French his mother's foresight had provided, he was sent as attaché to the British Embassy in Paris. He had hardly settled in there when hell and the German *Panzers* broke loose. He helped in the evacuation from France of the women and children, and finally got out himself with the last of the embassy staff in a small merchant ship which was lucky to survive a torpedo attack in the Bay of Biscay.

Next he was sent to Spain, ostensibly as "private secretary" to the British am-



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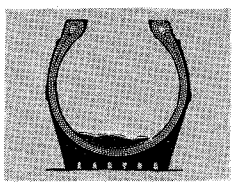
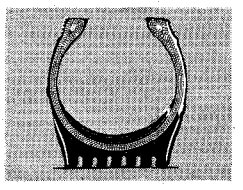


Ordinary puncture-sealing tires can lose puncture protection — Centrifugal force and tire heat can cause the sealing gum to flow out of position losing puncture protection and causing out-of-balance.



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bassador. Actually, his main duty was to help run the underground system by which Allied fliers, shot down over occupied France, were "winkled out"—spirited across the Pyrenees and thence down through Spain to the safety of Gibraltar. (Recollections of those days may have given added fire to Nutting's appeal for the imprisoned American fliers.) In the Spain of 1941, with Franco still playing footsie with Hitler, this was ticklish work. In 1942, probably under Nazi pressure, Franco suggested that Nutting be recalled to England.

Soon after his return to London, a private secretary to Foreign Secretary Eden fell ill. Nutting was chosen to fill the place for three months. This gave him not only a much-valued acquaintance with Secretary Eden, but a chance to observe the workings of foreign policy at the highest level. From this he went on to head the Scandinavian Section of the Northern Department. Here again he was involved in secret-service operations. He helped plan the successful sabotage of the Rjukan heavy-water plant in Norway—a setback to German atomic development—and the dispatch of speedy little motor gunboats which, slipping into the Baltic, picked up precious loads of Swedish ball bearings at night. In '44 he was attached to the embassy in newly liberated Rome.

Back from Italy on sick leave in the spring of 1945, Nutting was astonished to receive from the Conservative committee in his home district an invitation to appear before them as one of several possible Conservative candidates in the approaching election. At first glance the idea seemed absurd to Nutting: he was too young; he knew nothing of politics; and his plan was to stay in diplomacy for another ten years. Before rejecting the bid, however, he decided to check with his superiors on his prospects in the Foreign Service. They were nil, he was told, unless at war's end he could pass the extremely difficult written exams the Foreign Office required for all permanent career officers. Nutting, with his one year of college six years behind him, knew he couldn't pass such exams without a long, painful period of cramming.

Therefore, he concluded, he had better have a try at the parliamentary nomination, though it looked like a 100-to-1 shot. Arriving at the committee hall in Leicestershire, he was further discouraged. His half-dozen rival aspirants were all older than he—grave, worthy, substantial citizens, prominent and respected in the community.

One by one, the prospective candidates went in, each in turn to make his little speech and undergo questioning by the committee of some 120 men. Recently I talked, in Leicester's Grand Hotel, with one of those committeemen. "Young Nutting's speech bowled us right over," he recalled. "It was like a fresh breeze, with trumpet notes in it. He was clever answering questions too. Made his point and got a chuckle at the same time. We chose him over all the rest by a vote of three to one, and we've never regretted it."

Later I asked Nutting what training he had had for that maiden speech which launched him into politics. "I never opened my trap in public before that day," he said. "Never went in for debating or oratory in school or college. But don't think I didn't sweat over that speech. I wrote the whole thing out in advance and knew it almost by heart. That gave me an advantage over the old boys who had just jotted down a few notes."

Well, then, where did Nutting get the eloquence which bowled over the solid men of Leicestershire and can sway a multinational audience in the U.N.? Apparently he is one of those people with an inborn talent for effective speech. As for his teachers, one might guess that he absorbed emphasis from his father, Irish wit from his mother, vigor from the hunting field and precision from the Foreign Office. Style? He read a lot of Shakespeare as a boy, and can still reel off long passages from memory. And you can be sure, when you hear him, that Churchill's rolling majesty and Eden's persuasive logic have not been lost upon him.

Given such preceptors, plus a fine voice and graceful presence, young Mr. Nutting need not worry about having missed a few years of academic training. University discipline, by formalizing his speech, might have drained off some of its bounce and color.

I don't want to suggest that he is not a well-educated man. He got a splendid foundation at Eton; and the variety of his wartime tasks in the Foreign Office, in company with some of England's ablest men, was an education in itself. Moreover, he has the kind of alert, exploring, retentive mind which always goes on learning.

Such, then, is one among old England's array of promising young men. Now thirty-six, Nutting is a fortunate young man—if any statesman enmeshed in the cold war can be called fortunate. He has been happily married since 1941 and has two boys and a girl—the older boy is just starting in Eton. Barring a cataclysm, he will never have to worry about where his three square meals are coming from, and in the normal course of events he will someday become Sir Anthony Nutting, Baronet. More important, he has the gift of friendship. Strangers are sometimes annoyed by the polish of his top-drawer manner, but those who know him well find him a warm, generous and confiding person.

One prominent American of ambassadorial rank says of Nutting, "What I like about him is his guts and good sense. He can see when caution is more dangerous than courage—his statement on Formosa was an example. He's not one of your egg-walkers and angle-players. He's not afraid to take a strong position and stand by it. In my opinion he has the qualities of those old-time Englishmen who made Britain great."

Whether he will ever be prime minister is quite another question. Despite his early speed, he has a long ride ahead. And the field of British politics is as full of tricky obstacles as the hunting country where Nutting grew up. Baily's Hunting Manual, after describing the terrain of Quorn Hunt, specifies the kind of horse that is needed:

"A thoroughbred . . . is required; he must be bold, fast, a big jumper, and able to stay."

In the steeplechase of British politics, Nutting seems to have the first four qualities. Whether he can "stay," or will want to, I cannot guess. His mother saw her little boy as a diplomat, which would lead more logically to the Foreign Secretaryship than to 10 Downing Street—and Lady Nutting's intuitions are not lightly to be disregarded. THE END

Some men who are rejected by one woman don't try to win another. They quit while they're ahead.

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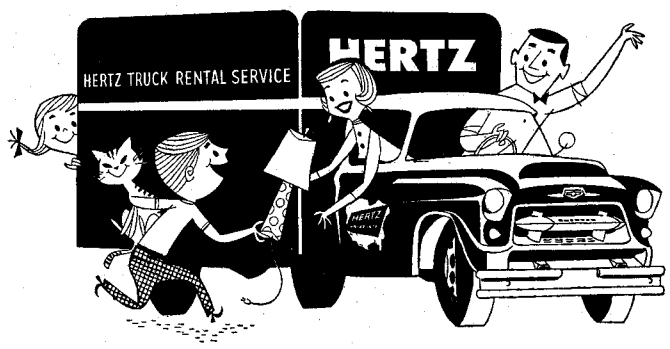

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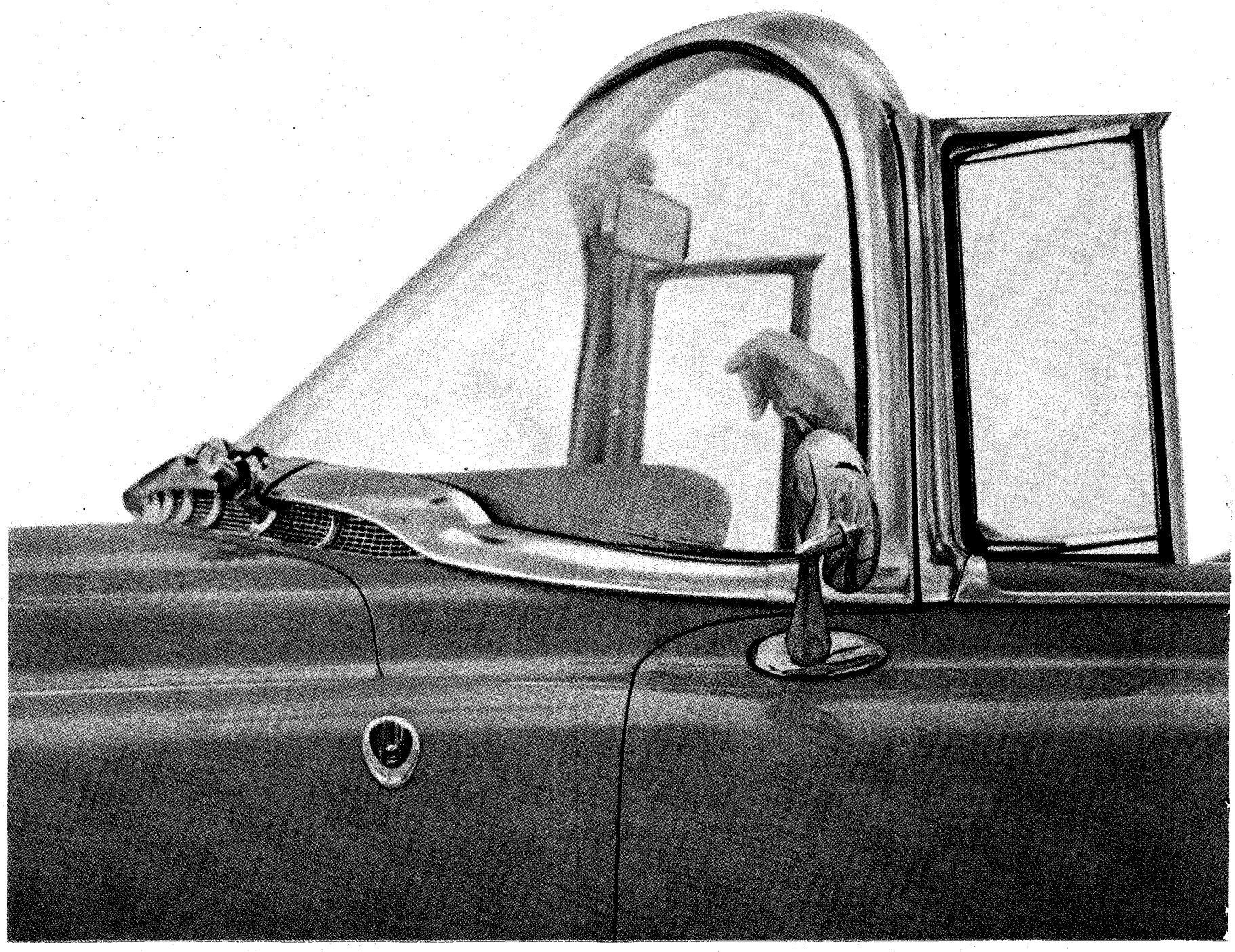

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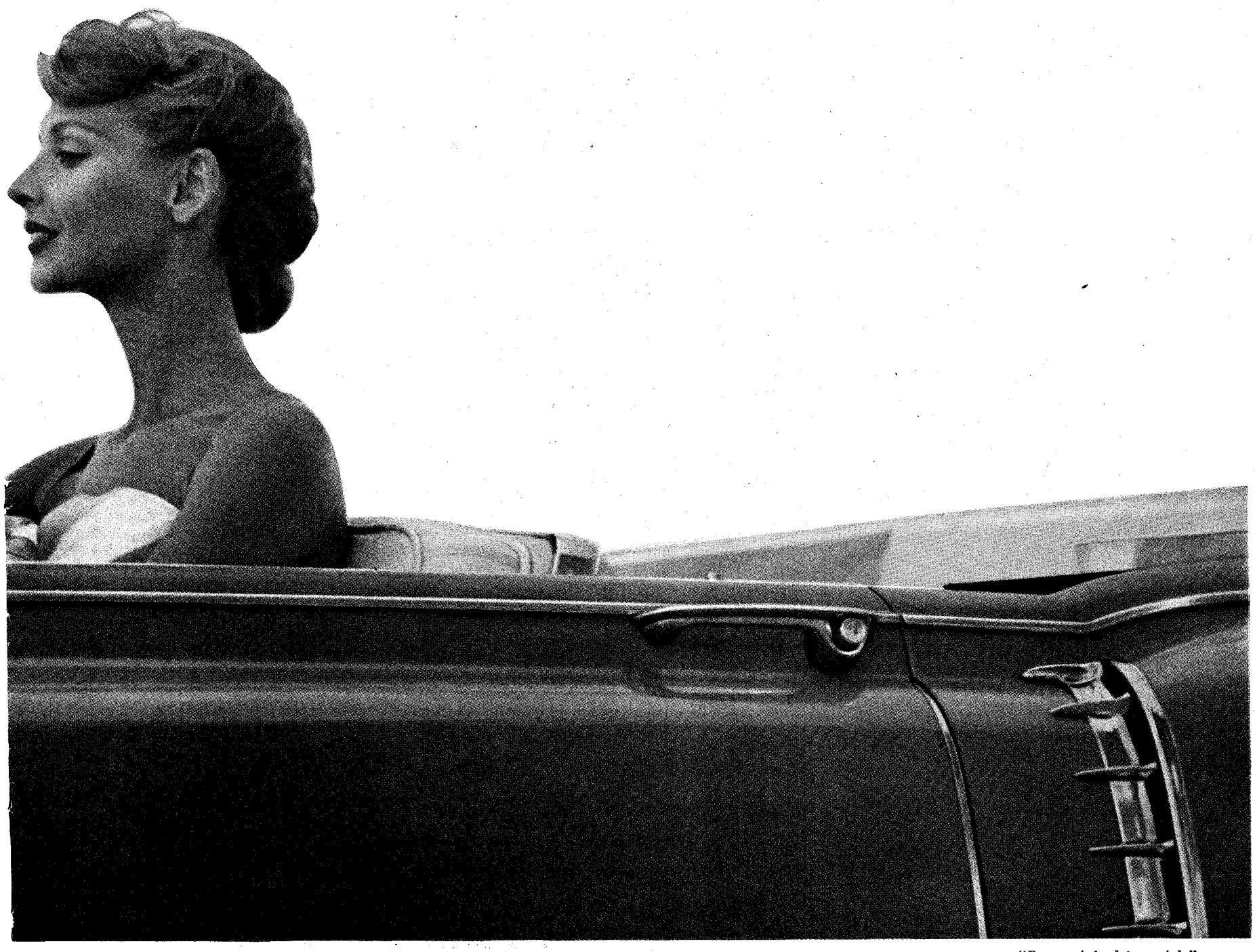
transmissions, too



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...rooked Game (Continued from Page 43)

Jesse headed back for the station to pick up his seven guns. But Alf Jenkins intercepted him when he got to the bank corner.

"Stranger in town?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jesse said. "Just passin' through."

"Just passin' through?" Alf sounded shocked. "Travelin' salesman?"

"Kind of. I represent the Faultless Arms and Ammunition Company, internationally famous manufacturer of sporting and military arms and ammunition and explosives for more than a half century. Jesse Ainley, sir."

"Alf Jenkins. Run the bank. Now look, Mr. Ainley. Catamount Springs is fixin' to be the metropolis of the great Southwest. I can't see how a likely-lookin' young feller like you can afford not to stop off and grow up with the country."

"I'll think about it," Jesse said. "Look, I need to ——"

"Tell you what, young feller. I like your looks. I know where there's a hundred and sixty you can buy pretty well worth the money. Bottom land, some of it. Or I know a feller that'll sell a likely-lookin' grocery store. Loan you the money either way."

"I guess not today," Jesse said. "Thanks just the same."

He tried to walk around the banker, but Alf got in front of him.

"Come on across the street," Alf said. "This won't take a minute."

Jesse, who had been brought up not to strike his elders, couldn't do much but go on across the street and into the Malloy Hardware Store with Alf. Inside the hardware store was Alf Jenkins' secret weapon.

There has never been an accurate estimate of the number of up-and-coming young men Alf Jenkins' secret weapon kept from settling in Oklahoma City or maybe even going on to Texas or California or some such fate. Her name was Sadie Malloy.

She was at the counter, talking to a farmer about some plow points. She was a slim girl, with lively dark eyes that wanted to smile at you, and a face that put Jesse in mind of an angel and a friendly hound pup, all at the same time.

When the farmer left, Alf Jenkins nudged Jesse up to the counter and introduced him.

"Welcome to our city," Sadie said.

"Thank you," Jesse managed.

"Are you going to settle down and grow up with the country and help Catamount Springs become the metropolis of America's last great, golden frontier, Mr. Ainley?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jesse said.

He went outside, tore up his handbills, wired his resignation to the Faultless Arms and Ammunition Company, and returned to the Pioneer office.

"Need a job," he announced.

Wallace Sessions looked disappointed. "Haven't you got any money?"

"I've got a house in Carthage, Missouri."

"Pretty good house?"

"Not very."

Sessions sighed. "Go back and set a stick of straight matter."

He timed Jesse on the job and nodded approval before he could catch himself. He put away his watch and took a .38 Colt out of his hip pocket.

"Stand right still for a minute," he said, "and an old rat'll come easin' around that job press yonder. Shoot 'im."

"Shoot 'im in the eye?"

"Be all right."

When the rat showed up, Jesse shot him in the eye.

"O.K.," Sessions said. "Go to work."

"Two dollars a day?"

"A dollar and six-bits is customary."

Jesse shook his head. "Two dollars a day is customary where I come from, and it ain't even the future metropolis of the great Southwest."

"All right," the editor decided. "You better keep the gun. At wages like that, you can handle the shooting work too."

Jesse wasn't exactly sure what he meant about that until he got a chance to go over the back files. The Pioneer had been a much more fiery newspaper at its founding. If Sessions ever did find a buyer for it, the paper's goodwill would be a negative quantity.

But that was later. As soon as the paper came out that first day, Jesse hustled out to get his seven guns. He traded them to a man who was setting up the city's first pawnshop. He headed for the Malloy Hardware Store with what the man said was the best diamond ring that side of Kansas City.

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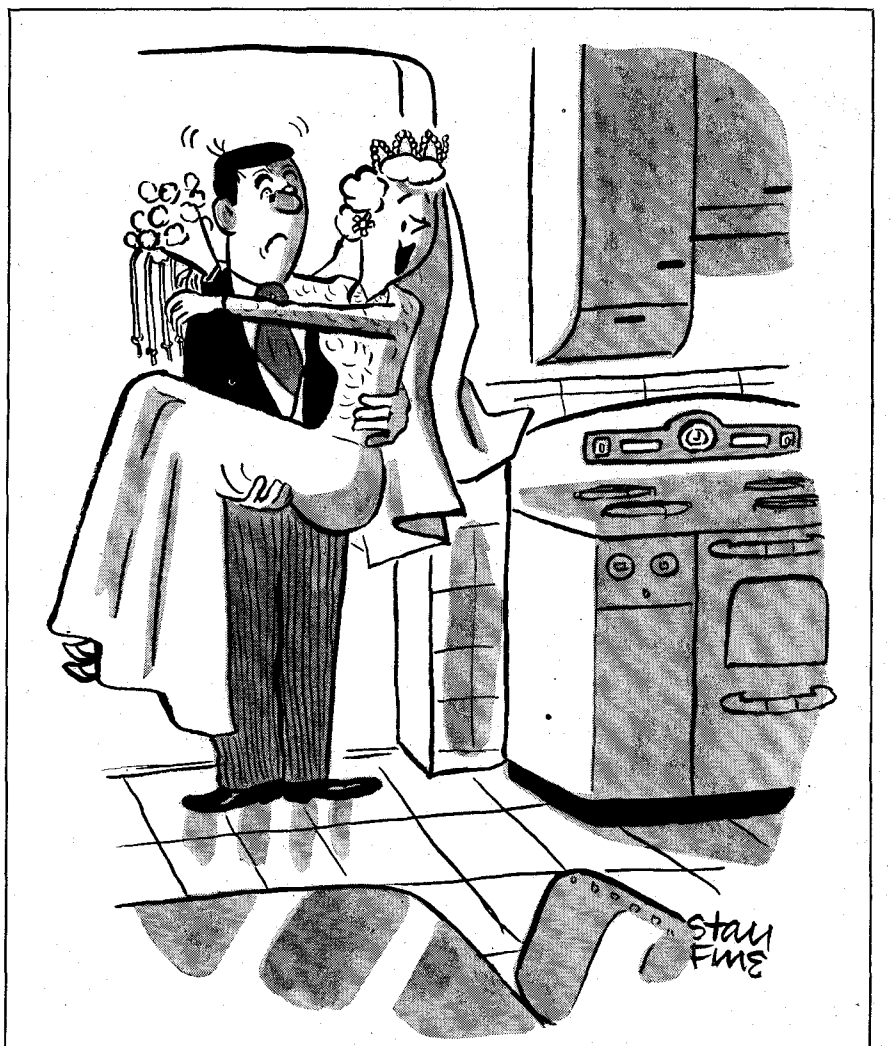

"It'll be easy to keep this room spotless! I can't cook."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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But this time Jesse noticed Sadie Malloy's clothes. He wasn't any expert on the subject, but he was pretty sure that dress she was wearing hadn't been bought with any twelve-dollar pay check. He looked up from the dress, and when he did he was looking into her eyes, and he panicked. He panicked so bad he said what he was thinking.

"I must be crazy," he said.

She tilted her head and looked at him carefully. "You look all right to me," she said.

"Do I really?" he asked gratefully.

"I guess," she said doubtfully.

"I'll be back," Jesse said.

He found Alf Jenkins in his office. "Tell me about her," he demanded.

"Real nice girl," Alf said. "Smart too. Runs that store all by herself. Daddy come in in The Run and opened it, and then got killed from a team runnin' away with him, and she come out here from Illinois and took over. Best hardware store in the territory, I expect."

"What's she worth?"

"Shucks, Jesse, I ain't supposed to say."

"You got me into this."

Alf nodded slowly. "In the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars," he said.

Jesse whistled and sat down hard in the visitor's chair. "As bad as that?"

"Just about. Though it ain't generally considered bad."

"How long would it take to get in the neighborhood of seventy-six thousand dollars at twelve dollars a week?"

The banker did some figuring. "Somethin' better than a hundred and twenty-one years. If you didn't take out any for eatin' or anything."

"Too long. How long would it take runnin' that grocery store?"

"Quite a while. Countin' gettin' out of debt from buyin' it. Take longer farmin' the bottom farm, though."

"Have to think of somethin' else. Where could I get me a job on the side? And where's there a poker game?"

"City constable's the only thing I know of right now. It's mostly night work. The only regular poker game's at Eight-Notch Newt Batson's shack. And they claim he marks the deck with a fishhook. . . ."

Jesse looked up a quorum of the city council down at the domino parlor and got the constable job. At the end of the week he invested his wages from both jobs in the poker game. Alf Jenkins was hanging around when he came out.

"Somebody was markin' the cards, all right," Jesse told him. "But I saved out eatin' money till next payday, and I sleep at the newspaper shop, so I'll be all right. But nobody's goin' to make seventy-six thousand dollars out of that poker game except maybe the man that owns that fishhook."

It turned out there wasn't any other payday on the constable job. The city fathers took a dim view of their appointed official gambling. Besides, the mayor's brother-in-law showed up from Kansas and needed a job.

Anyway, by then Jesse had read the back files and made some new plans. He went to work on them Monday morning, not knowing about all the help he was going to get from Newt Batson.

"Sure been runnin' some courageous editorials," Jesse told his boss. "Mighty interestin' readin'."

Sessions looked over his shoulder at the front door. "Not lately," he said. "That was right after I came out here and before I got to know the country."

"Boy, you sure gave 'em fits," Jesse said admiringly. "Everybody from President Harrison right down to Eight-Notch Newt Batson."

"I guess I did, all right. You still got our gun?"

"Took a lot of nerve, tryin' to run Newt Batson out of town. Pretty rough-lookin' customer."

"Thank you," Sessions said. "Say, Jesse, slip back and see is that alley door locked."

Now, right while they were talking, the sheriff and his deputy were on their way down to Newt Batson's shack on business. The sheriff took along a poster he'd got in the morning mail that told about a man named John Beelson, alias this and that, being wanted over in the Choctaw Nation and in various parts of Arkansas and a place or two in Texas for murder and one thing and another. The picture on the poster looked to the sheriff like Newt Batson with a beard.

Two shots were heard while the sheriff and his deputy were in the shack, and Newt Batson, Tom Pearson and Three-Finger Yates were seen leaving the back door of the shack immediately after the second shot. The man who saw them reported that the three men ran down the alley, circled the block and helped a group of their fellow citizens find the bodies of the sheriff and his deputy in the shack.

Sessions went out and covered the story and got it wrapped up in good shape. He wrote it up on his typewriter, but when he got through he penciled out everything about Newt Batson and Pearson and Yates, and just said the shooting happened in a dwelling in the east part of town. He left in the part about the mayor's brother-in-law resigning as constable and returning to Kansas, though. (*Continued on Page 125*)

Life's so bright when the air's just right

WITH LENNOX ALL-SEASON AIR CONDITIONING

JUST RIGHT FOR CHILDREN: *right* temperature, *right* humidity to bolster appetites, encourage sleep, improve health—and behavior. Freshened, filtered air is *automatically* warmed in winter, cooled in summer; quietly and evenly distributed to every room. Gives children boundless energy!

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says Elsie, the Borden Cow

Elsie: Borden's Half-and-Half is just the right mixture of milk and cream to make plain everyday cereal a special treat.

Elmer: Tastes mighty good!

Elsie: Of course it does; Half-and-Half is richer than whole milk—yet it costs 'way less than light cream. And, Elmer, Borden's Half-and-Half is lower in calories . . .

Elmer: Mmm . . . guess I'll use it in my coffee, too!

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good milk, good ice cream, good cheese, good coffee!

ELSIE SAYS, "Get the PINT SIZE at your food store or from your Borden man. And don't forget the other Borden Creams . . . Borden's fine cheeses . . . and Borden's extra-rich ice cream!"

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(*Continued from Page 123*) "Best story since I came," Jesse commented while he was setting it into type.

Sessions went to the front door, looked up and down the street, and came back. "How big's that house you've got in Carthage, Missouri?"

"Four rooms."

"That all you've got?"

"I've got two bird dogs and a saddle horse."

"What's the address of the house?"

Jesse told him. Sessions took off his apron. "What's the name of the man that's keepin' your bird dogs and saddle horse?"

Jesse told him. Sessions reached for his hat.

"I can still catch the noon train," he said. "Mail me a deed and I'll mail you one."

Jesse put the part about Batson and his friends back in the story. As soon as he got the paper out, he went across to the hardware store. Sadie was there by herself.

"Well," Jesse greeted her, "I guess I own the Daily Pioneer now. Wouldn't be surprised if a man couldn't make himself seventy-six thousand dollars pretty fast, runnin' a growin' daily newspaper in a growin' town like this."

"Why seventy-six thousand dollars?"

●

In addition to safety belts for automobiles, another good idea would be ejection seats for back-seat drivers.

HAL CHADWICK

●

Jesse looked her in the eye. "So I'll be in a position to ask a lady a question, ma'am," he said.

"I see."

"You reckon you do?"

She blushed.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guess maybe you do. Well, I've got to go see my banker."

Alf shook his head sadly when he heard the news. "You just ought to see the size of the mortgage Wallace Sessions sold you."

"You fixin' to foreclose on me?"

"Not while Newt Batson's around, I'm not. I don't want anything to do with that paper. I won't even walk past the office without I cross the street. I won't read it only at home, with the curtains down. Come to think about it, I may stop talkin' to you."

"Good," Jesse said. "Who'll be sheriff now?"

"Governor'll probably let it ride till the election."

You remember those first officials after The Run were appointed, not elected, and the first elections weren't held until the next summer. The filing period was just then opening.

Well, the next day the eyewitness who had seen Batson and the others run down the alley went fishing. He didn't come back, and eventually his body washed up on a sand bar with a bullet hole between the eyes. It seemed reasonable to believe there may have been other eyewitnesses, but none came forward. Nobody applied for the constable's job and nobody filed for sheriff.

Jesse wrote a fiery editorial captioned The Three New Notches on Newt Batson's Gun. It was not fiery enough to send any sheriff candidates around to the election board.

That evening Jesse rented a buggy, outmaneuvered a platoon of his competitors and took Sadie Malloy for a ride along the river. While he was gone, somebody shot all the glass out of the Daily Pioneer windows. Nobody would admit to knowing who had done the shooting, but Newt Batson, Tom Pearson and Three-Finger Yates were seen replenishing their ammunition supply the next day at the Malloy Hardware Store.

Flies entered the Daily Pioneer office in droves through the place where the plate glass had been. It's pretty hard for one man to get out a handset daily newspaper, even a two-page newspaper, and hungry insects don't make it any easier. All day Jesse kept getting madder and madder, and when he finally got the paper out he took Sessions' .38 and went down to the end of Main Street and kicked on the door of Newt Batson's shack.

"Newt," he yelled, "come out here!"

Newt and Tom Pearson and Three-Finger Yates came out, along with three gentlemen from out of town who had never learned not to play cards with strangers.

"Newt," Jesse said, "I've got somethin' to show you."

He took from his pocket a lead disk about the size of a silver dollar. He flipped the disk into the air with his left hand, and when it was at the top of its flight he raised his pistol and fired. He hit the under edge of the spinning disk, so that it flew higher into the air. He nicked it again on its way down; then shot a hole through the exact center so that it did not interfere with the writing around the edge, which said: "Shot for Faultless Arms and Ammunition Co. by J. Ainley."

Jesse picked the disk out of the dust, flipped it at Newt Batson and started back down Main Street. Newt caught the disk, examined it and tried to act unimpressed.

"You reckon you could shoot that good if somebody was shootin' back at you?" he yelled at Jesse.

Jesse stopped and turned around. "I don't see where that'd make any difference," he said. "You think you could do better?"

"I reckon I do," Newt said.

"I do too," said Tom Pearson.

"Me too," said Three-Finger Yates.

"I've got three shells left," Jesse said.

"If I had a mind to," Newt added. . . . "Let's go, boys. . . . Tom, your treys is high. Bet 'em." They crowded back into the shack.

The incident had an audience that would have gladdened the hearts of the executives of the Faultless Arms and Ammunition Company. The city council met in the middle of Main Street while Jesse was walking back.

"Mr. Ainley," the mayor said when Jesse got there, "the city council has authorized me to offer you the position of city constable."

"Hah!" Jesse said, and walked around the mayor and through the city council and into the Malloy Hardware Store to buy some .38 shells.

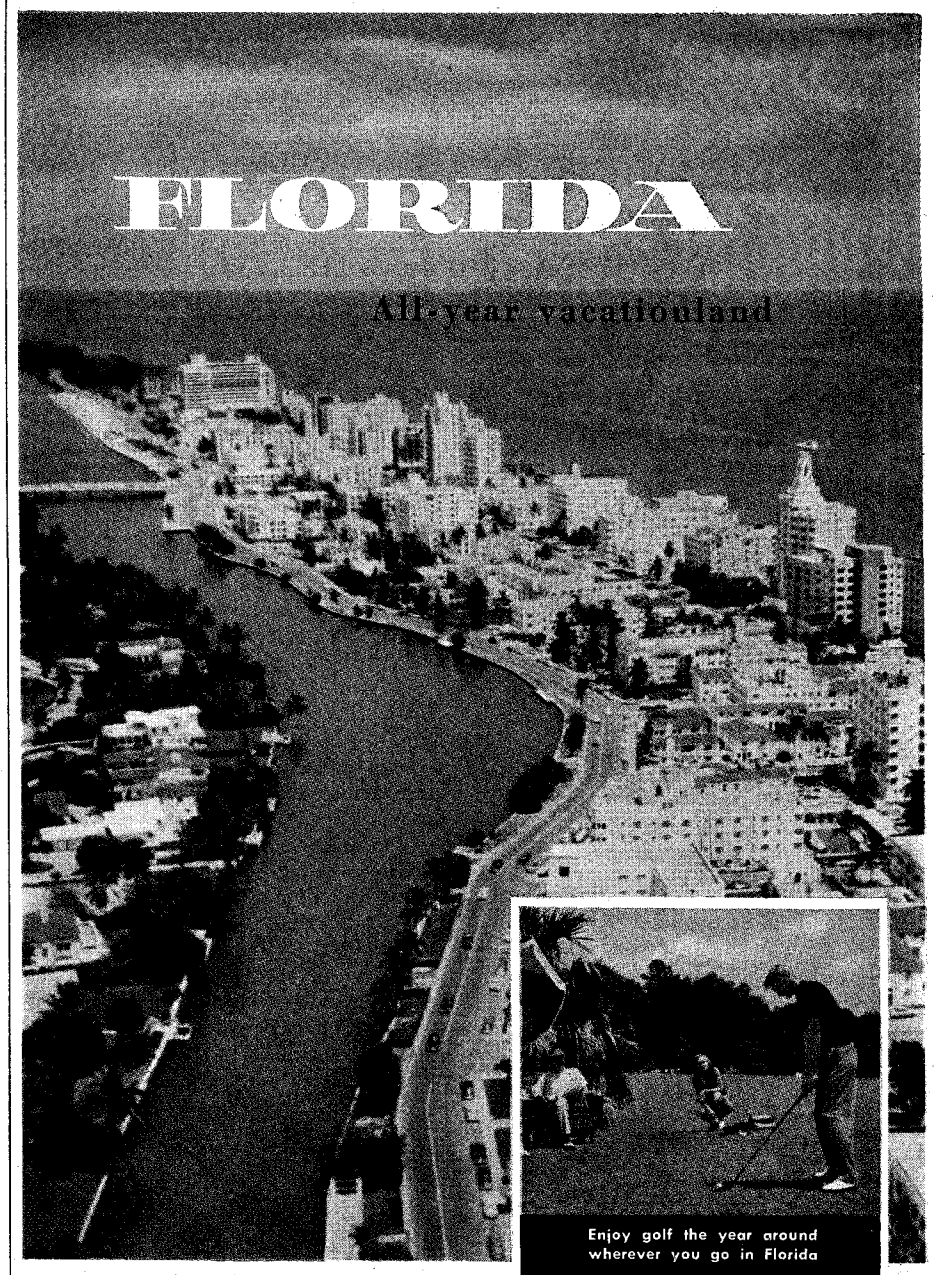
"My, my," Sadie said. "If I could shoot like that I'd file for sheriff."

Jesse stared at her. "What you want me to do—get my head shot off?"

Sadie dismissed that possibility with a wave of her right hand. And Jesse, who was smarter about most things than he was about girls, tried to talk sense to her.

"Newt Batson and them don't want any sheriff around here," he said. "They've got a nice setup, because there's strangers comin' to town every day, and most of 'em sit in the game once before they find out about it bein' crooked. They wouldn't be likely to give it up very easy."

"Oh, well," Sadie said. "I was just trying to help."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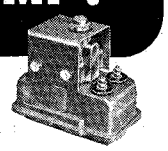

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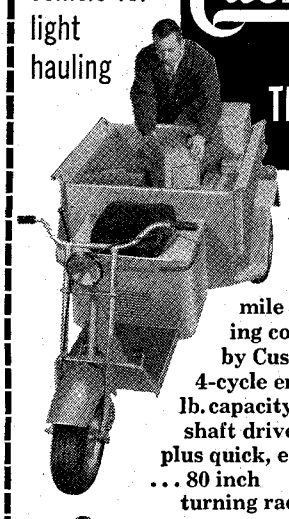

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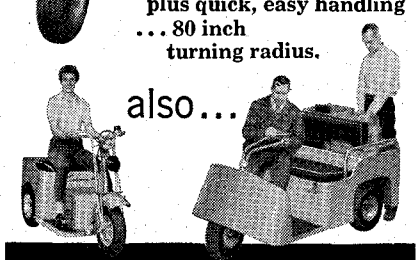

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"Oh. Is that what you were doin'?"

"Of course. You were talking about how bad you needed to make seventy-six thousand dollars. How much are you worth right now?"

"Well, right now," Jesse admitted, "about two thousand dollars in the hole. Though Alf Jenkins figures I could take bankruptcy and break even."

"But if you had a good job you could hire some help and keep the paper running. Just sit back and let it grow up with the country, and maybe in a year or two you could sell out for seventy-six thousand dollars."

"I guess maybe you're right."

"The sheriff's job pays good."

"I know it does."

"But you don't want to monkey around too long, because then that lady might be worth more than seventy-five thousand dollars."

So Jesse paid for his pistol shells and went down and filed for sheriff.

The next day Eleven-Notch Newt Batson and Tom Pearson and Three-Finger Yates went down the river and behind a willow thicket. All morning it sounded like a medium-sized war going on down there. The town was curious, but as far as Jesse could tell, nobody was curious enough to go and investigate.

At noon Jesse waited until he saw Sadie Malloy leave the store and start next door to the Bluebonnet Café. He beat four other young men-about-town to the stool next to her. Pat Hogan, an enterprising young lumberyard proprietor, won the seat on her other side.

"That bucket of sand I sent around all right, Miss Sadie?" Pat asked.

"It was fine, thank you."

"Very best grade of river sand. Sifted it myself, on account of the customer."

"Thank you," Sadie said, digging into the mulligan.

"Mixin' some concrete?" Pat asked.

"Not exactly."

Jesse figured it was his turn at a little conversation then, but Alf Jenkins joined the party before he could think of anything sparkling to say. Jesse thought back, but he could never remember seeing a muddier banker.

Sadie flashed Alf a smile which any number of Catamount Springs bachelors would gladly have died for.

"It ain't dignified," Alf grumbled. "The leadin' banker in a growin' metropolis crawlin' around on his belly in them willers."

"What'd you find out?" Sadie asked.

"Why, they was throwin' silver dollars up and shootin' at 'em. They didn't do so good."

"Did they quit?"

"Run out of shells."

That must have been right, because soon after Jesse got back to work, he saw Batson and his constant companions go into the hardware store and come out loading their guns. A little later Sadie Malloy came across the street to the Pioneer office.

Jesse came up to the counter.

"Item for the paper," she said. "You don't need to run it today."

It was a folded piece of note paper. She put it on the bottom of the copy spike, smiled and went off up the street.

Jesse figured it was just something about the Ladies' Aid or some such, like Sadie had been bringing in to help out. In the course of his work he didn't get down to it for another hour.

When he did get to it, he had to read it twice to believe what it said:

Miss Sadie Malloy of this city called on Mr. Newt Batson of this city today to transact business. The business transaction had to do with losing $75,000.

Jesse didn't even stop to get his hat. When he pushed open the front door of Newt Batson's shack and jumped inside with his gun in his hand, Sadie Malloy didn't even glance up. She was busy looking at her hole card.

But Eleven-Notch Newt Batson and Tom Pearson and Three-Finger Yates got up out of their chairs. Every one of them had a holstered .45 and they stood there on three sides of the card table, looking an awful lot like one man who would kill you and two who probably would.

"Get out of here," Jesse told Sadie.

"I can't," she said. "They've been letting me win at first and —— Oh, Jesse, I've made a horrible mess of things! I must be worth seventy-seven thousand dollars now!"

"Well, get on out of here," Jesse said. "The game's over."

She didn't, but she did look meeker than you'd ever expect to see her. And she got over in a corner out of the line of fire.

"Now, wait a minute," Newt said. "I'm sure this little lady don't want to quit without givin' us a chance to get even."

Newt had his hand pretty close to his gun. He kept edging to his left and Three-Finger Yates kept edging to his right, which made it increasingly hard for one man to keep his eyes on the three of them.

"Newt," Jesse said, "I'm goin' to arrest you all. It probably ain't legal, since I'm not sheriff yet, but not bein' sheriff yet, I don't know any better. You all stand still and quit movin' around on me."

"Don't be silly," Newt said.

About then Three-Finger Yates made a vague movement with his left hand. Jesse let his eyes flicker over that way, and when he got back to Newt Batson, Newt pretty nearly had his gun out of his holster.

Jesse shot a bullet through his right wrist, which is not difficult, except for people who are not in the habit of shooting thrown marbles and spinning disks and cigarettes held in the lips of nervous volunteers. Newt howled and turned loose of his gun the better to hold his wrist with his left hand.

Jesse swung back to Yates. Yates detoured the hand that was going for his gun and scratched his stomach instead. Jesse kept looking at him until he raised his hands. Tom Pearson had already raised his hands.

It was Alf Jenkins who came up with the solution. That is, officially it was Alf's idea; and he really thought it was until he had a good, long talk with Sadie Malloy.

The solution was simply for the Malloy Hardware Store to buy $40,000 worth of advertising in The Daily Pioneer and pay for it in advance. That left Sadie $37,000 and it gave Jesse $40,000, less $2000, or $38,000, which took care of his masculine pride with $1000 to spare.

Jesse wasn't too sold on the deal, but he was afraid not to take it. The next idea Sadie got, he figured, would probably get him killed.

"You are a schemin' little dickens," Alf said, along toward the end of his talk with Sadie. "But you slipped up bad on two points."

Sadie just smiled.

"In the first place," Alf told her, "you didn't figure Newt and them very good. They're desperate men, Sadie, wanted all over. And three against one is bad odds, I don't care how good a shot the one is. And anyway, like Newt said that time, Jesse never had been shot at and there was no way to be sure he wouldn't freeze up or somethin'."

"That's right," Sadie said. "But it wasn't such an awful big risk, because I sold Newt and his boys their ammunition. And if you take the powder out of a shell and put sand in and then put the slug back and clinch the shell down like it was at first—why, it won't shoot to do any good. I tried it."

"All right," Alf said, when he could talk again. "But here's the other thing. You made your play too quick."

"Did I?"

"Of course you did. There's still time left in the filin' period, and fourteen men have done put in for sheriff since they saw Newt Batson locked in that jailhouse. Granted, nobody's goin' to beat Jesse after what happened today, but you could have waited a couple of days and he wouldn't even have drawn an opponent."

"You're right about that," Sadie said. "So I guess as long as he's got to make a race for it anyway, he might as well withdraw from the sheriff business and file for the territorial legislature."

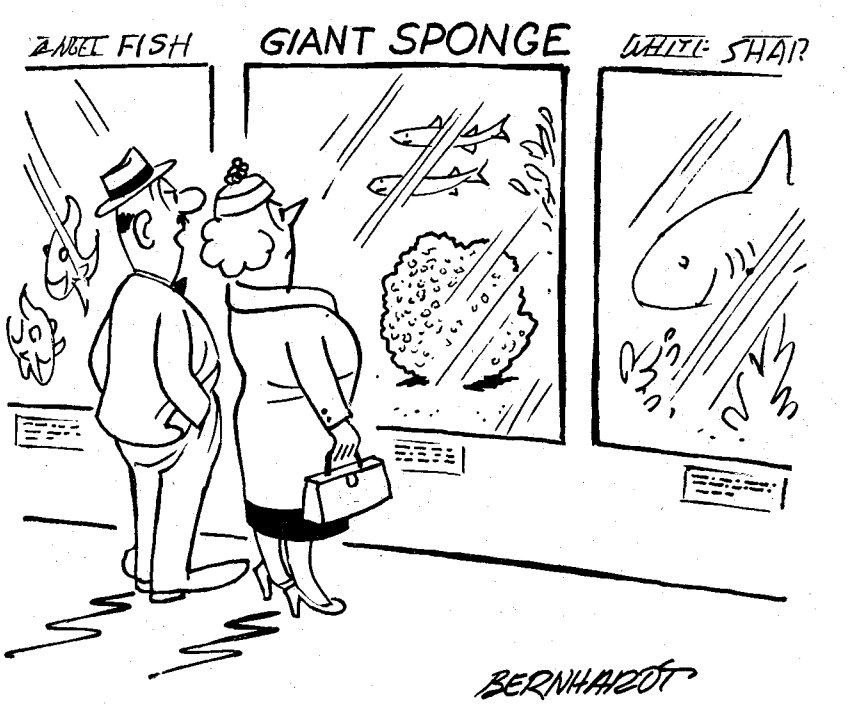
"Oh," said Alf. "I see."

"And after a few terms in the legislature, if he plays his cards right, no reason he can't be elected governor."

"I expect he'll play his cards right," Alf said.

"I imagine," Sadie said grimly.

Jesse did too. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When's your brother due back in town?"

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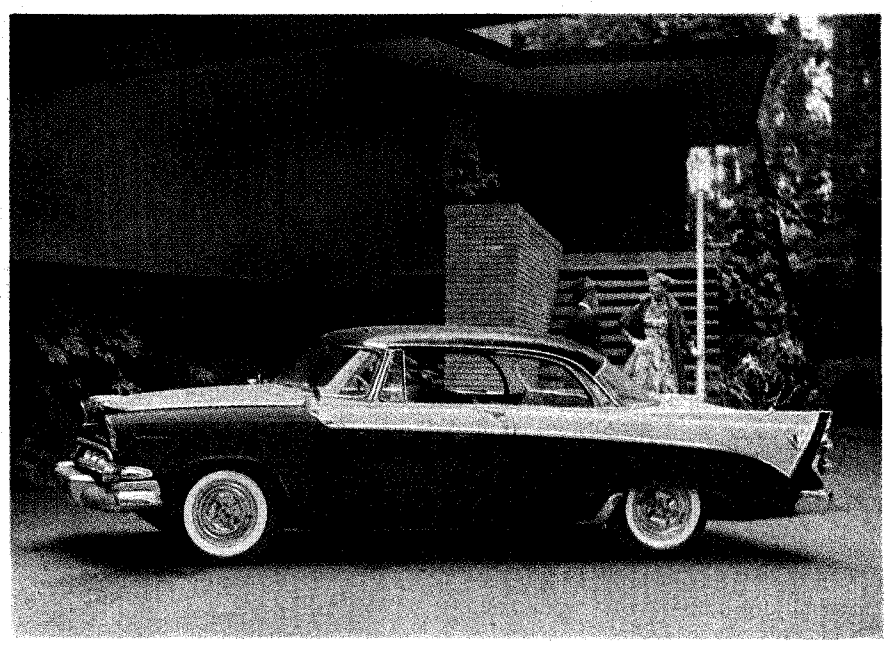

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Make way for the Lancers *by* Dodge

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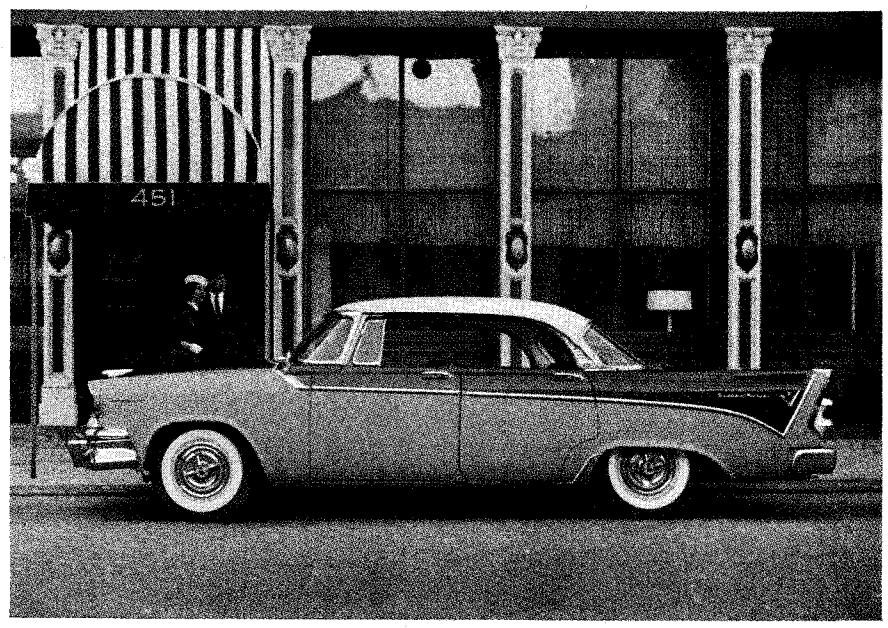

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The Lancer goes 4-door! This fabulous Dodge blends dashing Lancer style with 4-door convenience in spectacular fashion. There's a 4-door Lancer by Dodge in all 3 Series: Custom Royal (above), Royal and Coronet.

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VALUE LEADER OF THE FORWARD LOOK

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The Boy Who Couldn't be Saved

(Continued from Page 40)

Miss Christie said, "Was Krebs sure?"

"Absolutely. The boy has even boasted about it."

"To whom?"

"Jimmy King. Mr. King came in this morning to tell us."

Miss Christie pressed her lips together. The Kings were well-to-do, prominent people, and Jimmy was a little snob and a smart aleck.

"Have you spoken to Buck?"

"They had a dozen boys up for questioning; him among them. He clammed up, of course."

Miss Christie thought fast. "Let me talk with him, Mr. Clint."

He frowned. "This is a serious matter. The town is panicked. They've stood enough from that Torré gang. People don't want their children in school with such. And they're right. Well, this will end it." Relieved to have enough on the boy to send him up.

"Give me one day, Mr. Clint," pleaded Miss Christie.

"It won't change matters. Why put it off?"

"I only want to hear Buck's version, not Jimmy King's."

He stood scowling, remembering that she always begged a second chance for the boys. "All right—all right. One day, no longer. And I'll have to explain this to the chief."

All day Miss Christie had racked her brain. She had prayed. There was nothing one could say for a Torré. His father had been killed in a police raid on a hide-out. His father's brothers were doing time for burglary. His stepmother, with whom he lived, was a drug addict. What chance had a fourteen-year-old boy, who had reached the fourth grade by staying in each class two years and being passed on?

You couldn't make him study or cooperate. Pass his desk and you saw behind the arithmetic or geography a paperback or a sport sheet. Miss Christie always claimed that if a boy took an interest in one thing of merit, he was redeemable, and the hidden books were all on baseball. Once he had organized the little fellows into two teams. Every player had been named for a big-league star. Sauntering near, Miss Christie could hear him giving instructions.

"You there, Nelson Fox, you're covering second. You've caught the ball. Get your right foot on the base to put that man out; then whirl and throw to first to get that runner. See—this way." And to her surprise, the slouchy figure moved in a lightning-swift exhibition of skill that was pure grace and sureness. "It's as much the windup as the throw—you're Maglie. . . . Run in, Willie Mays; catch it backhanded. . . . Come on, Duke Snider. Put that ball over the fence. . . . You can't be a pitcher because you're left-handed? So is Joe Nuxhall."

Miss Christie was a little excited. Once, when a boy slid home safely, she clapped. Buck turned to discover her standing there, and flashed her a grin, another face shining through the sullen lines of his habitual face. But the parents had discovered what was going on and had snatched their children away from the bad influence. Buck had withdrawn into himself, reverting to the old don't-care slouch and the sneering response. He walked to and from school alone, occasionally tangling with some tormentor. She had tried to talk with him about baseball, but had received only muttered replies. He was suspicious of everyone, defiant and distrustful. But that one glimpse of a different Buck kept haunting her.

"Buck, come here."

He came and stood by the desk, looking straight ahead at the wall.

"Do you know anything about the fire?"—direct as a knife cut.

His eyelids flickered. His feet shifted a little and his shoulders moved. Then, "Naw."

Miss Christie pressed her lips together. "You haven't anything to tell me?"

The feet shifted again. She waited. Her face was stern, but her eyes held compassion. Buck's head came up. For a split second she thought he was going to talk. Then the curtain fell over the pinched features.

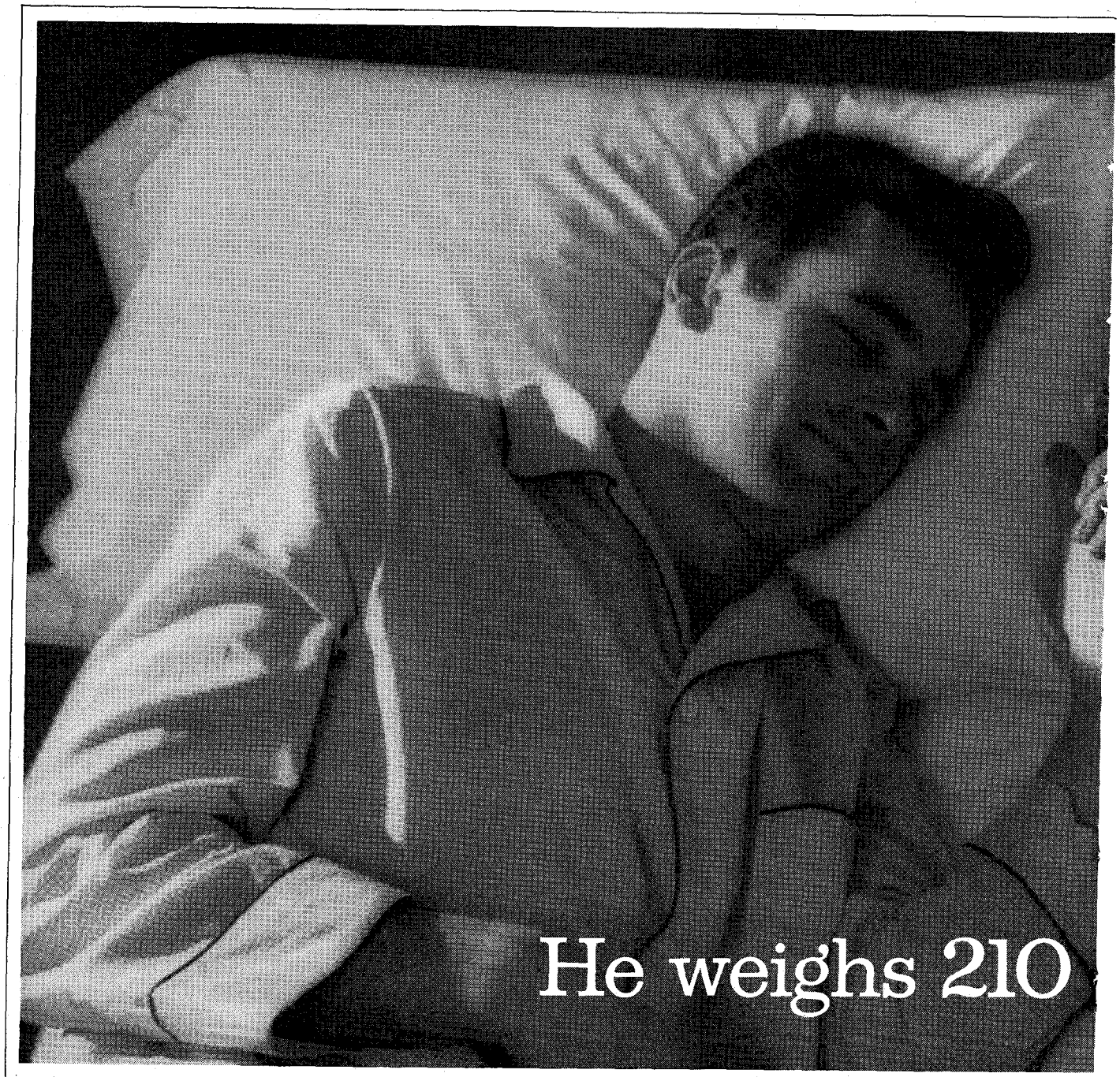
"Naw"—defiantly.

Miss Christie sat back in her chair. "Very well, Buck. You may go now."

He was taken by surprise. He had braced himself for a third-degree. He must know that she was his one chance. Turning, he slouched across the room to the door. His shoulders sagged, and Miss Christie felt the sting of tears back of her eyes. Buck reached the door, put a hand out to swing it.

Miss Christie spoke more to herself than to him. "I'm sorry," she said, and her voice was weary. "You can't know how sorry. I've believed in you. You did things that troubled me, but there were other things—like helping the little fellows with their baseball team—I liked that. Well"—dismissing him.

He stood with his hand on the half-opened door, and Miss Christie went back to her reports.



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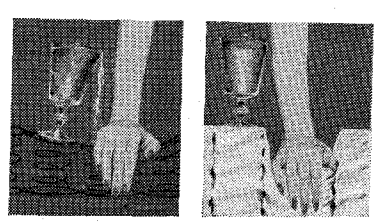
Never apart, yet each has a private world of restful comfort.

Only Beautyrest can offer such a picture of content, such deep-down luxury for two. It's the only mattress with separate, independent springs. It can't slope, can't cause rolling together . . . can't relay a jounce—or even a jiggle—when one partner turns in his sleep.

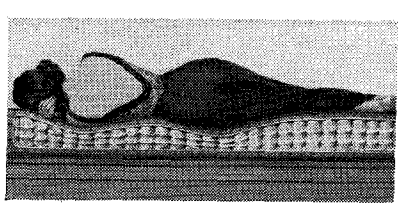
In all other mattresses, springs are tied together . . . pull each other down. Let this famous water glass test show you:



"ORDINARY" (wire-tied springs) **BEAUTYREST (independent springs)**

See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattress. Springs that are wired together sag together.

See how glass remains upright Beautyrest. Each spring is independ strictly on its own. Each coil reacts o to the weight above it. So vital to doul bed comfort!



Greater single-bed comfort, too

If Beautyrest is so right for two, th how perfect it must be for *single* sleep Independent springs give gently ur

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He turned. She could scarcely believe it. He was coming back.

Miss Christie didn't look up until he had been standing by her desk a little while. Then she raised her head and spoke gently, "Just the truth, Buck."

His voice was low and halting. "Jimmy King is always ridin' me about my old man and bragging about his dad's war medals and bravery. He'd tell me who all his ancestors were and what they did. He says George Washington was his great-great-great-granduncle, and who was mine, and I said Paul Revere. He says, 'Oh, yeah? Let's see you prove it. I bet you won't put a lantern in that tower at midnight.' We were on the bridge they're fixing near the school, and we both looked at the lanterns that would be lighted at night, and I said, 'O.K. You come back at midnight and I'll show you.' So he came. And I picked up one of those lanterns and went in through a basement window and ran up to the tower. I'd meant to wave it at him and bring it back, but he's slippery. He'd say he didn't see it. So I looked around for something to set it on, and there wasn't anything up there but stacks of old papers as high as a man's head. I put the lantern up on a stack of papers and ran down right quick, and I said, 'You see it, don't you?' And he said, 'Ha, I got you. Paul Revere didn't put a lantern in a tower; he watched for it. You didn't even know. That proves you're a liar.' I was gonna paste him one when he began jumping up and down and saying, 'Gosh, gosh! Now you've set the schoolhouse afire.' And I looked and the lantern must have turned over. The papers were blazing up. I started running back, and here come old Krebs. So I scampered. I never meant to set anything on fire, Miss Christie. I was gonna put the lantern back where I found it. But won't anybody ever believe that."

"I believe it, Buck," she said. "I don't know just what I can do, but I'm going to work mighty hard. You see, it will be your word against the way you've been acting. Not what your father did. What he did can't really hurt you. Only you can hurt yourself. But I'm staying with you and you've got to stay with me. Not let me down."

He had no graces of expression, and he could only stand there, head bent, fighting for control.

She said, "You go along home now."

"Yes, ma'am"—humbly.

With the closing of the door, her sense of relief vanished into a gray fog of hopelessness. Buck might think that because she was principal here her word would carry weight, but Miss Christie knew better. It might even go against him. They called it Miss Christie's weakness. She always took up for the bad boys. Superintendent Clint had said she mothered them; a stern hand was what was needed. He had been emphasizing this recently.

... ...

The Most

By Jean Corwin Greene

How we did pay for her
ballet,
And watched her do a
grand plié,
And bought her toe shoes—
satin—pink,
And velvet tutus trimmed
in mink.
And now she says, "Hey,
lookee, pop!
Dig the way I do the bop!"

... ...

Miss Christie knew what he meant. She was getting old. Was he right? Did she handle them too easily? She thought not. Make too much of a child's fault and you implant that fault in his character.

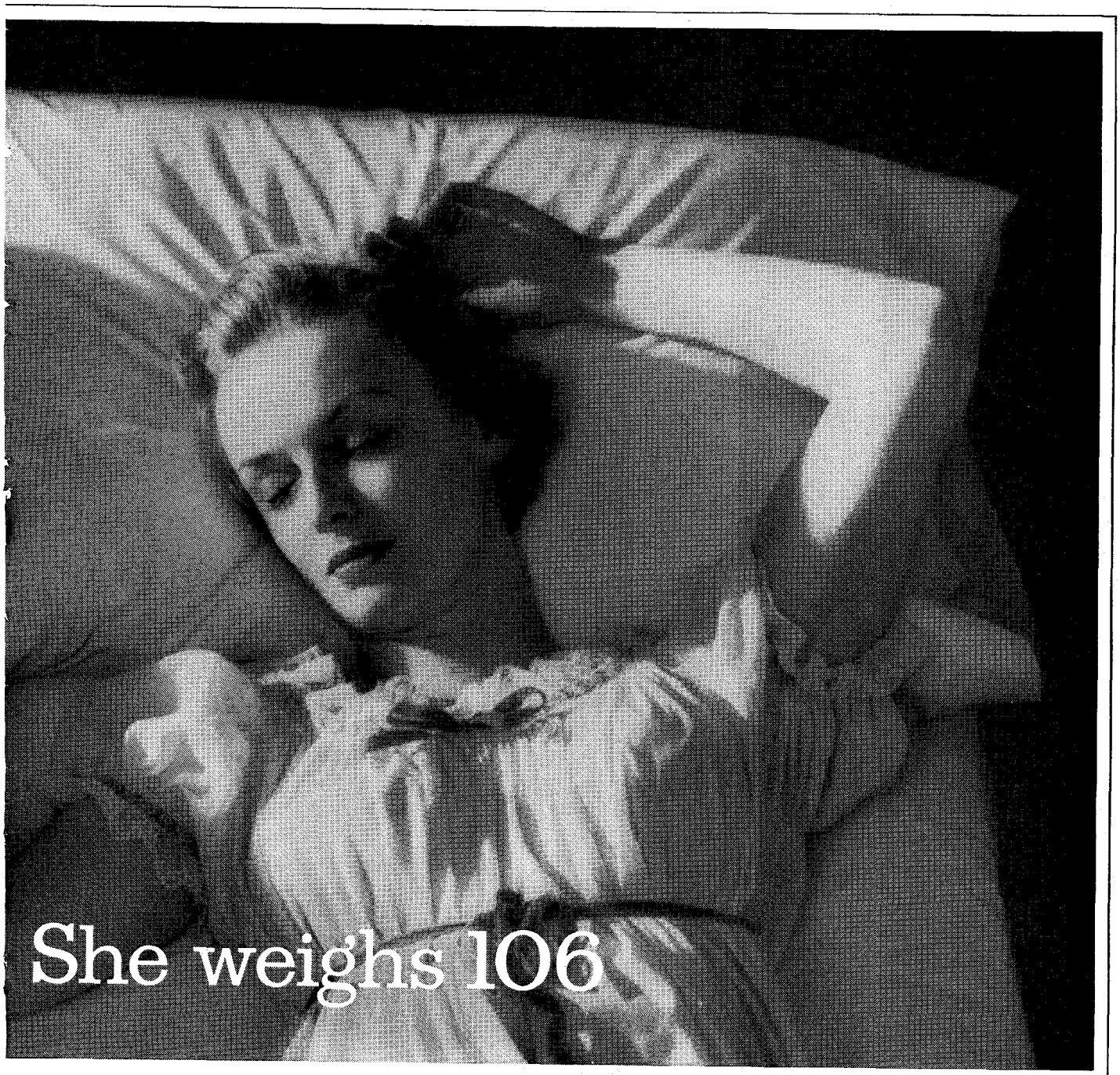
Sitting here in the empty, silent building, her thoughts went back, in an effort to gain from the past some course of action for the present. The years seemed to file through Miss Christie's heart in a troubled line of boys, of smoldering glances, sullen lips, shuffling feet, going out from here through this very door. To what? She had worked hard over them, and had it helped; had it given them the chances they needed?

One case came back. She had been young then. Among her third-graders was an incorrigible, Teddy Reynolds. When he got completely out of hand one day, she sent him to the principal with a note.

At recess she went down the hall to the principal's office. Opening the door, she stood shocked and horrified. Teddy cowered in a corner, a small bundle of quivering flesh. Above him, with a ruler in his hand, stood the principal, his face almost beyond recognition. He had lost complete control of himself.

"Miss Emerson," he said in a voice shaken with rage, "he fought me like a tiger, cursed me. He's a little devil and I tried to kill him." (*Oh, heaven, you almost have. The child has had a terrible beating.*) "If he ever lifts a finger, bats an eye, send him back. The next time I'll finish him." He scarcely knew what he was saying.

She was as sorry for the principal as she was for (*Continued on Page 131*)



separate, private comfort to BOTH!

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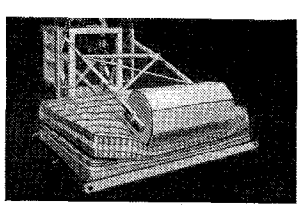

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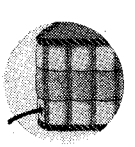
P.S. Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines... it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.



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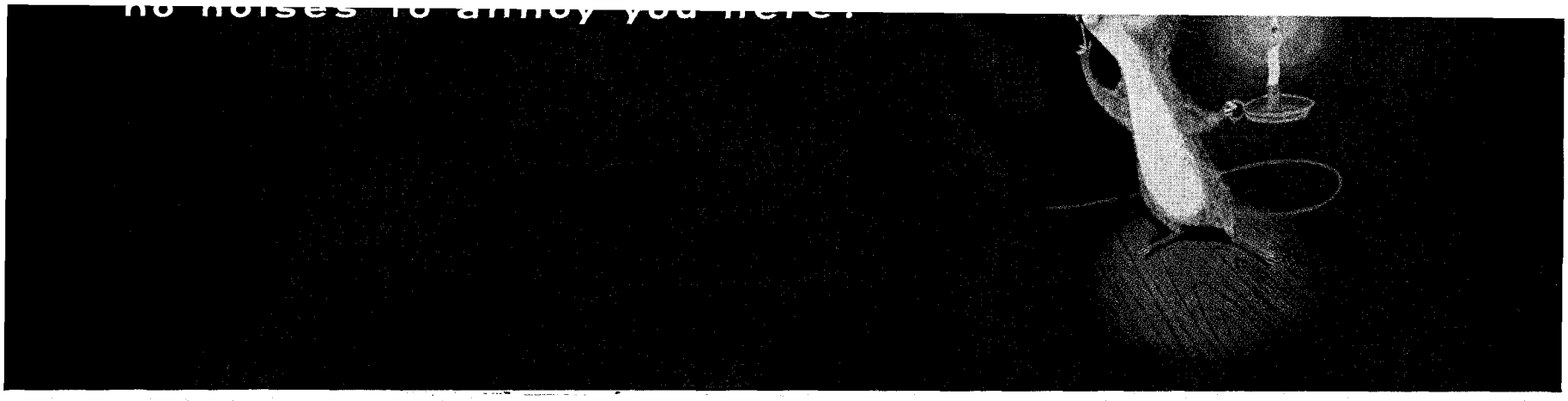
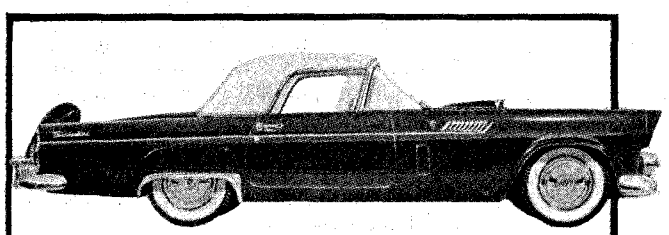


B-W Automatic Transmissions

DESIGNED

(No clicks, no commotion...all is smoothness and quiet!)



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(*Continued from Page 129*) the boy, because he was an even-tempered man. Teddy must have given him a rough time. She left the room, sick at heart.

Teddy was back in his place that afternoon, trying to hide his swollen face. When the closing gong sounded, Miss Christie said, "Wait a minute, Teddy, after the others go." When they were alone, she called him to her desk.

"Teddy, I'm never going to send you to the principal again. Whatever happens you and I will settle between us. Now, I've written something in this little book, and I want you to read it and think about it. Don't sign it unless you feel you can keep it."

She handed him a small black notebook in which she had written: "I, Teddy Reynolds, on my word of honor as a gentleman, do promise Miss Emerson that I will try to obey the rules of the school."

After a time, the little book was shoved across the desk. Teddy Reynolds had signed his word of honor.

Afterward, if ever he got obstreperous, she had only to show him the little black book and catch his eye and smile. He stuck to his agreement, finished school, worked his way through college and graduated with honors. And he had built a career in this town on his word of honor. It wasn't that Miss Christie had given it to him. She had only pointed out to him what he already had. You can bring out the devil in a child or his word of honor. But what chance has one misguided boy when the whole world is against him?

Again the door opened, and the old janitor, troubled, said, "Miss Emerson, you goin' to set here all night?"

She looked up, surprised that the room was growing shadowy. "No, John, I'm going now."

The eight-block walk home seemed extra long tonight. Every footfall was heavy. Fireflies filled the soft April dusk, and somebody was broiling a steak. Miss Christie wished she had a steak, but she was too tired to fix more than a pot of tea and a sandwich. When she had finished her second cup, she went to the phone and called Jerry Fisher, young editor of the Latimer Clarion. Jerry had a crusading spot somewhere in his make-up, but he was down-to-earth too.

"Jerry, can you drive out here tonight?"

"Funny thing is I was practically on my way there. I want to talk to you."

Half an hour later, she heard his car on the drive. "Well," said Jerry from the door, "there you sit brooding."

He had been a handsome boy when she taught him, and he still was.

"Jerry, I've got trouble."

He shook his finger at her. "It's no good, Miss Christie, we're better off without an embryo hoodlum. This town has really suffered from the Torré family, and personally I dread having another one grow up here. Already turning into a firebug. We're not safe."

"I've heard that a good many times in the last forty-three years about one boy or another. The town's still here."

"What I'm concerned with is you." He picked up a chair, turned it backward, straddled it and eyed her solemnly. She wasn't a woman to quibble with. "They're gunning for you."

"Don't I know ——"

"Well, then, drop it. Let the authorities take over."

Miss Christie sat and considered. She was sixty-four. Almost at retirement age, unless she chose to go on. In the next few years there would be other boys who would need her, if she stayed. Why throw away the needs of many for the need of one? But this boy —— She looked at Jerry and shook her head. "Are you siding with them, Jerry?"

"I'm just thinking of you. You'd feel pretty bad if they fired you."

"I'd feel worse if they sent Buck to Gatesville. Look, Jerry, are there records in your office or in the police files about the Torrés? I don't mean their criminal life, but family history."

"I can find out tomorrow."

"Do it tonight. I have only until tomorrow. One thing more: I want you to take me down where Buck lives."

"That's no part of town for a lady."

"I've got you with me."

He stood up, paced the floor. "Have they phoned you tonight—the school board?"

"No."

"They're having a call meeting tomorrow morning. They say you're too easy on incorrigibles. They've got their eye on a man."

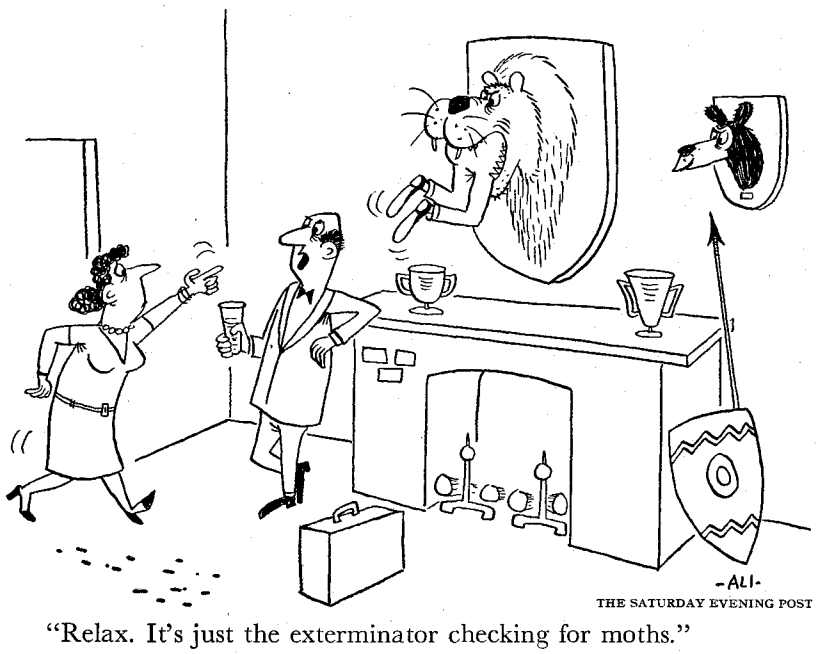
"Humph." Latimer Grammar was her school. She'd helped build the big new brick building in place of the old wooden one. Campaigned to get it sodded, an ice-water fountain, gymnasium and playground apparatus. Fought every year for something new and needed.

Jerry was waiting, hands in pockets, troubled eyes on her. He'd hated to be the one to bring her this piece of news.

She looked up. "I can't drop it, Jerry."

"All right. Come on."

Step out under the stars. A drift of music, lighted windows, couples strolling,



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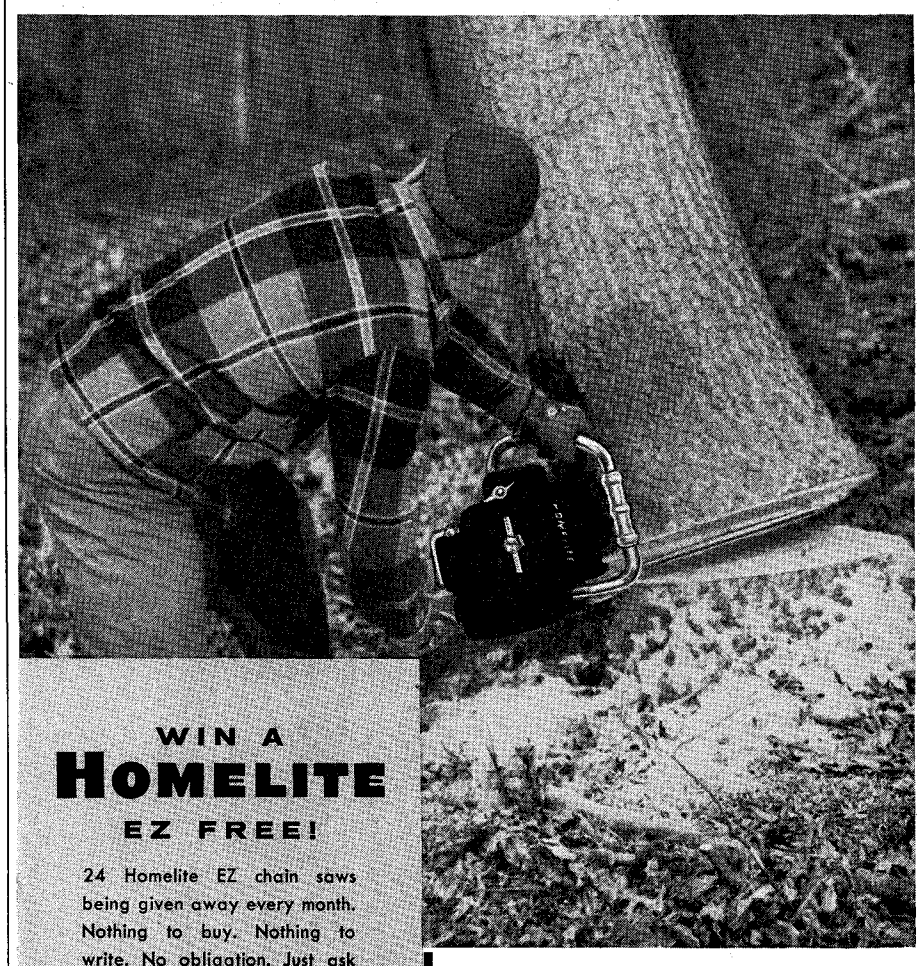

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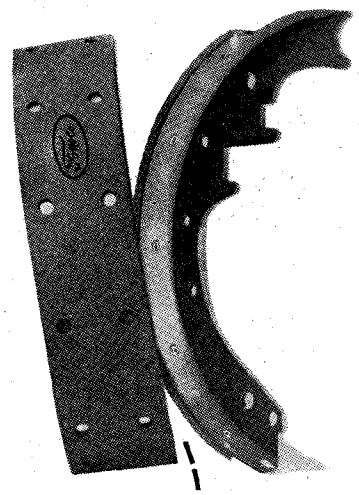
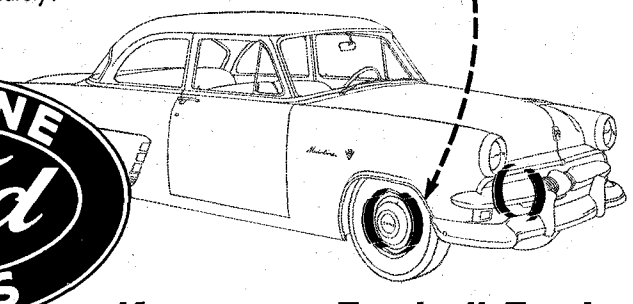


May is National Safety Month—Be sure you can see, steer, stop safely!



Keep your Ford all Ford

the happy shouts of children. Ordered, safe and beautiful. God's world. A mile or so farther, a narrow dark alley, a stench from uncollected garbage, wooden shacks flush with the walk. Where are the stars now? This, too, is God's world.

"Do you know the house, Jerry?"

"Yes." And soon, "This is it."

They stopped. The place was totally dark.

"What d' you want?" a voice said almost at their elbow—a woman's voice, thick-tongued, drugged.

"Looking for Buck," said Jerry.

"He ain't here. Never here nights. Stays in that pool hall." The voice grew whiny. "Now, don't you take Buck away. He's all I got to do for me."

They turned and walked back to the car. Miss Christie said, "Go into every pool hall till you find him. See what he's up to."

"And leave you in the car alone?"

"I'll be all right."

Jerry was back in ten minutes. "Found him. He's glued to the radio, listening to the Giants-Dodgers game."

Miss Christie had what she wanted.

"Now you phone me later tonight, Jerry; no matter when," she admonished at parting.

"I'll do that."

For years, life may go along with scarcely a ripple of change in the ordered routine of duties, work and pleasure. Then there comes a corner. Miss Christie had reached that corner today. She tried to pretend to herself that it was no more than many other crises in her forty-three years of teaching, but she knew better. She was old now. New methods had been established in other schools, and mostly she had stuck to the old ways. The world moves on. . . . She drank her coffee, ate a little breakfast and put on her best navy silk suit and a soft white blouse. She fluffed her hair about her temples. People are more likely to agree with you if you are not unpleasing to look at. Good of Jerry to tip her off about this call meeting.

The school secretary was already in the office when Miss Christie arrived.

"Oh, hello, Miss Christie. You look spruce. They're having a meeting at nine-thirty in the superintendent's office. They want you."

"Thanks, Jenny."

At nine-thirty Miss Christie rose and walked down the hall to the superintendent's office, her heart pounding a little. She paused, her hand on the doorknob, feeling abruptly alone. Then she got the smile back on her face and went in.

The opened door startled a discussion that hushed away into almost embarrassed silence at her entrance. Seven men sat about the big table—six board members and Superintendent Clint. The chairman of the board was the town's banker. He sat at the head of the table, a serious middle-aged man with a poker face. To either side of him were Superintendent Clint and the owner of the big textile mills, Richard Martin. Then Sid Seymore, a merchant; Olen Merriweather, president of the City Council; Jake Bevins, a lawyer; and the board's newest member, young Doctor Henderson.

Miss Christie mentally reviewed them. The banker would be difficult; he stood for the right as he saw it. Rich Martin headed the Rotary Club—a go-getter, genial and friendly. Sid Seymore would be with the banker. Olen Merriweather was a hard nut to crack, and Jake Bevins could be as stubborn as an old field mule. Doctor Henderson, young and malleable, was her one hope. *You have to be pretty old or else pretty young to understand life.*

There was a chorus of good mornings and Miss Christie sat down. The seven looked at her with a sort of helpless chagrin, the way men look at a woman when they know she's going to disagree with them.

The superintendent said, "This is an emergency meeting, Miss Christie, because this problem can't wait. If the boy is guilty—and I think we're all pretty well satisfied on that score—we want to turn him over to the juvenile authorities this morning. The town is seething with uneasiness and they don't want him loose tonight. I suppose you didn't get anything out of him?"

"Yes," said Miss Christie, "I did. He told me the whole thing."

A movement of surprise went down the long table.

"Admitted it?" asked the banker, leaning forward.

"Well, yes."

Everyone sat back. Superintendent Clint said with relief, "A confession simplifies everything."

Miss Christie said, "That depends on what you call a confession, Mr. Clint. He told me what happened. Did it ever occur to you that Mr. King, who came to you with the tale, might be covering up for his own son?"

A smile went around the table. The Kings as against this Torré brat.

Superintendent Clint said, "The night watchman saw him."

"Yes, Buck put the lantern in the tower, but he didn't mean to set the school on fire." Leaning forward, she told them Buck's story. Then she said, "If one boy is culpable, why aren't both of them?"

The lawyer, Bevins, raised a skeptical eyebrow. Richard Martin smiled amusedly; the banker looked at her from behind his business face. Doctor Henderson sat back in his chair, eyes narrowed thoughtfully. Not one of them believed Buck's story. Not one.

Superintendent Clint said, "Of course, he'd make up something like that—trying to shift the blame. He isn't noted for veracity, is he? The boys know you're soft-hearted and will take their part. It's got to where they can pull off anything in your school, Miss Christie, and hide behind your skirts."

Sid Seymore spoke up. "We've talked with him—talked at him, and there's nothing there. The boy comes from low stock—steeped in crime from the cradle. Actually, all of us here are to blame for what occurred and what it might have grown into, because we've already overlooked so much other vandalism. We couldn't pin it on him before, but now we have something he can't squirm out of. I really don't see how you can say one word in his defense, Miss Christie. He set this building on fire." His fist came down.

Miss Christie had the disadvantage of always seeing both sides. She saw their side now and she knew they were thinking, *We're always making concessions to Miss Christie, and it simply can't go on.*

"Ever look in his face?" asked Olen Merriweather. "At that sneer?"

"He's defending himself the only way he knows how. What any boy needs is someone on his side. Do a wrong to a boy and he grows bitter, resentful; you make a criminal of him. He's confessed his part and we ought to give him a second chance." (*Continued on Page 135*)

One advantage of a detached garage is that it forces people to take a short walk.

O. A. BATTISTA

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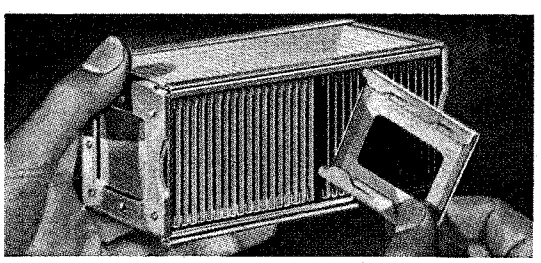

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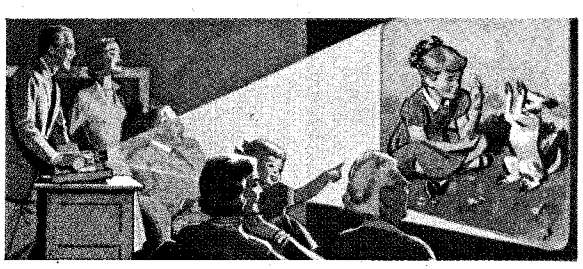

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(*Continued from Page 132*) "A chance to burn up another school?" Superintendent Clint exploded. "I want to go to sleep tonight knowing that the town is safe. Safe from that Torré gang."

"Yes, I agree we ought to do something about it," said Miss Christie with spirit. "We ought to have a playground in this town with equipment, baseball teams, swimming pool, tennis courts. How much does it cost to keep a boy in the reformatory a year? Fifteen hundred dollars? How much better if that money could be spent to keep the boys busy and occupied, develop their natural faculties. This boy is not a bad boy. I've had considerable experience and I know good material when I see it. Buck Torré is good material. He could be valuable. I've watched him for two years and I like what I've seen. He fights because the boys tease him. He takes care of that old woman out there, and he spends his evenings in the pool hall—where he can listen to the baseball games. You say he's a Torré. Well, Jerry Fisher looked the Torrés up last night. Torré was not Buck's father."

She saw Doctor Henderson nod slightly, but her words glanced off the rest of them without even a dent. They had come here with their minds made up, agreed among themselves that they had let Miss Christie bulldoze them too long.

The bank president spoke. "Miss Christie, we appreciate your kind heart and your unfailing interest in the boys. But none of us is right all the time. And you aren't. It's taking chances not to lock this boy away—put him in a place where he'll learn respect for the property and rights of others. When he comes out—and if he goes straight—he can live a normal useful life, get a good job."

"In your bank?" asked Miss Christie. "Will you give him a job in your bank?"

The banker smiled. "Not by a long shot." But he sobered quickly. "We've got a hard year ahead. The railroad is moving in twenty-five new families. Mixed nationalities. Some look pretty tough. Their kids will go to Latimer School. They'll be too much for you. Too much for any woman." He spoke kindly, but it had to be said. "You've carried the burden long enough. You've done wonderfully. All of us appreciate that. But now we need a man."

The room was very still. A rather uncomfortable stillness, touched with relief. This was out in the open. Miss Christie was fired.

For just a moment she seemed to grow smaller, sitting there in the navy silk worn to impress them. After all her years of effort and labor, she wished the end might have been otherwise. Not eulogies, but honest regret and appreciation. "I'm sorry you're going." "Good luck, Miss Christie." She had brought it on herself, of course. Miss Christie stood up. She had entered the room an employee hired by the city fathers. But now everything was changed. She was no longer beholden to anybody. She was free. And her freedom gave her a long perspective. A sense of distance. She looked down the table at them, and abruptly they were not the town's leading citizens but boys in school at various ages and in different years. She lifted her shoulders and held her head high. That old glint of steel came in her eyes. It made Miss Christie look taller.

"You don't need me at this meeting any longer, but before I go I want to ask you a question. Did any of you ever do anything when you were boys that might have turned into tragedy if someone hadn't taken your part? Think back. Every one of you. A time when your word wasn't enough and you needed a friend in the court of grownups?" She pointed a finger at Richard Martin. "Rich," said Miss Christie sternly, in her well-remembered schoolteacher voice, "what about those broken windowpanes? Was that a high-spirited prank or vandalism?" The finger moved to lawyer Bevins. "Jake, who was it climbed the flagpole and took down the town's expensive new silk flag and hid it?"

His face turned red, but no one saw. Miss Christie had moved on to Merriweather. "Olen, a stolen hand car is something to laugh about now, but it might have been called plain theft. . . . Sid, who was it picked up a stone and threw it and hit the principal on the arm? Just a small-boy dare, and the principal knew and tossed the little pebble back. But it could have been called assault." She looked at the bank president, and saw a small boy cowering in a corner, trembling from a terrible beating. "Teddy Reynolds, was there ever a time when you needed—not a strong arm, you'd had that—but somebody to understand, to believe in you?"

He sat transfixed.

"Just remember," said Miss Christie, "that what you do here in the next hour will save a boy or make a criminal."

She turned then and started toward the door. (*Continued on Page 138*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please, Harry—let's not have a scene."

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(*Continued from Page 135*) But before she reached it there were hurried steps, a hand was on her arm.

"Wait, Miss Christie." It was the bank president. "You're right. We forget. There's something that is ageless. You've got it, and we need it here in this school. We need you," he said gruffly. "That recreation center. I'll make it a personal gift to the town."

Chairs scraped, and through a blur she saw them surge toward her, but the young doctor got there first.

Miss Christie was at her desk working on reports. The building was quiet. The last boy had gone. The last but one. He sat on a chair against the wall, awaiting the verdict.

Miss Christie looked up. "Buck, come here." She was smiling.

He shuffled over, stood dejectedly; his pale face a degree whiter, the dingy cap twirling between unsteady hands.

"It's all right, Buck. They're going to take your word—to trust you. Jimmy King was sorry he got you into all this trouble. He came in with his father and they talked to the school board about it. I think he'd be your friend now, Buck."

Too astounded to comprehend, he widened his eyes as they came up to meet hers. And back of the astonishment she saw a wonderful thing bloom on a scared boy's face—hope.

Miss Christie fought a battle with a stubborn lump in her throat, and won.

"I have something else to tell you. I've been investigating, and we found that Jacques Torré was not your father. He took you when you were a baby. Well, that relieves you from any responsibility to his wife. Buck," she said briskly, "do you think you could build a shed room on the back of my house? I want to get a power mower and other garden tools, so you can keep the yard pretty. We can enclose the screen porch for a room for you."

His face underwent a series of changes as each surprising sentence opened a new facet of life.

"You mean"—he swallowed—"you mean I'm to live at your place?"

"At our place. You're to be my boy," said Miss Christie proudly. "I've had it in mind a long time, Buck. I need somebody. I'm not so young as I was."

She could see the muscles along his jaw jerk. His eyes were swimming, but they met hers squarely. And something passed between them so bright, so dazzling that for a moment it seemed to light the room, and the town, and the whole world.

Then Buck spoke. His voice was gruff, but this time it had a ring. "Yes, ma'am."

THE END

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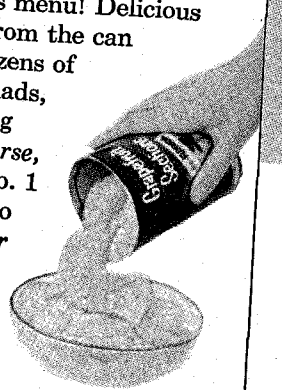

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Can You Name This Star?

Both of these wide-mouthed youngsters lived up to this early promise by becoming singers. The older one has also earned film fame. Born in Kentucky on May 23, 1928, she started in show business in Cincinnati, became an orchestra vocalist with her sister, recorded a fabulous hit in a dialect not her own. Her first three movies were The Stars Are Singing, Here Come the Girls, and Red Garter. Husky-voiced and honey-haired, she has had to watch her diet to keep her weight *up*. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:

Rosemary Clooney (with sister, Bettie).

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Inferno in the Sky (Continued from Page 39)

Even temperature had a drastic effect. They'd discovered that a cold wing flew much smoother than a hot wing. Nobody quite knew why.

"Could I sit in the X-Two?" I asked Pete Everest.

"I'm not sure. We'd better check with Bob Lapp, the project engineer."

Lapp was a big guy with a minimum of hair and a friendly grin. Go ahead, he said. Why not? One of these days old Pete was going to bust the world's speed record and then I could brag to my kids that daddy had sat in that very cockpit. I climbed in. The place was very snug. My shoulders touched the sides of the fuselage and my feet went down into the needle nose to get to the rudder pedals. Up in front was a slab of tempered glass which would take more heat shock than anything ever tried on an airplane. This glass could be embedded in ice and doused with white-hot molten brass—and it wouldn't even quiver. Which was good. A cracked windshield at 2500 miles an hour might let in a knife-edged air blast which would slice the pilot like a meat cleaver.

Lapp showed me the throttle which controlled the Curtiss-Wright rocket engine. With it, you could regulate the thrust, even turn the engine on and off to conserve fuel. Former rocket engines were one-shot deals. They went off like skyrockets and left you up in the stratosphere without any more power in an airplane which had the gliding angle of a rock. Lapp predicted that Air Force fighters would soon be using rocket power. These fighters would be carried out to their intercept point under the bellies of B-36-type bombers. They'd drop free and close on the enemy under ramjet power. A ramjet is faster and simpler than a turbojet. It is little more than a flying stovepipe. But it has one big disadvantage: the plane must be flying close to the speed of sound before the ramjet can begin to operate at all. The rocket engine would team up with the ramjet, Lapp said. It would kick the plane up to 800 miles an hour so the ramjet could cut in. Then, under ramjet power, the fighter would approach its target at 1500 miles an hour. The pilot would turn his rocket engine on—and jump to 2500 miles an hour—as he closed for the kill. He would use a guided missile for the weapon. The kill would be automatically controlled by radar.

"It looks as if electronics are putting you pilots out of business," I said to Everest.

"Don't hold your breath, buddy," Pete said. "The black boxes are fine, but you still need a pilot to bring the bird home. These hypersonic jobs aren't sold in the five-and-ten."

"It's kind of a gruesome question," I said, "but what would happen if you had to bail out of the X-Two at two thousand miles an hour?"

"Nobody bails out of anything at two thousand miles an hour," Pete said. "There wouldn't be enough left to mop up with a dry sponge."

Bob Lapp explained that Bell had given much thought to pilot safety in the X-2. If Pete had to leave the airplane at very high speed, he would first push a button to blow the whole nose section clear of the airplane. He would stay in the section. A special ribbon parachute would blossom and slow down the section to a respectable speed. Everest would then climb out of his cockpit and hit the silk, just like a barnstormer at a county fair, no strain, no pain.

"These Tech Reps are rugged boys," Everest said to me, winking. . . . "How many times you hit the silk, Bob?"

"O.K.," Lapp said, grinning. "I read you loud and clear. But I don't think you'll have to leave the X-Two, Pete. She's a very fine little airplane."

The X-2, of course, is intended as a tool to probe the so-called heat barrier—a term most engineers hate. A barrier, say the engineers, is something you can get through, and nobody will ever get through the savage heat of friction which an airplane meets at high speed in dense air. The faster the plane flies the hotter it gets, until it buckles and comes apart, or melts, or turns into a puff of superhot vapor. Even if the plane were built out of a solid diamond, it would disappear in a plume of glowing dust if the pilot flew long enough at Mach 10—7600 miles an hour at sea level.

When airplanes moved along at a sedate 300 or 400 miles an hour, the air was friendly. It was a sort of "heat sink" which cooled the airplane and its engine by draining off excess heat. But when planes are flying 1500 miles an hour, the air is no longer a sink. It's a hot faucet which pours heat into the airplane so fast that all kinds of complicated cooling problems are created.

There are two violently opposed schools of thought on how these problems should be solved. School No. 1—the Hot Rods—want to meet the heat head-on and lick it. Stay low, pour on the power, let the airplane glow like a poker—and use Yankee ingenuity to keep the people inside from frying. It's a military necessity, say the Hot Rods. Suppose Soviet bombers streaked in low at Mach 3.5 and our planes couldn't catch them without barbecuing our pilots and broiling off the ailerons! We'd be virtually helpless.

The second school—the Heat Duckers—are perhaps thinking mainly of commercial applications. Go high, they say, up into the bitter cold on the fringes of space, where the air is so thin that a plane can zip along at 4000 or 5000 miles an hour—at that speed you could get from San Francisco to New York in three quarters of an hour—without heating up rapidly. This sounds sensible, but is it?

Actually the Heat Duckers have evaded the problem of atmospheric aerodynamic heating, but they have taken on another as bad or worse. Up where the air is thin enough for 5000 mph, it is too thin to keep a jet engine running. You must use rocket power. But rocket motors gulp fuel almost as fast as water drops over Niagara Falls. Even with new throttlable rocket motors, like the one on the X-2, there is very little reserve fuel to play with. Suppose the rocket plane reached its destination to find an emergency on the runway which made landing impossible. You can hold upstairs in a propeller-driven plane—for hours, if necessary. You have much less time in a jet. In a rocket plane, the fuel would last but a minute or so, and the pilot would then be faced with the problem of trying to glide to a landing. A knife-winged rocket ship would probably stall and crash unless the speed was held up to 500 miles an hour—maybe much higher. Even if they built runways twenty miles long, it would be a ticklish business. If the pilot fell short or overshot, he might plow halfway through Cleveland or Chicago before the rocket plane finally stopped moving.

There are other serious difficulties in flying high. Meteors, cosmic rays, high-level super-hurricanes that reach 320 mph; even sunshine can be dangerous. Up where the air no longer filters out the fiercest ultraviolet light, the naked sun can burn the eye—which collects light like any lens and focuses it on the sensitive retina in a vicious brilliant spot.

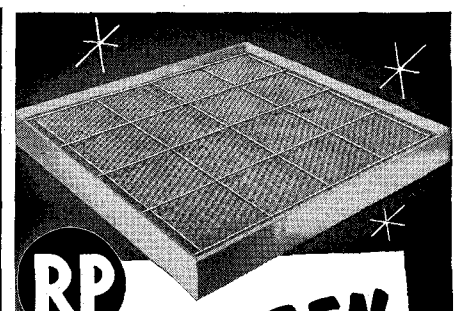
Ironically enough, it's impossible to duck the heat completely by flying high. When the rocket plane plunges back into the atmosphere at 5000 mph, it must be slowed with reverse rockets or insulated. Both mean tons of extra weight. The Heat Duckers may wind up with a plane so big, heavy and expensive to operate that only the Aga Khan can afford to buy a ticket.

The answer will be a compromise. It won't be space ships or red-hot jobs which must be hosed with ice water before the passengers can get out. The hot-speed plane of the future will be a steady improvement on the fast fighters of today, which, incidentally, are built largely of aluminum. Aluminum will be widely used in aviation for a long time. It is light, inexpensive, corrosion-resistant and easy to form. The big McDonnell Voodoo, which packs two huge J-57 jet engines in its belly and is reported to go past 1000 miles an hour with afterburners, is covered with aluminum. So is the Lockheed F-104, which is reliably reported to be the fastest jet in the world—1500 miles an hour in level flight.

After we pass 1500 mph, however, aluminum gets so hot that it becomes weak and may "creep." Creeping means just what it says. As the skin gets hotter and hotter it begins to soften and the pressure of the air stream tugs it out of shape—very minutely at first, so that the change cannot be noticed by the naked eye. But even this tiny change is dangerous. The creep stays in. It grows worse with each hot-speed flight. Eventually the airplane is so seriously weakened that it must either be extensively renovated or taken completely out of service. The old reliable DC-3 has given fine service for over twenty years. The new hypersonic plane might not last twenty months—or even twenty hours—before it was crippled by creep.

"Thermal cracking" is as bad as creep, or worse. Everyone is familiar with the results of suddenly shoving a thick glass bowl into a basin of very hot water. The hot water quickly expands the surface of the glass but the interior remains cool and does not expand. Something has to give, and you find yourself with two or three pieces. It's the same with an airplane wing. The thin outer skin heats up rapidly at high speed. The heavy spars and ribs inside the wing remain cool. The resulting strain may warp the wing and throw the airplane into an uncontrollable flip-flop or the wing may crack and buckle. Two things are needed: better metal, better design. Fortunately both are at hand.

One superior metal is titanium, which approaches steel in strength, and yet isn't much heavier than aluminum. Best of all, titanium can withstand 700 degrees Fahrenheit without losing too much of its strength. Back in 1950, people were making titanium in pilot plants, a few ounces at a time, and the stuff cost up to $200 a pound. Even so, the armed services were panting for a chance to use the new "wonder metal," and Tom Lippert, sales manager for Titanium Metals Corporation, was summoned post-haste to the Detroit Arsenal to fill in the high brass on the qualities of his product. When Lippert stepped into the conference room, about thirty people were crowded around a huge drawing of a forty-five-ton tank, arguing loudly about whether it should be cast or welded. Lippert stood on the fringe of the mob until the hubbub died down a little; then yelled, "What the devil are you gentlemen talking about?"



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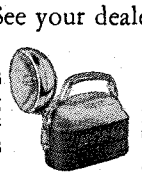

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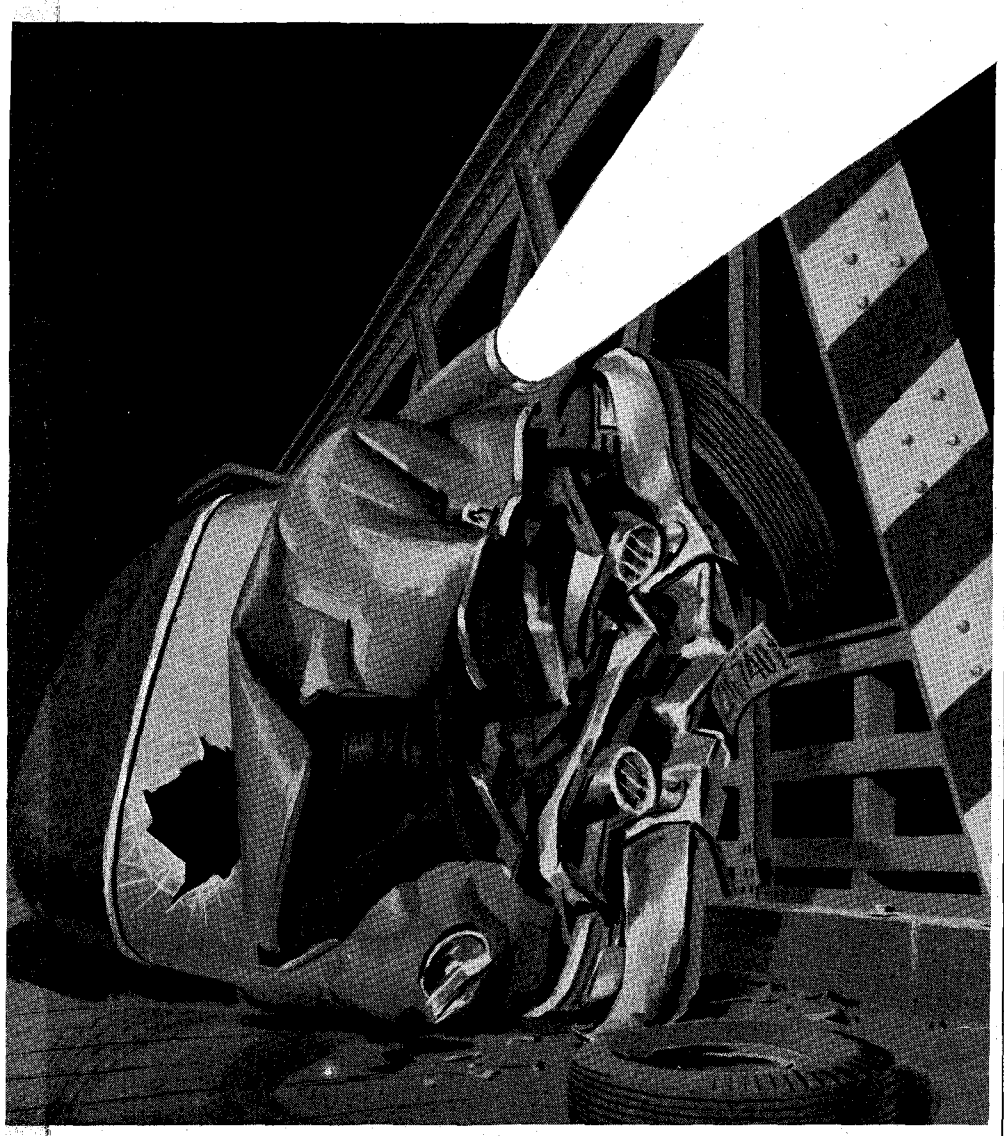

Paul Thomas was deeply irritated as he drove home after losing the bridge game. In *his* book it was his wife's fault they had lost.

"If you had used your head, we would have made the slam!" Paul emphasized his words with an extra push on the accelerator. He turned to glare at her as though she had lost their home instead of just a card game. "*Paul! Watch out!*" His wife's sharp cry jolted Paul back to his driving . . . a split-second too late. The right wheels had veered on to the soft shoulder of the road and the car careened crazily out of control. Then it slammed against the bridge abutment and Paul lost *again*.

Who's to blame for an accident like this? Paul's wife? The highway department? The car itself? No. The *real* cause here is the same one responsible for most of the tragic auto accidents that kill and maim thousands every year. It is simply that *the driver does not have his mind on driving*.

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What they were talking about was making the forty-five-ton tank out of titanium. They were talking about titanium armor plate four inches thick, four feet wide, thirteen feet long.

Lippert cleared his throat, took a large breath, and said, "Gentlemen, we might—just might—be able to send you one square foot of titanium sheet a sixteenth of an inch thick. But I'd want to check the home office before I made a commitment." While the generals were getting their breath, Lippert dropped in the news about the $200 a pound, and suggested that even if titanium were available, it might be necessary to float a new war loan to pay for one tank. The meeting broke up. The Army is still building its tanks out of steel.

The real titanium crisis came, however, in 1953. A very large builder of airframes phoned Titanium Metals Corporation one afternoon and announced that the stuff had suddenly started to come unglued in a big way during fabrication, and unless something was done quickly, the plant was going to come to a screaming halt. Titanium Metals had $5,000,000 worth of their product in production, in transit or in various stages of fabrication in customers' shops. There was no use kidding themselves. Either they found the trouble and came up with a lightning solution or there would be no more Titanium Metals Corporation.

A desperate trouble-shoot ensued. All the metallurgists and engineers in the Titanium Metals outfit stopped sleeping and stayed on the job with hot coffee and pep pills for two frantic days until they pinpointed the trouble: hydrogen. A small, unnoticed percentage of hydrogen had somehow been absorbed by the titanium during the production process. It made the metal brittle. When the airframe builders tried to form it, it cracked. The $5,000,000 question: What to do?

Tom Lippert sums it up, "Fortunately for us, the only element we could possibly remove from our titanium was hydrogen. By heating the metal under a vacuum, the hydrogen could be pumped out. It was a tough decision to make. It involved millions of dollars. But we felt we had a moral responsibility to our customers. We decided to throw the whole resource of our company into salvaging the titanium if possible or taking it back at our own loss if salvage was out of the question."

Titanium Metals' hard decision paid off. Their customers were impressed by the way the deal was handled. They pitched in and helped in the salvage operation. When all the hydrogen fumes had cleared away, Titanium Metals had cleaned up the whole $5,000,000 mess for just a little over $1,000,000.

Today the corporation is in high gear. Hydrogen is fully under control. Titanium's price has dropped from $200 to $3.95 a pound, and is still dropping. Pratt & Whitney is using titanium very extensively in their new superpowerful J-75 jet engine—the engine picked by Boeing and Douglas to power the newest jets they are building for the airlines. North American Aircraft Company uses titanium around the afterburner of its supersonic F-100 fighter. Douglas uses the metal to save weight and increase fire protection in transoceanic DC-7 transport planes. There are hundreds of other uses in the aviation industry. Like every new metal, titanium needs time to solve its problems. It's hard to work with, for example, without special know-how. The wonder metal isn't quite so wonderful as everyone thought. Wonder metals never are. But it's here to stay, and as techniques improve, it should have an ever-expanding usefulness.

As speeds go up to Mach 3 and 4—and they will—even titanium won't be able to cope with the hot spots: leading edges of wings and tail, nose, engine inlets. Air rams solidly against these places. It compresses like the air inside a cylinder and gets fantastically hot. For these hot spots, and for the hot parts inside a jet engine, superalloy steels are necessary.

Adolph Lena, a bright young metallurgist at Allegheny Ludlum, has developed the idea of freezing his alloy like a T-bone steak, before cooking it in the tempering furnace. The result is a steel that's easier to fabricate, strong at high temperatures, and has great strength in all directions—cold-rolled steel is strong only in the direction it was rolled.

General Electric, trying to develop better steel for the turbine blades of its jet engines, has made extensive use of "vacuum melting." GE started with a top-quality billet of air-melted steel. They remelted it in a vacuum. During the remelt all the objectionable gases and tiny inclusions were sucked out by the power of the vacuum. The new billet was cleaner, sounder, more uniform. Best of all, it had superior heat resistance when used in a jet engine. It would take 100 degrees more heat—enough to give a jet-fighter pilot a definite edge in an aerial dogfight.

While the metallurgists were cooking up their magic stews, the fabricators were not resting. A dramatic new construction known as an "all-metal honeycomb sandwich" has found widespread use in the aviation industry. Foil-thin ribbons of metal are arranged in a honeycomb pattern to comprise the core, which is then sandwiched securely between metal skins and welded tight. The metal skins carry the load, up to a brutal two tons per square inch in compression.

The honeycomb sandwich is virtually immune to thermal cracking or buckling. Cooling water flows readily through its maze of internal passages. Solar Aircraft Company, a pioneer in honeycomb construction, has developed a "liquid-cooled sandwich" and also a "porous-skin sandwich," which sweats water out through holes in the metal skin just as a human sweats through the pores of his body. This sweat-cooling idea is so good that guided-missile manufacturers are thinking of using it to keep their projectiles from melting as they plunge through the earth's atmosphere at 15,000 miles an hour. Solar uses the latest hot-speed metals in its sandwich line: Armco 17-7PH, Multimet, Haynes Alloy 25, and Inconel X. Inconel X is considered by some aviation engineers as the finest hot-speed metal of all. It stays strong up to 1800 degrees Fahrenheit—the point where many lesser metals are puddles of molten soup.

Hot-speed experimentation is not confined to metals. People, too, are in the act, and one of the more dramatic incidents took place in the USAF's experimental hot box at UCLA. Marvin Miles, an aviation writer, volunteered to sit in the box and act as a guinea pig to see just how much heat a human being could handle before he passed out. They swaddled Miles in heavy woolen underwear and affixed a maze of thermocouples and other gadgets to his body to measure how hot he got and how fast his heart was beating. Then they popped him into the insulated cockpit of a Link Trainer at 230 degrees Fahrenheit and slammed the door.

"Breathing through my mouth wasn't bad," Miles reported later, "for the hot air had cooled a hundred degrees or so in the brief throat passage. But inhaling through my nose was like holding a lighted match to my nostrils. I touched

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my glove to my cheek and promptly got burned by the searing leather."

They left Miles in for nineteen minutes. By this time the hot box had stabilized at 247 degrees Fahrenheit—thirty-five degrees hotter than boiling water. The heart gauge indicated that Marvin's adventurous heart was risen to 176 beats per minute, at which point he was judged ready for basting, and was withdrawn from the oven. Aside from a violent headache, severe burning in the eyes, loss of two pounds of weight and the inability to think or talk rationally, there wasn't a thing wrong with Miles. He had the last word too. "I can truthfully say," he remarked when he got his senses back, "that I was the hottest aviation writer in the world—at least for nineteen minutes."

Keeping a pilot cool during hypersonic flight is no job for mother's bedroom fan. The Douglas Stiletto, a needle-nosed experimental jet flying out of Edwards Air Force Base, uses a cooling system powerful enough to cool twenty-four four-room houses on a blistering July afternoon. The little unit weighs about the same as Marilyn Monroe—110 pounds—but uses 2600 horsepower to cool the Stiletto when the plane is traveling wide open at low altitude. Twenty-six hundred is a lot of horses. The big Republic Thunderbolt fighter of World War II—known affectionately in pilot circles as "The Jug"—had to get along with 2000 horsepower total.

Today's child will probably grow up bragging about the sandwiches his sitter used to make.

IVERN BOYETT

The pilot isn't the only heat-sensitive item in a hypersonic plane. The rubber seals for the pressurized hatches and insulation on the miles of wiring can no longer be made from the oozing white sap of a rubber tree. Natural rubber melts into a gluey mess under high heat, and gets brittle as ice in extreme cold. General Electric has developed a synthetic silicone rubber which whips both extremes. The new rubber keeps its bounce and firmness up to 400 degrees Fahrenheit when the plane is ramming along through dense hot air. But the silicone synthetic is also rubbery and efficient down to 100 degrees below zero—which is approaching the cold of outer space.

A new electronic device known as a transistor is replacing vacuum tubes in radios for hot-speed planes. Without going into a lot of technical gobbledygook, a transistor is a sandwich of metals which does the same job as a large, delicate tube, although the transistor may be no larger than a hazelnut. The new device is heat-resistant, light, takes little power and withstands abuse better than a glass tube. Convair is using transistors in the auto-pilot of the new Hustler supersonic bomber. A modern military airplane is crammed to the seams with equipment. The trend is toward "miniaturizing" everything possible—and the transistor is made to order for that job.

Fuel, of course, is one of the biggest problems of all. The JP-4 jet fuel in the drop tanks of a Super Sabre begins to boil furiously when the airplane flies faster than sound at low altitude. Almost as much fuel can be lost in boil-away as is used by the Sabre's big jet engine. The remedy is at hand if the designers care to use it. They can wrap the drop tanks in insulation to keep them cool or pressurize the tanks to stop early boiling, or both. But they don't get something for nothing. Insulation and pressurization mean bigger, heavier tanks. So the engineers sit down with their slide rules and figure out which will give the Sabre more range—a pressurized overcoat on a big tank—or simply relaxing and enjoying the soft boiling sound the fuel makes as it escapes. As far as the Super Sabre is concerned, it's good sense just to let 'er boil.

But there is a silver lining even in the blackest cloud, and the fuel supply in a hot-speed airplane is good for something more than just driving the hardware. The large fuel cells are being used as a "heat sink." Heat from the oil in the plane's engines is fed through a heat exchanger into the fuel. The fuel gets hotter, but nobody cares, because it's going to be burned in the engine anyhow. So they actually kill two birds with one stone—burn the fuel and get rid of excess oil heat, all in one lovely burst of flame.

The chemical industry is experimenting with what are known as "exotic fuels," and the current white hope is a combination of boron and lithium with hydrogen. The secret is the hydrogen, an explosive gas with a kick like dynamite. By locking the powerful hydrogen into a light element like boron or lithium, you produce a fuel that is light, relatively safe to handle, yet has terrific power. Such a fuel would be ideal for rockets or ramjets. Walter O. McConnell, vice-president of Olin-Mathieson Chemical Corporation, says, "We're working hard in the field of exotic fuels. Any one of twenty compounds, including boron and lithium, could be the answer, in say ten years, to the whole field of propulsion."

Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation is reported to be looking the field over, quietly seeking lithium-mining properties and pushing lab research on the new fuel. Lithium Corporation of America recently announced that it is doubling its facilities to meet contractual requirements for 1956. There is speculation in the industry as to whether these contractual requirements might not mean General Electric's greatly expanded rocket research. American Potash and Chemical, one of the nation's leading suppliers of boron, says, "We furnish boron to twenty-five or thirty companies for research on many potential uses in their own labs." Exotic fuels are no fad. They are a deadly serious goal which could, conceivably, mean the winning or losing of a war.

Hot-speed flight is a co-operative effort among engineers, metallurgists, electronics experts, airplane builders, fuel specialists, pilots and many others. The little X-2 may be just a glint in the sky when Pete Everest streaks along on his full-power run, but it took years of work, billions of dollars and the concentration of America's best brains to build a plane which would move that fast. The X-2 and the research airplanes and rocket ships which follow it will be the test beds for the newest metals, plastics, glass, insulation, lubricants, fuels, ceramics and design ingenuity in America. These hot-speed planes are the prototypes of the fighters and bombers which, we hope, will keep us strong and free, and of the transports which will span a continent or an ocean in hours, perhaps even minutes. One of these days you'll see Pete Everest's little X-2 flash across a TV or movie screen, and perhaps the announcer will tell you how fast he's going. I'd like to make a small bet that it will be more than 2000 miles an hour. And I'd like to drop in a word of caution: When Pete comes on the screen in his X-2, don't blink. If you do, you'll miss the show. THE END

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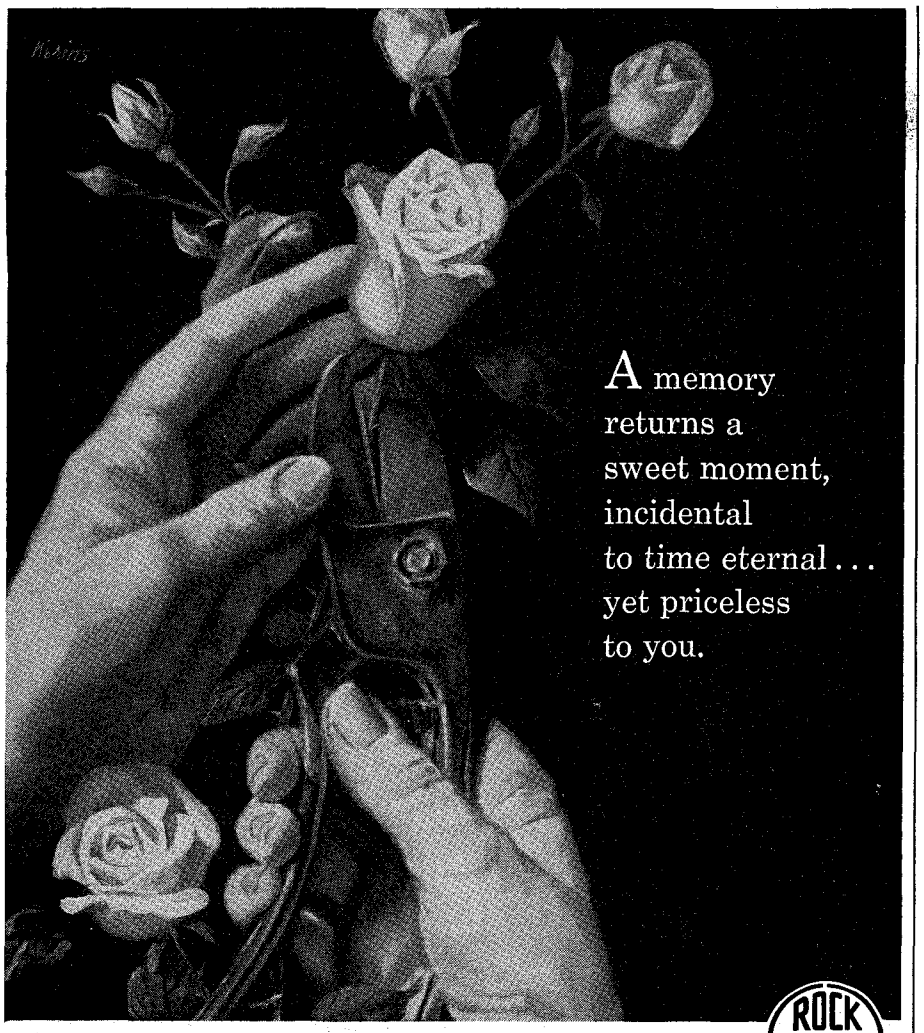

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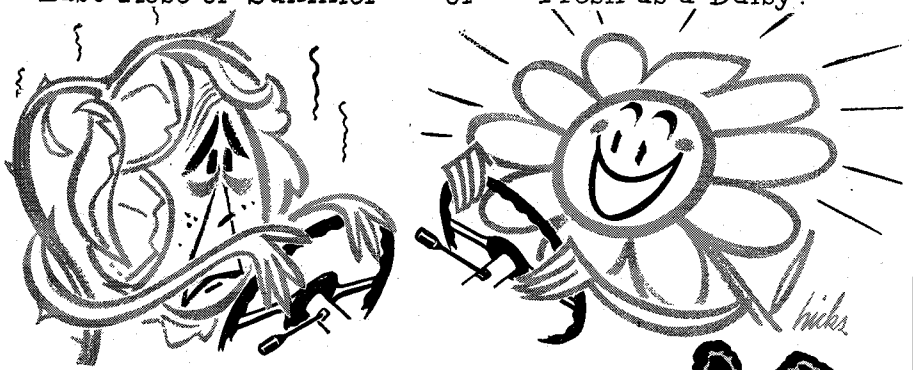

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Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

The Fight Over Fluoridation

(Continued from Page 37)

to match the drugs that have whipped a long list of diseases in medicine. Fluoridation didn't promise a cure, but it did suggest a sizable drop in dental ills and dental bills, now topping $1,200,000,000 a year, for our children. The adult population got no promises at all.

That was five years ago. The promise is still there, but hardly for the next generation. Fluoridation is having trouble on the road—so much so this past year that, according to the calculations of one pessimist in the Public Health Service, 279 years will pass before this tooth-saving technique is adopted by all the towns and cities where it is feasible. Other estimates now range from 50 to 100 years for a job that originally had a thirty-year goal.

Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington and San Francisco have already gone for fluoridation. If New York and Chicago both install it in 1956, which is likely, 34,000,000 Americans will have it. Yet bills to ban the whole idea have been introduced in Congress. Local lawsuits to bar it continue to crop up.

At least 70,000,000 of us whose towns need and could have fluoridation, lack it. Cincinnati, Birmingham, Akron, Seattle and San Diego have rejected it or dropped it after trial. College-dominated towns, presumably with high average I.Q., have said, "No, thanks." A slim majority of the 250-odd places, large and small, holding referendums have voted it down. And the head of the municipal water department in Batavia, New York, is so hot against it that he prints antifluoridation propaganda on the town water bills.

"Fluoridation" obviously has become a fighting word. Any day now—if not already—it can start an argument in your home town. Is Dr. Bernard C. Kingsbury, president of the American Dental Association, justified in branding cities that lack fluoridation as "failing in their responsibility to the public"? Or should you believe Dr. Frederick B. Exner, Seattle radiologist and conspicuous enemy of the idea, who says it "violates the most sacred rights of God and man"? What are the facts?

The bone of contention is fluorine, a superactive chemical element never found pure in nature, always tied to other elements in compounds known as fluorides. Sodium fluoride, in massive doses, is a tough rat-and-insect poison. Small amounts of sodium fluoride, and other fluorine compounds, are also usual in human diet—strong in tea and sea foods, detectable in subtraces in most of what you ever ate or drank.

The blood stream, in youth, leaves subtraces of fluorine in the enamel and dentine of your teeth. Decades of research have yet to tell doctors why just enough fluorine discourages cavities. The positive causes of decay are still obscure. Heredity is one; too much sweet stuff, poor nutrition and poor home care are others. Just enough fluorine helps teeth to resist decay, however caused.

More than "just enough" may cause "Texas teeth"—milky-white spots in the enamel, often turning mottled brown, common in parts of Texas and Colorado which have water with high fluorine content. Search for the cause of this mottling led to the discovery that local teeth also showed unusually little decay. "High" fluorine content is actually absurdly low, running from two to eight parts per 1,000,000 of water. Mottling disappears below two parts per 1,000,000, but the decay-braking action keeps on well down toward one half part per 1,000,000.

Such observations led researchers of the 1940's to determine that one part per 1,000,000 is best to achieve fewer cavities with a low risk of mottles. This also happens to be the natural fluorine content of sea water, the medium in which life first developed. Lucky places, like Aurora, Illinois, and Amarillo, Texas, have water naturally near that level. Others, with too much, like Bartlett, Texas, actually take fluorides out of the water to guard against mottles. But the drinking water in most towns has too little fluoride to help teeth much.

The idea of artificial re-enforcement of fluorine-weak water naturally followed. To test it, state and Federal agencies chose two pairs of guinea-pig towns with fluorine-poor water—Grand Rapids and nearby Muskegon, in Michigan; Newburgh and nearby Kingston, in New York. For ten years, starting in 1945, Newburgh and Grand Rapids had one part per 1,000,000 of sodium fluoride added to their water. Kingston and Muskegon stayed on their usual water. Query: After ten years how much difference would there be between the teeth of children in the towns with fluoride and those in the towns without?

The results were so striking by 1951 that the Public Health Service recommended fluoridation wherever indicated. Large and small communities took it up. That same year Muskegon decided it couldn't afford to wait out the full ten years without fluoridation, experiment or no experiment, and added the chemical to its water supply. Kingston stuck it out for the pay-off. I was present last December when the final reports were read before the New York Institute of Clinical Oral Pathology—and they held the miracle promised for cavity-plagued kids.

Fluoridation had worked. Newburgh children showed 58 per cent fewer decayed, filled or missing teeth than did Kingston children. Their cavities were smaller. The sharpest contrast was where it should be—in the teeth of those born after fluoridation began, who had been drinking one-part-per-1,000,000 water all their lives. And so far it was safe. Elaborate physical exams, including spinal X rays to detect abnormal deposits of fluoride in the bones, showed no significant differences in the kids in either town.

The same day Canada's province of Ontario announced a ten-year study in some ways even more clinching: This had included Sarnia, a town with fluorine-weak water left untreated; Stratford, where the water had a natural content of 1.2 parts per 1,000,000 of fluoride; and Brantford, where the fluoride was artificially added. At the start of the experiment, in 1945, the children's teeth in Sarnia and Brantford had about the same prevalence of decay, much worse than that of the children in naturally fluoridated Stratford. In 1955, Sarnia's kids were as badly off in cavities as ever. Stratford's were as well off as ever. But in Brantford, where the fluoride had been added for ten years, the youngsters' teeth were now up in the Stratford class.

After reading the news from Canada and New York, Mayor Donal Connolly, of Trenton, New Jersey, said now was the time to consider fluoridation for Trenton. Here and there his judgment has been, and will be, followed. But no one expects a stampede. For the opponents of fluoridation have counterattacked on a nationwide front.

The opposition cross-sections like poor bacon: The streaks of logic, responsibility and good will are almost lost among layers of irresponsible hollering. Those openly dubious about fluoridation do

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include one of the nation's most eminent surgeons, several able biochemists and a few other medical specialists, dentists or researchers of impressive background and standing who object on a rational basis. But mostly the movement generates heat rather than light.

Doctor Exner's remark about violating the "sacred rights of man and God" is a clue to emotions aroused against fluoridation. "The stuff may be good for kids," an intelligent friend of mine agrees. But, he adds, "It won't help me or millions of other adults. Maybe it won't hurt me either. I don't care. What I resent is a bureaucrat forcing the stuff down my throat."

The threat to personal freedom, whether real or fancied, has prompted a few journalists, of whom George Sokolsky is best known, to toy with backing the antis. Here and there local chiropractors take the lead. In the shadows below them mills a confused anti group—and I mean confused—of doctors, dentists and technicians of tenuous professional standing, but skillful at using technical double talk. These are joyfully leaned on and quoted by well-meaning food faddists and out-and-out cranks to prove that fluoridation is a sinister risk. In 1954, a witness before a House of Representatives committee seriously warned its members against bathing in Washington's fluoridated water. To avoid drinking "rat poison," some of his fellow witnesses had fetched jugs of "natural" water from home.

Still further down, and fortunately less numerous, are the chronic hatemongers, who package antifluoridation in with their other scurrilous campaigns. From them the cranks borrow outlandish tales for use in local letters to the editor and for propaganda mailings. A popular target has been Oscar R. Ewing, who was head of the Federal Security Agency when the Public Health Service, then under FSA, decided to urge fluoridation. During World War II, before he became a public official, Ewing's law firm assigned him to Aluminum Company of America's defense contracts. Out of these two facts came the antis' story that he was paid $750,000 a year to foist fluoridation on the nation so Alcoa would have a market for its spare fluorides.

Actually, though fluorides are used in refining aluminum, those sold for treating water come largely from the chemical-fertilizer industry. In any case, it takes real imagination to cast this confirmed New Deal lawyer as a "tool of the interests." You need imagination, too, to go along with another familiar accusation that the "sugar interests" are the villain. The claim here is that mothers, once they are convinced that fluoridation eliminates risk of cavities, will no longer bother to ride herd on Junior's overconsumption of sweet stuff, so more sugar will be sold.

"Have we so coddled our children," asked a witness at that 1954 hearing, "that we are willing to shorten the life of our neighbor so they can have an extra candy bar?" Actually no dentist or public-health official ever depicts fluoridation as superseding good dental hygiene—including temperate use of sweets. Fluoridation is just one device in a battle requiring all possible weapons.

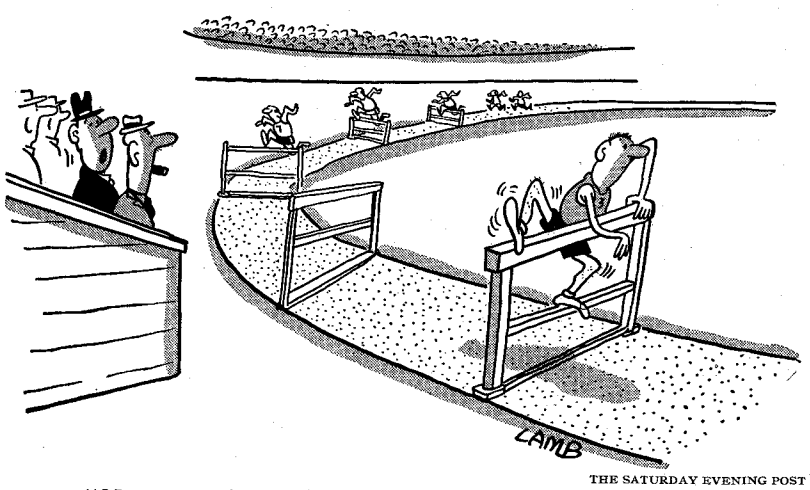
Or take another accusation: This is a plot not of big business, but of communism. Some crusaders advance those two theories simultaneously without sprain-ing anything. The idea is to equip American water supplies with fluoridation gadgets and heavy stocks of sodium fluoride so that, come the great day, a twist of a saboteur's wrist can dump killing quantities of "rat poison" into our large cities' drinking water.

The American Water Works Association says that the size and design of such machines and the small amounts of fluoride stocked make this nonsense. Far from approving fluoridation, communists hotly oppose it as "a potentially dangerous step forced upon Europeans by American capitalists," according to a dentist recently visiting Germany for the State Department.

A technique for deflating crank reactions has appeared in such forehanded towns as Charlotte, North Carolina, Martinsburg, West Virginia, and Newburgh. City Hall announces that fluoridation will begin on a certain day—people in Charlotte recalled later that it was April first—and lets the complaints roll in. "This water is ruining photographic negatives." . . . "It killed my goldfish." . . . "It brought grandma's asthma back." . . . "It don't mix good with liquor no more." The newspapers print much of this. Then City Hall announces that, regrettable as these things are, fluoride can't be the cause—the actual start of fluoridation has been postponed for technical reasons to the first of next month.

Mention of these errors in timing annoys even the well-meaning antis like my intelligent, freedom-jealous friend. All the more reason, they feel, to accuse public-health agencies of cynically using fluoridation as an opening wedge for mass medication and socialized medicine. They cannot explain why, in that case, the American Medical Association, to which socialized medicine is anathema, formally approves the principle of fluoridation.

It is also highly suspicious to some antis that the American Dental Association is keen on a scheme which obviously takes business away from dentists. The fact is, of course, that dentists want tooth decay reduced because there aren't nearly enough dentists for the nation's present needs. They'd like to concentrate more on preventive mouth medicine, such as



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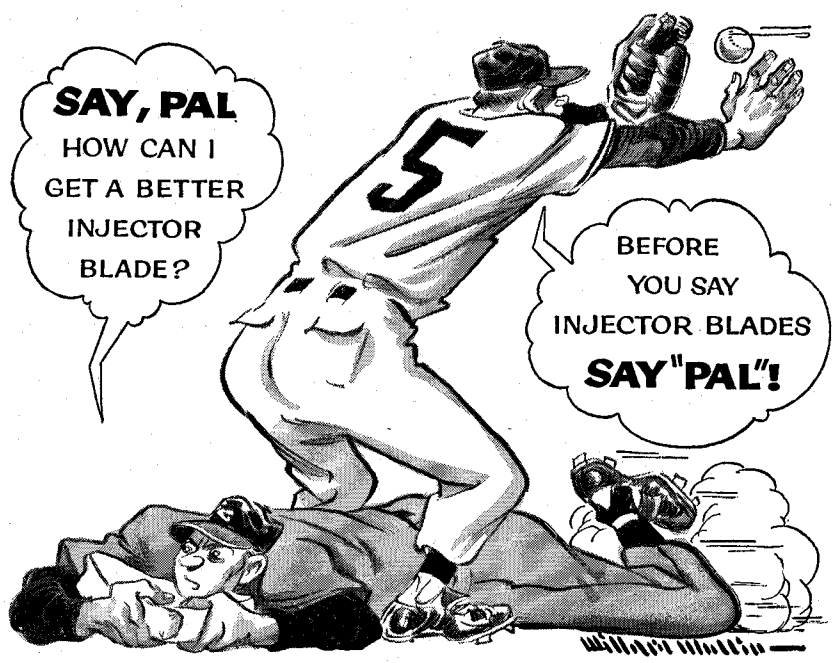

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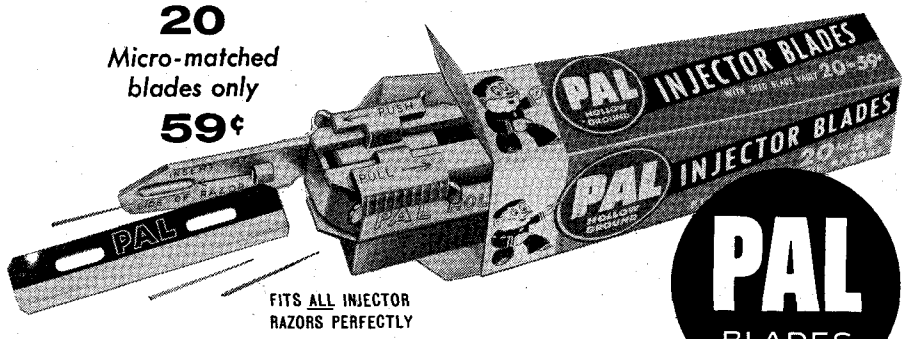

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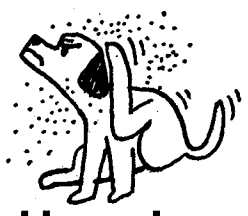

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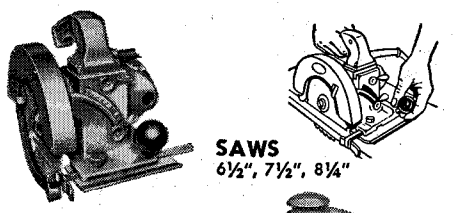

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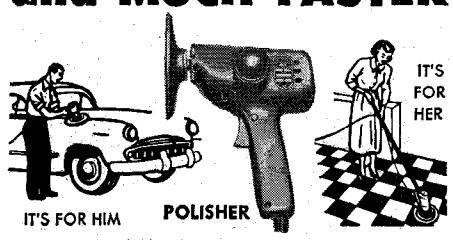

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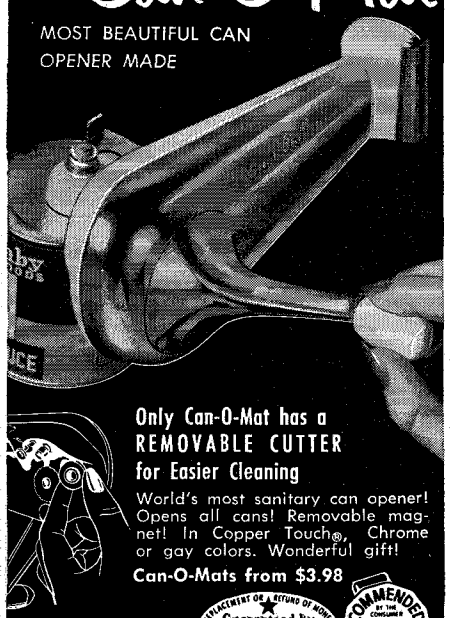

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The more rational objections to fluoridation are a mixture of half truths sewn on whole cloth and, finally, some completely honest, legitimate doubts that our scientists have marshaled all the facts. Much uneasiness has been roused by accusations like the following on local radio, in town meetings and at service-club lunches. Let's run through those widely used, with antidotes attached.

1. Sodium fluoride is "rat poison." (True; so what? In the same sense the chlorine mixed into drinking water to protect you from typhoid and other water-borne infections is also poison. "Poisonousness" depends on "how much?" as well as on "what?". "Most medicines administered by physicians are poisonous if given in high concentration," says Dr. Alton Ochsner, the great New Orleans surgeon, who opposes fluoridation—but on grounds sounder than any mentioned so far.)

2. Fluoridation is "unnatural." (If this is reprehensible, better leave the chlorine out of the water too.)

3. It is "forced medication." (Hardly. You don't have to drink city water any more than you have to ride city-run buses. You can always walk or buy bottled water. And fluorine, present in most waters and foods and all teeth, belongs in normal diet and normal bodies. Hence fluoridation is not "medication," but a supplement making up a deficiency in diet—like irradiating milk to step up its content of Vitamin D.)

4. It might accidentally dump dangerous amounts of fluoride into city water. (It can't, for the same mechanical reasons mentioned above to rule out the notion of communist sabotage.)

5. Only 1 per cent of city water gets swallowed. It's wasteful to fluoridate the other 99 per cent. (Facts good, conclusion pointless because fluoridating 100 per cent costs so little—five to ten cents per year per capita in many places; never more than a quarter.)

6. The one part per 1,000,000 "safe level" is based on averages. Heavier-than-average water drinkers will get far more fluorine daily. And how about most of us in hot, thirsty weather? (Recognizing this, fluoridated Southern towns drop the level to .7 parts per 1,000,000 in summer. This is done to avoid mottles in the teeth of growing children. For the rest of us the precaution may be needless. Biochemists are confident that, at any conceivable levels in water supply, the more fluorine the body takes in, the more it gets rid of in urine and sweat. The slight difference between intake and outgo stays behind in teeth and bones. To get a massive, harmful dose of fluoride, you must drink several bathtubfuls of water at a sitting.)

As you can see, these six objections are, in the main, easily rebutted. But that slight difference between intake and outgo—mentioned in No. 6—keeps a few eminent doctors and nutritionists uneasy. They admit fluorine is a real and valuable fighter against tooth decay. They are aware that careful studies in one-part-per-1,000,000 towns like Aurora indicate no ill effects from water-borne fluorine on people born and living there all their lives. As intelligent men they want no part in the shrieks of "Rat poison!" or "Conspiracy!" But Prof. Clive M. McCay, of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, recently told a radio audience:

"Evidence is not convincing that the cumulative effects of fluorides may not produce injury in people after long drinking of fluoridated water." Doctor Ochsner, member of a New Orleans committee studying the issue, says he is "not convinced that [fluoridation] is entirely without danger." He is specially alert to the possibility that, though fluoridated water spares Junior much decay, it may also so affect the gums of adults continuing to drink it that they will lose their teeth needlessly early. Both these doubters would feel better about extra fluorine as an antidecay weapon if Junior ceased getting it when his teeth have matured. They have their counterparts abroad. Several noted nutritionists are violently opposed to the British Health Ministry's proposal to fluoridate water supplies. The Institut Pasteur, in France, has refused so far to approve a fluoridation program.

The National Institute of Dental Research suspects that the antidecay action of fluorine persists well into middle life. But at best it is a decreasing return. By the age of sixteen Junior has certainly had 90 per cent of possible benefit. So, to keep fluorine where he thinks it belongs, and to make it unnecessary for adults to keep on drinking it, Professor McCay suggests specially fluoridated sugar, so that Junior, and Junior alone, will get an equivalent of that water-borne one part per 1,000,000. Doctor Ochsner leans to the more usual suggestion of fluoridating Junior's milk.

Such hopes of getting the best from fluorine without treating whole water supplies tie in with the great weakness of fluoridation as a public-health tool: It omits two fifths of the nation—the 60,000,000 people using wells and other private water supplies.

If you want to meet the most daring motorists alive, visit the hospital.

IMOGENE FEY

The Public Health Service hopes soon to fill this need with a safe and cheap home fluoridator. Until their experiments bear fruit, the best accepted answer is "topical fluoridation." This means directly swabbing the enamel of children's teeth with fluoride, so that it penetrates tiny crevices and reacts with enamel in a protective hardening. The formula is a series of four treatments repeated every three or four years to catch new teeth as they appear. It works, too—not so well as fluoridated water, which can do much for the teeth via the blood stream before they "erupt," but well enough to be worth while.

New York City thus treats 13,000 children a year. Michigan's "topical" clinics processed 32,000 in 1955. Most dentists do it privately on request. Cost per child is higher than that of fluoridated water. The dentist's bill may be almost as much as if he had waited to fill the cavities that the job may prevent. But Junior has been spared much grief. Group treatment, using teams of dental hygienists or student dentists, can get it down to three dollars per series.

The same theory of "topical effect" underlies tooth pastes containing fluorides. The newest of these, based on the research of Prof. Joseph C. Muhler, of the Indiana University School of Dentistry, uses a tin fluoride that seems to discourage decay in adults almost as much as in children. It is being marketed under United States Food & Drug Administration reservations about use on very young children and in areas with high natural fluoridation in water. The American Dental Association, claiming "no adequate evidence" showing prevention of tooth decay, says, "It would be a disservice to the dental health of the public if the promotion of fluoride dentifrices should lead to the misconception that their use is an adequate substitute for the controlled fluoridation of municipal water supplies."

Fluoridated chewing gum also has been tried. Most current schemes for the neglected 60,000,000, however, amount to a do-it-yourself approach via the blood stream. Tablets that give Junior the daily equivalent of one part per 1,000,000 in his drinking water have been tried. The city council of Newark, New Jersey, recently requested the city health authorities to supply such tablets free to parents asking for them. The New Jersey State Department of Health refused to sanction the method. The Public Health Service also has small faith in once-a-day tablets. Fluorine works best, they think, with frequent intake, as in drinking water.

Ever since the early days of fluoridation, some of the National Institute's experts privately dosed their own children's drinking water to the one-part-per-1,000,000 level. The water supply in their Maryland community was not fluoridated until recently. For amateurs it is safer to buy naturally fluoridated water now shipped commercially out of the city mains of Hereford, Texas. But the Public Health Service still thinks the community-water-supply technique best. Bottled water costs too much for many families. It's difficult to be sure that Junior drinks largely from a special source.

This pessimism is probably justified. People even neglect to boil drinking water during contaminating floods. Both the sugar and the milk schemes suffer from the wide variation in children's liking for these items. But there may someday be a lively future in the findings of Dr. James H. Shaw, of the Harvard School of Dental Medicine, that the teeth of East Indians using sea salt have about as few cavities as if they had been reared on fluoridated water.

Sea water contains about everything under the sun in tiny proportions, including fluorine. Use of sea salt certainly cannot be recommended as a public-health measure without far more exhaustive testing than it has yet even begun to have. But if you live in a fluorine-poor situation and want to try it on your kids, it can't possibly harm them in quantities normal in seasoning their oatmeal, tomato juice, vegetables and such. And you don't have to go to the shore to boil down your own supply. The stuff is already commercially available in limited quantities.

Someday some such approach to administering fluorine by age groups might replace fluoridation. But for now, even Professor Muhler, father of that likely toothpaste, considers water-supply treatment the best answer wherever practical. Put it this way: I have been through these pros and cons more thoroughly than most laymen. If I lived in Kingston, where, the great test being completed, fluoridation is now being considered, would I be for it? I would. My common-sense reasons, in addition to the six rebuttals already offered, are these:

Those ten-year results are massively impressive.

The more responsible an opponent of fluoridation is, the likelier he is to admit that it does prevent cavities as per invoice.

The possibility of cumulative damage from adult fluorine intake strikes me as too slight to justify rejecting the known benefits for youngsters.

Tooth decay, next to the common cold, is civilization's most prevalent disease. Fluoridation, to date, is the only method science has found, and proved, to limit this disease in great masses of people. It promises a miracle which is already too long delayed. THE END

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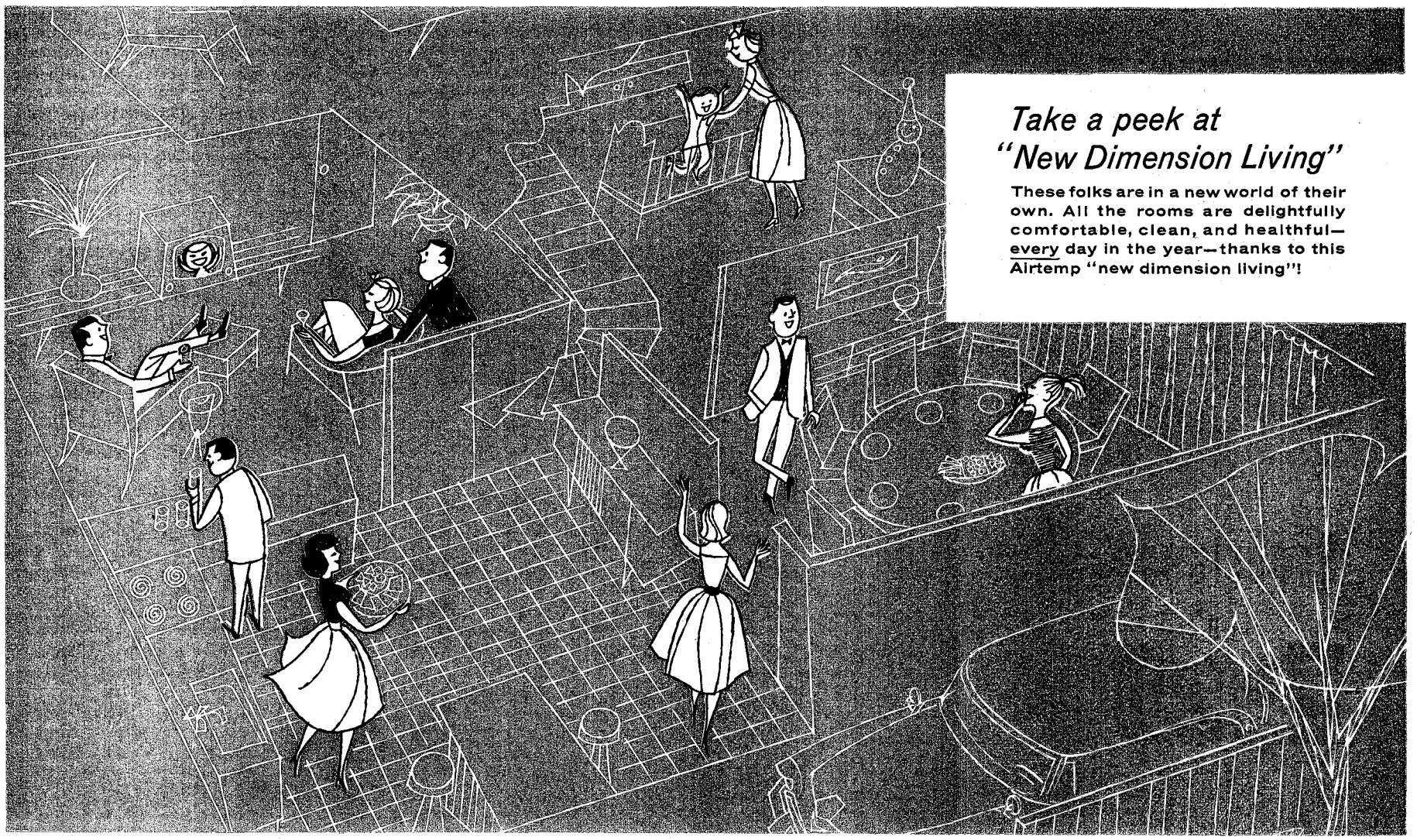

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A Passion for Pancakes

(Continued from Page 31)

but in too many restaurants they have become a gyp dish. The pancake is made early in the day and allowed to stand indefinitely; the liqueurs are coarse-flavored, and the final result is a soggy bit of stuff which chews like wet suède leather.

Of all existing pancakes, American pancakes yield to none in variety and flavor. Call them griddle cakes, flannel cakes, flapjacks or simply hot cakes, they are enticing eating. The usual winter country breakfast around the turn of the century had a menu of griddle cakes and sausage—a meal to stick to the ribs through a day of outdoor work.

When the cakes were based on buckwheat flour, they were called "riz" because yeast was in their leaven. They were mixed the night before in a large white ironstone pitcher, and left to warm overnight on the back of the range. In the morning the fire was built up, the long griddle put on, and at the right moment of slightly smoking heat the griddle was given a fast rub with a strip of bacon rind, and batter was poured in four equal-sized islands.

A hot plate awaited the finished cakes. Meanwhile, sausage slightly seasoned with sage and very hot with pepper was sizzling in a pan. A hot plate waited for it too. When the sausage was slid out, the grease was drained away and a little hot water turned into the crusty brown residue in the pan. This thin gravy was poured into a bowl just as the second griddle of cakes was ready to be taken up. Butter and sirup were on the table, the children were seated, the men came stamping in from the chores. There was strong coffee with rich cream. More and more hot cakes came from the griddle, to be eaten with gravy and butter—and for the last round, the golden sirup from that sweet tree, the sugar maple.

Sometimes the pancakes of these glorious breakfasts were made with white flour, or whole wheat or rye or corn meal—and a well-made corn-meal pancake is something to shout about. It is the tenderest of pancakes, difficult to flip because it breaks apart at a touch, but oh, so good.

I used to visit a Maryland farm where, at breakfast, corn-meal pancakes no bigger than silver dollars came in endless procession from the kitchen. There was hot melted butter to pour over them, and apple jelly of a quivery pink sweetness to spoon above the butter, a delicacy worthy to appear as a dinner accessory wreathing about a roasted capon or clove-dotted ham.

Pancakes have this noble virtue, that almost anything can be put into their batter. All flours and corn meals are obvious, but crumbled leftover bread, hominy, that last lingering spoonful of dry cereal or the scrapings of cooked cereal, any kind, all go happily into pancakes. Rice makes fine pancakes for breakfast or, if flavored with almond and lemon, an elegant luncheon dessert. Stuffing left over from a fowl can be made into pancakes to serve with the fowl.

For the housewife who likes short cuts, the pancake is a natural, because the grocer can supply ready-mixes in any number, and the kitchen-utensil boys have come up with all sorts of griddles and pans and platters. Pancakes can even be cooked at table for informal meals. This lessening of time spent and labor required has contributed to the pancake renaissance in a large way. A friend of mine recently dined at the home of an eminent doctor of Dutch birth, and this was the menu: First a clear soup filled with the tiniest of meat balls, scarcely larger than the doctor's pills, the meat ground and spiced and seasoned for piquancy. Then came crisp and tender pancakes made by the hostess, frail circles draped as soon as made over an inverted saucer in an old Netherlands style. The last course was simply a slice of sweet melon with cups of black coffee. My friend reports that it was an odd meal, but marvelously good.

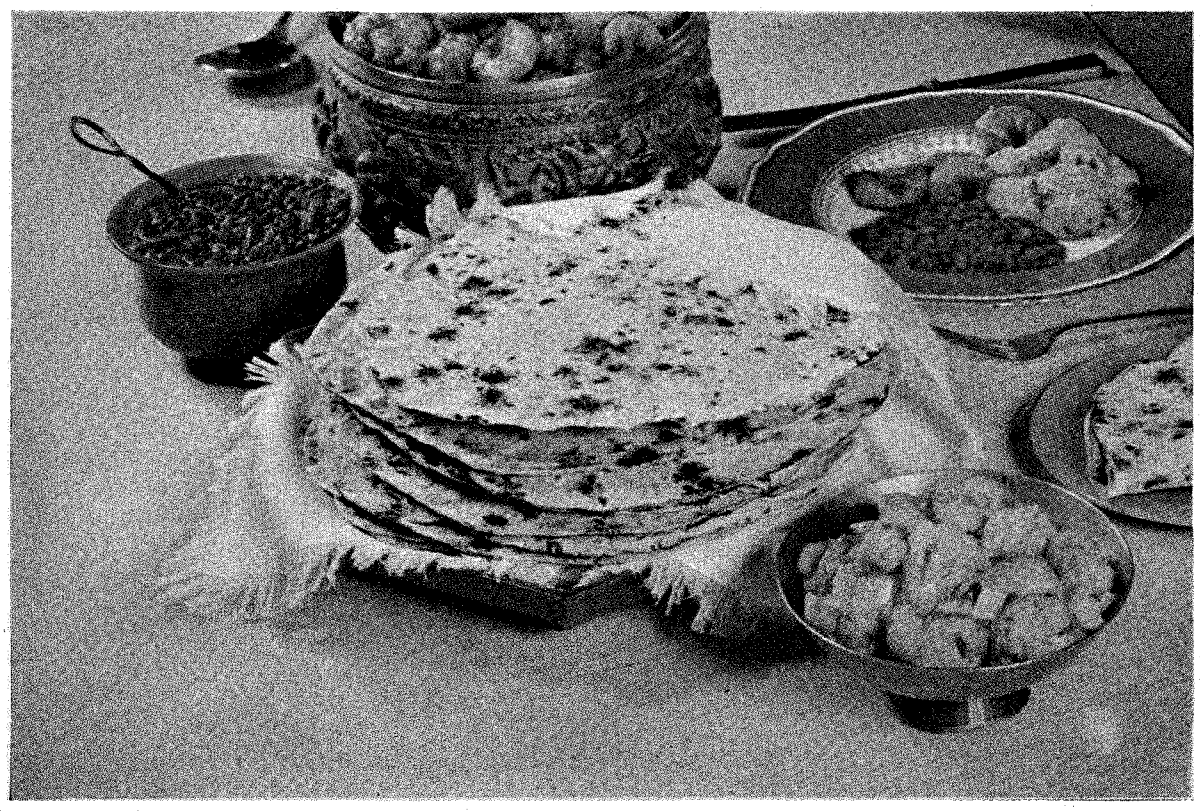
My own vote for the best pancakes in America must be split three ways. First there are the oyster pancakes of the Eastern Shore. Three or four small oysters, fresh and salty, are dropped into a couple of spoonfuls of batter—some oyster liquor in that batter, please—and baked on a griddle in the usual way. With coleslaw or a bit of pepper relish, oyster pancakes are a terrific dish. But they must be made with the smallest oysters and not overcooked.

My second choice is known as Adirondack flapjacks, and here is the recipe: For eight seven-inch pancakes, sift together two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one half teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of granulated sugar. Separate whites from yolks of four eggs; beat yolks well and add two cups of milk. Pour the egg-and-milk mixture into the flour mixture and stir with a spoon into a smooth batter. Stir in six tablespoons of melted butter or bacon fat, and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff, but not dry. Fry as usual on a hot griddle—large cakes. Stack on a hot plate, covering each flapjack with soft butter and shaved maple sugar or a spoonful of maple-sugar cream, until you have two piles of four. Cut into wedges like a pie, and serve with crisp bacon curls.

If you must gild the refined gold of these pancakes, you can add blueberries and create a blueberry-pancake pie which makes a complete luncheon if served with big cups of coffee laced with the thickest cream. For blueberry-pancake pie, sift together one and one half cups flour, one teaspoon salt, three level teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon granulated sugar and one and one half tablespoons corn meal. Beat three eggs well with one and one half cups milk, add slowly to the flour mix and beat until smooth. Lastly stir in four and one half tablespoons of melted butter.

For six to eight people, it will be best to make two pies. To do this, cook three large pancakes, using a very large griddle lightly buttered. Turn these over just once and keep warm until three are made. Have ready twelve ounces of shaved maple sugar and four cups of blueberries which have been cooked three minutes with one scant cup granulated sugar.

Place one pancake on a hot serving dish, dot with butter, cover with one fourth of the blueberries, sprinkle lavishly with the grated maple sugar, cover with another pancake, another one fourth of the berries, more sugar, and top with the third pancake. Sprinkle the top pancake with maple sugar and send to table to be cut into wedges and eaten at once with heavy (*Continued on Page 149*)



The *chapatty*, versatile version of the pancake from India, can be served as bread or used as an edible platter.

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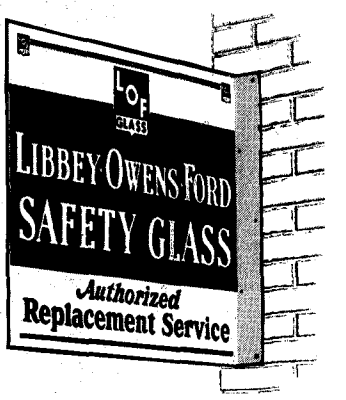

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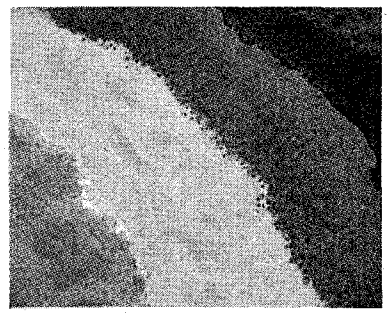

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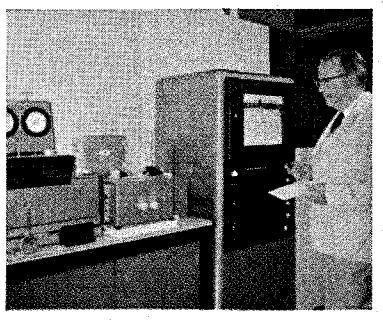

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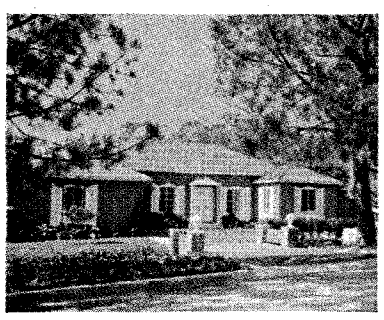

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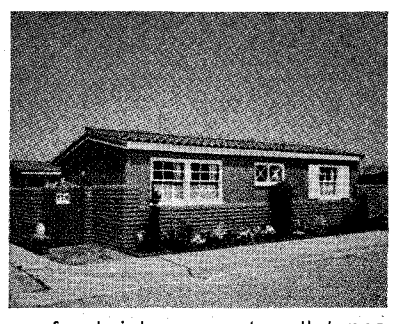

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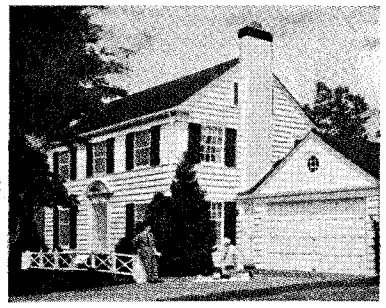

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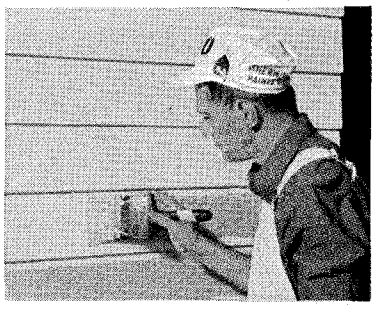

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(*Continued from Page 146*) cream accompaniment. In the meantime, make the second pie and serve. With modern equipment the whole project can be carried out at table—it is fun to watch.

There is one more pancake for which I must give details—the delicious and rare green-corn pancake. They are made by pressing out or grating the pulp of the most sugary and youngest sweet corn, two cups of it. Add one fourth cup of milk, one well-beaten egg and one extra yolk. Now add one cup of flour sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon sugar, and one teaspoon salt. Put in half a teaspoon of freshly ground pepper, the same of grated nutmeg and a great big tablespoon of melted bacon fat or soft butter. Beat leftover white of egg and fold in. Bake on a lightly greased griddle and eat with rapture, either as a separate course or as a luscious side dish with game, fowl, ham or roast beef.

Now, a few pancake statistics. There are more than twenty basic types of pancakes, more than thirty fillings for rolled main-course pancakes and at least fifty fillings for dessert pancakes. Among oddities known by name are ruby pancakes tinted with beet juice, beer and ale pancakes, herb pancakes, soufflé pancakes—and simply delicious they are—oven-baked pancakes, hash-filled pancakes, cheese pancakes, and so on and on. But me, I stick with the oyster pancakes, the Adirondack flapjack and the sweet-corn pancake. To me, these three are tops in taste, and, as I said in the beginning, the big thing about pancakes is that they should taste like more.

How to Build Your Own Church

(Continued from Page 55)

other ideas. His short legs carried him the five miles to the crossroads in good time for dinner.

The last day of stone laying was a Saturday. Mr. Painter, who had a taste for blackberry wine, began exploiting it before noon that day. The question arose as to whether Mr. Painter would finish the wall before the blackberry wine finished Mr. Painter. As the afternoon wore on, three men joined him on the scaffold to hold him up. With five stones to go, the blackberry wine was declared victorious and Mr. Painter was lowered to the ground. Mr. Ed Gentry, the senior deacon of the church, climbed up on the scaffold and laid the last five stones himself. You can see them there to this day.

"I never knew anything like it, before or since," Mrs. Robert Gentry says today, a little sadly. "Building our own church brought a whole new spirit to this community, thanks to God and Mr. Haines."

During the '30's, Haines had church bees going all over the state. He felt that using local materials tied the church to the community, so to speak, and he encouraged their use wherever he could. At Stokesdale, near a quarry where the state highway department got its gravel, he arranged to have the big pieces of stone set aside instead of being put through the crusher, and built the church with them. For more than one church built up in the mountains Haines prescribed rounded stones from the beds of icy creeks, some of them gathered, no doubt, under the watchful eye of a rifle-toting moonshiner.

So successful were these church bees that Haines began giving a series of lectures on them at Duke University's School of Divinity. One of his students graduated in June, accepted a call in July, saw his new church burn to the ground in August, referred immediately to the notes he had taken at Haines' lectures and started his church bee in September. Across the road from the young lady he was courting was a field literally covered with chunks of an attractive brown

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, come now . . . one of you must be Mr. Forrester."

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sandstone. Haines looked at the stone and enthusiastically approved it. The young minister and his sweetheart were married in the new stone church.

The church-bee architect must straighten out the squabbles too. Once, after a church was completed, the minister asked Haines to drive over and arbitrate some differences between the church committee and a contractor who had done some work on the job.

Haines succeeded in smoothing things over fairly quickly and, after the meeting was over, the minister, mopping his face with a soaking-wet handkerchief, thanked him profusely.

"Oh, that's all right," Haines said. "I do this all the time."

"Not under identical circumstances, I hope," the minister said. "I saw no reason to inform you earlier that every member had a gun or a knife in his pocket, just in case."

At another meeting Haines was less successful. Called in by a small congregation of a tiny mountain church, he persisted with the suggestion that they consolidate with a similar congregation in another cove just over the ridge. Finally one of the deacons grew impatient.

"Listen, mister," he said, "you can build your consolidated church if you want. But the first one of them folks from that other cove to set foot in it is going to get hisself filled with buckshot."

The womenfolk, too, frequently give the beleaguered little architect a bad time. Space is money to his congregations, and he wastes neither in designing their church kitchens.

"Land o' Goshen, man," the inevitable boss lady of the congregation cries, "why, you put twenty of us fat women in that little old kitchen and we couldn't even turn around!"

Although he resembles an undersized rooster in a circle of furious hens, Haines stands his ground on such confabs. He doesn't want twenty fat women—or slim ones, either—in his kitchens. He designs them in the shape of a square. He puts the tables for food preparation in the center, the range on one side in the back, and the tables for serving plates on the same side in the front, by the serving window.

On the other side is the door, leading directly to the tables for dirty dishes and the sink. The cooking ladies serve the plates and push them through the window. The serving ladies pick them up without coming in and return the dirty dishes to the other side of the room. The system works.

The building shortages of World War II curtailed Haines' work. Mrs. Haines unfortunately passed away, and he became both mother and father to their four children. It was necessary to stay home, and he joined the Duke faculty on a full-time basis. But as the children grew older and building materials more plentiful, he began devoting evenings, weekends and summers to his churches once again.

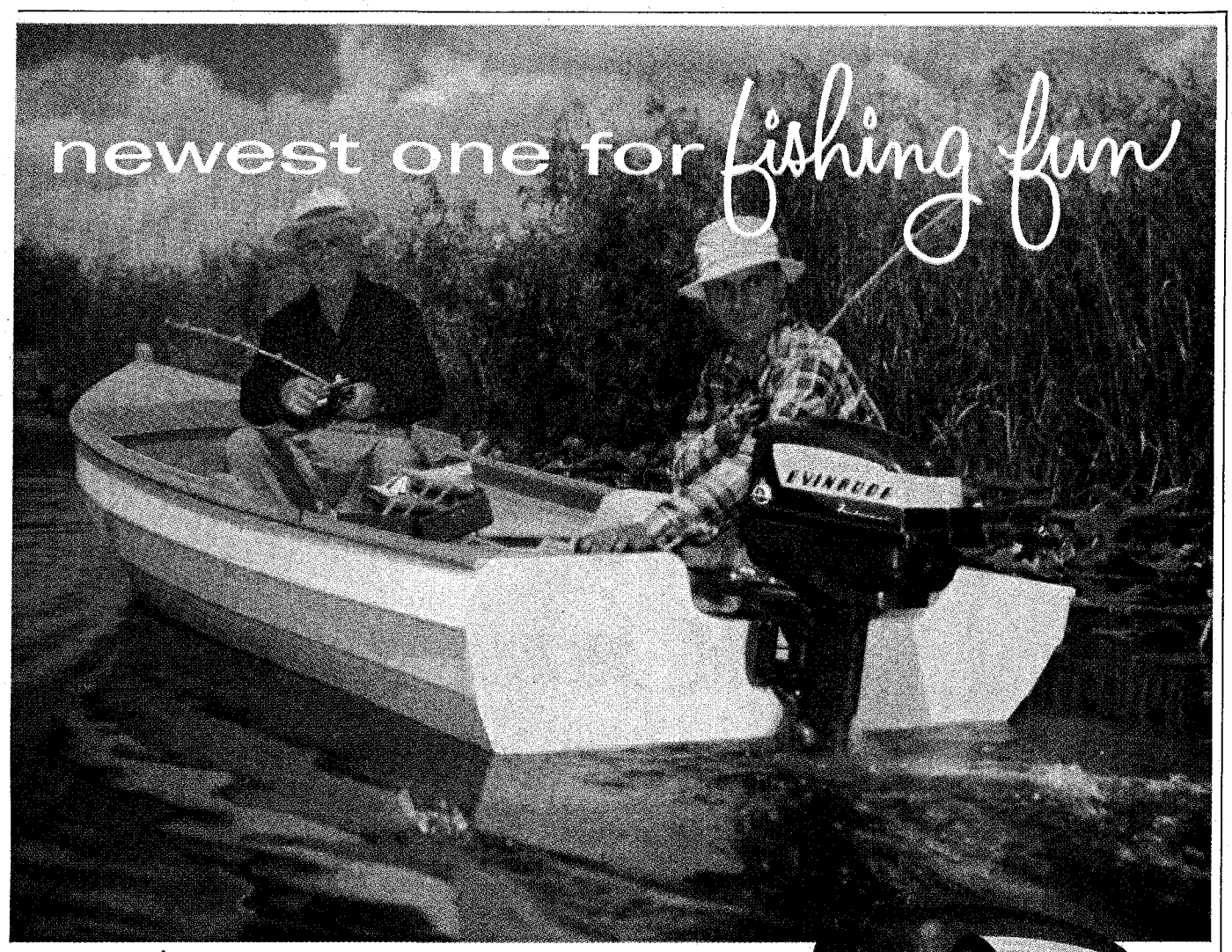
Church bees have changed since the war. Instead of big old-fashioned "work-in's," Haines finds himself planning specialized tasks for his congregations. Laying asphalt tile on the floors, for instance, or sticking acoustical tile on the ceiling. One exception will be a new church on the Outer Banks.

Boy, Reading

By Mary Elizabeth Counselman

So short a time ago this
page of print
Meant nothing to his eyes.
And so he'd go
Shouting and banging
things, adventure-bent,
Fenced in unbearably by
mother's "No!"

But now—Oh, now he's
found himself a gate!
A way to wander far from
mother's call;
And not be scolded if he
comes in late,
Dripping with pirate's
blood, or clanking all
Around the house in armor,
or bedecked
With beads and feathers
and a scalp or two;
And not be punished if the
house is wrecked
After his skirmish with a
dragon! . . . Who
Would have believed such
free adventuring
Permissible? He sneaks a
glance at mother,
There reading, too—and
does not dream this thing:
While he's on one wild
jaunt, she's on another!



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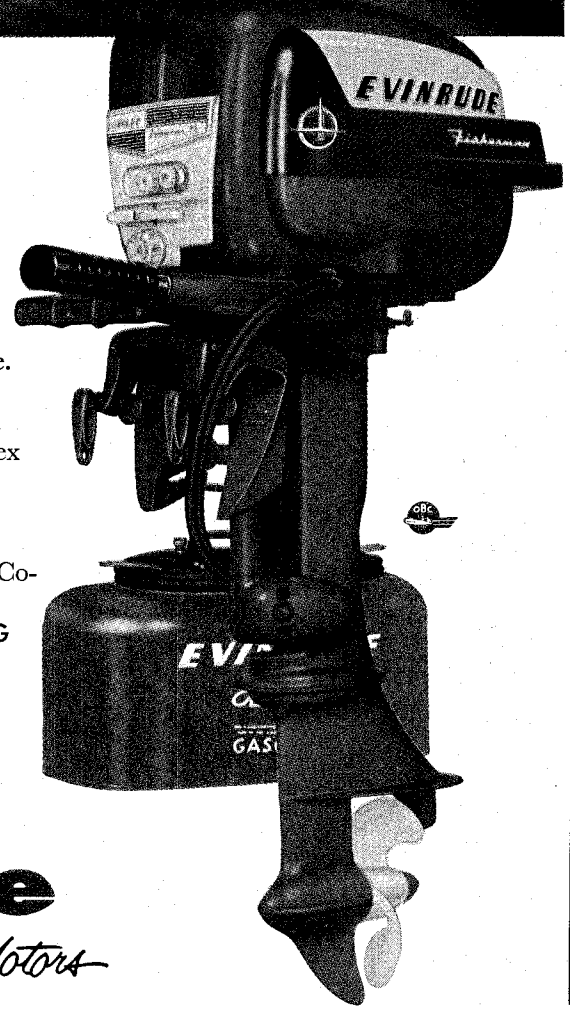
the "Fisherman"



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Another is at New Hope, in Orange County. Within just a few years this little crossroads community, static for two centuries, received several powerful injections—electricity, telephones, a paved road and, in 1948, Rev. John E. Ensign, twenty-five years old. Reverend Ensign took one look at the tired little Presbyterian church with its two wood-burning stoves and determined to build a new one. But how?

It took a few years, but the inevitable finally occurred—Reverend Ensign and Howard Haines came together and gave off sparks. Finally the two of them—the starry-eyed young idealist and the bespectacled, somewhat older one—enticed the reluctant building committee to listen to them.

"We met in the old frame church on a chilly fall day," Reverend Ensign recalls. "The committee members said we didn't have but eight thousand dollars, hardly enough to build a shell. Mr. Haines said that was a lot more money than most congregations had when they started. Then he looked around, gave a little laugh and said, 'Even if all you do is build a shell, you can hang chicken-house plastic on the windows and put in a pot-bellied stove and you'll still be a lot better off than you are now.'"

Things began happening immediately. As soon as the site was selected, Hurricane Hazel came along and blew down every single tree. They struck rock in digging the foundations, but Arnold Lucas, a mate in the merchant marine, happened to come home about that time. He said he'd blast it out of there.

"He began early in the morning," Reverend Ensign recalls with a little shudder. "The first blast showered stones on the baseball field of a boys' camp a quarter mile away. We got the boys inside. My house was just a couple of hundred yards away, and rocks were bouncing off the roof like hail. I closed my eyes and prayed for Arnold, for my wife and three children, and I prayed a little bit for me too. A gentleman parked his car in front of my house, got out and started up the walk. At that moment Lucas set off another one. Boulders rained from the sky. The gentleman dashed to his car and sped out of sight. I never have found out what he wanted. After the eighth or ninth blast, I heard a shattering, crashing sound. It was my windshield. But Arnold got the rock out of there, and all I can say is that the Lord works in wondrous ways His miracles to perform."

Thoroughly in the spirit of things, Haines designed huge, heavy laminated trusses to hold up the high vaulted roof, and the volunteer workers made them on the job! The roof called for three-inch-thick pieces of Carolina pine, eighteen feet long, to be nailed right onto the trusses. Over this decking, insulation and shingles were laid, but on the inside the beautiful wood is exposed to the congregation. It has special meaning to them, for it was the joint idea of architect and pastor to have an old-fashioned roof raising.

Sam Blackwood, a deacon in the church and the carpenter on the job, shook his head when he heard that. "Preacher," he said, "you're going to have more fights here than you'll ever be able to settle."

The raising was held on a Saturday. Of a total congregation of 123 men, women and children, there were thirty-eight men working on the roof and twenty-four women bringing, preparing and serving a sumptuous meal of turkey, dressing, beans, potatoes, potato salad, pickles, and pies, pies, pies. They raised the roof, all right, but more than that, they joined together a congregation, solid and joyful, in the House of the Lord.

And here is the proof. While the work was going on, the church budget doubled, the building fund tripled. When the work started, Sunday-school rolls included just two young adults; after the roof raising there were thirty, meeting in a special class in Mrs. Ensign's living room. A local couple with two children who had moved into Durham, eleven miles away, began driving back on working nights. They rejoined the church, bought some land and made plans to build.

"Now we know where we want to raise our children," the mother explained to Reverend Ensign proudly.

Professor Haines estimated it would cost a contractor $65,000 to build the church. At last reports, Reverend Ensign said he believed that they'd build it for $40,000, that they'd finish it within a year, and when they did, it would be completely paid for.

"But if we only save two cents," he said, "already Professor Haines and I think we've gained our primary objective. Our people, all of them, even the children who gathered the broken brick for fill, can take a personal pride in our achievement. That's something we don't get too much of these days. How wonderful to achieve it here, in God's church!"

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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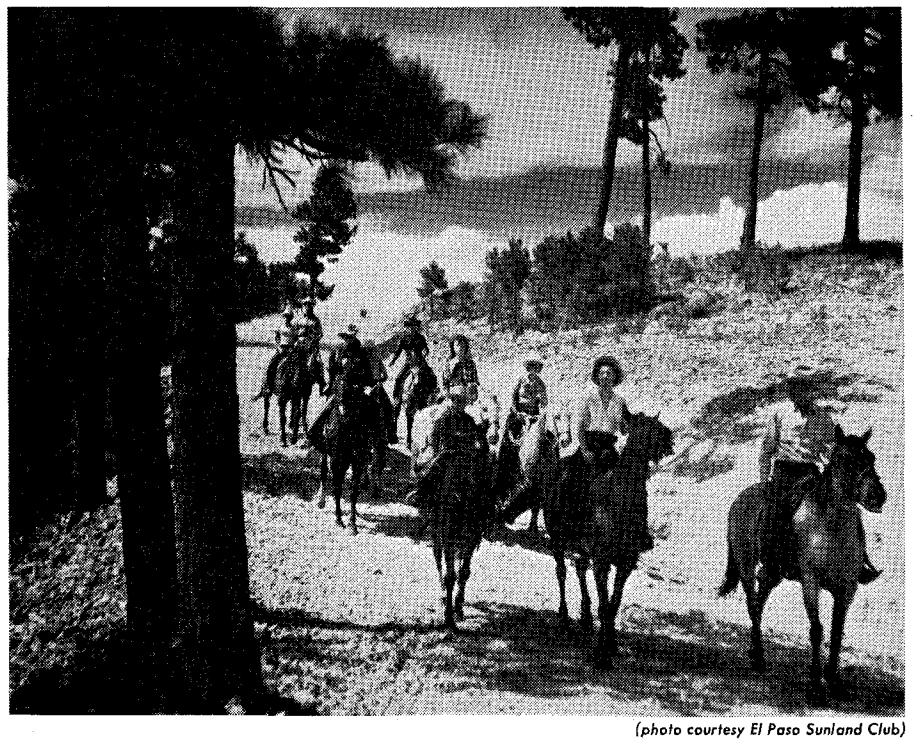

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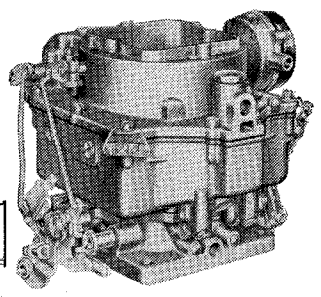

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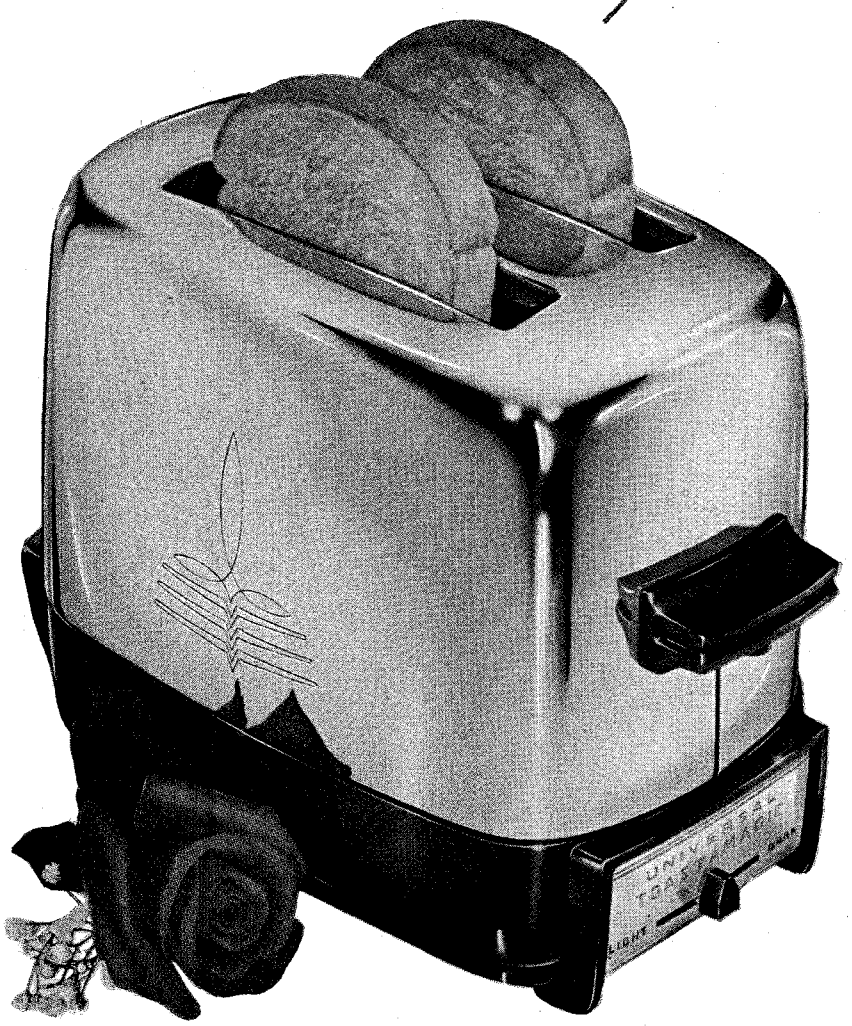

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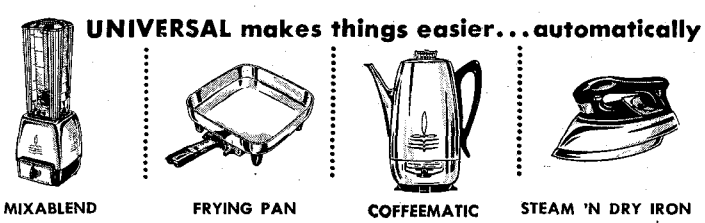

MIXABLEND FRYING PAN COFFEEMATIC STEAM 'N DRY IRON

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Trouble at Coley Falls (Continued from Page 53)

when the second alert caught him. He was the only man aboveground when the Nike fired, and what the hell was he doing there in the first place?"

"Desbrow's the only one that could answer that question, Harvey," Steve said in a flat voice. "And he's not going to. He died in the hospital an hour ago."

O'Keefe's face was faintly shocked, but the stubbornness didn't leave his mouth. "It still had to be him," he said. "The launching sections hadn't got the 'secure equipment' flash from battery control. All of the conditions of 'ready to fire' were still set here. Sergeant Spivey and his crew were belowground. And Desbrow was found on the launching platform—you can't get around that."

Steve's mouth thinned out. "Desbrow was ordered to stay away from the launching site and he deserved what he got," he said harshly. "That doesn't change the fact that the battery has been given a black eye that it'll carry from now on."

"Not after I've spoken my piece to the investigating board that'll be coming down here," O'Keefe said angrily. "I'm going to damned well put the blame where it belongs."

"On a dead man?" Steve asked in a flat voice. "It won't wash, Harvey. Forget it. The thing is done and can't be undone. . . . Here comes Jeff with the remains. Let's have a look."

A truck was pulling into the area, its bed piled high with torn metal, and Jeff Quigley dropped down to come toward the two.

"We found her," he said curtly. "Piled up in the woods."

"Any damage to civilian property?"

"None," Quigley said, and spat. "The nearest house was two miles away. Busted the tops out of a few trees. That's all."

"How about the warhead?"

"We got it; it's O.K." Jeff's voice got grim. "Somebody monkeyed with that Nike, Steve. Somebody who didn't know what he was doing. And I've got a pretty good idea who it ——"

"If you mean Desbrow, forget it," Steve said shortly.

Quigley stared back with the yellowish light, which had come into the morning now, glinting off the flat planes of his face. Then understanding came into his bleak eyes. "Dead, huh?"

"An hour ago."

"I couldn't care less," Jeff Quigley said bitterly through his teeth, and swung abruptly away.

It was an hour later when Ramspeck showed up. Steve had been wondering when he would come. He tossed his cigarette away and said to O'Keefe, "Get lost for a little while, Harvey," and then waited as Ramspeck came across the gravel with his slouching gait.

"Amos Mitchum, editor of the Gazette, phoned and asked for an interview out here this afternoon," Ramspeck said abruptly. "About the change in command of D Battery. I said for him to come ahead. You may as well know that I don't intend to pull any punches in that interview."

Steve stared at the other man thoughtfully; noted the narrow, discontented face and brooding eyes. What was it that rode this officer so hard, he wondered. Ambition? That could be. More likely it was the memory of past failures—none of them laid on Hal Ramspeck, where they belonged. At the doorstep of his own inadequacy.

"Anybody asked you to pull your punches, Hal?" Steve asked then.

"I'm just telling you," Ramspeck said thickly, and wheeled away, then added over his shoulder, "Be there, if you want to. I don't care. I've got nothing to hide."

Ramspeck wasn't at noon mess. It was a glum meal, with the voices of the men subdued beyond the screens and Pete Zerner and Jock Ballard looking as though somebody had put poison in their soup. Rain had begun to fall out of lowering skies an hour before and was coming down hard now to close depressing curtains around the mess-hall windows. Zerner stirred unhappily.

"Hell of a day," he mumbled at Ballard. "Where's the noble Mr. Ramspeck? Dead, I hope."

"He went to town after the payroll," Jock grunted. "The ghost walks tonight. Remember? I'll bet that there'll be hell to pay when the battery hits town with money in their jeans."

"Nobody goes on pass tonight," Steve said sharply. "Quigley knows that."

There was an embarrassed silence for a moment. Then Ballard said, his voice faintly apologetic, "I thought you knew, skipper. Jeff's not acting first sergeant now. Ramspeck put Delong, the battery clerk, in as acting top kick. And the word's been passed that men who want to go to town tonight can get passes after supper."

Steve put down his fork as his eyes got hard. Of all the fool stupidity, this was tops! After what happened last night, the town would be as jittery as an alcoholic coming out of a drunk, he thought angrily. Turn half a hundred soldiers loose with pay in their pockets and you had an explosive mixture that could blow up right in your face. Ramspeck must be crazy!

"There'll be no passes issued for tonight," he said thinly, looking at the two lieutenants. "Pass that word to your platoons. Ramspeck's going to confirm that when he gets back," he added grimly.

It was raining harder—a steady downpour out of a sodden sky—as Steve entered the battery office an hour later.

"Well," Ramspeck asked shortly, "what do you want?"

"Tell Delong that there'll be no passes to town tonight, Hal," Steve said in an even voice. "I've already told Zerner and Ballard to tell their platoons. See that the rest are told."

Ramspeck sat back and smiled with a small satisfaction. "What makes you think that you can give orders now to anyone around here, captain?" he asked. "I think that you'd better forget about passes and go back to your quarters."

Steve's features didn't change, but there was a flinty quality that came into his face that scared Ramspeck suddenly. He didn't know it, but Jeff Quigley had seen that same expression in Luke Stevenson's eyes on that day, three years gone, when Steve had nearly killed his Chinese inquisitor. And Major Soong had been a lot tougher than Hal Ramspeck ever would be.

"Don't issue any passes for town, Hal," Steve said softly. "I'll break your neck if you do."

He turned and went back into the rain; paused for a moment to look thoughtfully at the acquisition antenna turning in the gray afternoon; then shrugged and went on to his quarters. He stretched himself on his cot, hands behind his head, and allowed his thoughts to run. Pat Mitchum was in them, and he was not surprised.

He found himself remembering little things about the way she had looked last night. The way her dark hair curled at the nape of her neck and the storminess that could rise so swiftly in her eyes; go so

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quickly away again. He dozed then; awoke later to listen idly to the sound of a radio going in the next room. An announcer broke off the music of a hillbilly band for a special announcement.

". . . hurricane has broken up after crossing the coast. . . . However, there is danger of heavy rains in some areas, similar to those that followed Hurricane Diane last year. . . ."

The words started a faint worry in Steve. He'd seen what had happened in Pennsylvania last year at Camp Davis when Brodhead Creek had suddenly changed from a lazy brook to a roaring torrent. What if the same thing should happen to the Coleyran, already partially blocked at the Gap by the dam and Dan Coley's new powerhouse? A lot of people could get hurt—badly hurt. Pat Mitchum, perhaps.

It was late afternoon when Steve came back from the launching site and went toward the battery office. A civilian car at the gate told him that Amos Mitchum was already there. Rain was coming down in steady sheets now and, from the launching site, Steve had been able to see the river. It was already over its banks—a yellow, raging flood—and his thread of worry deepened.

Amos Mitchum was sitting beside Hal Ramspeck's desk as Steve entered—a small man, Steve saw, with bitter and humorless eyes, bright with anger now. Ramspeck slouched in his chair with his face deeply brooding and his mouth slack as Steve closed the door.

Steve said in a flat voice, "I'm Stevenson, Mr. Mitchum. Lieutenant Ramspeck's been filling you in about last night?"

"He has," Mitchum said shortly. "I don't think that you'll like the story I mean to print, captain."

"Let's leave my likes out of it," Steve said curtly. "So long as you stick to me, you can print what you please. Dan Coley has paid you to roust D Battery. Well, you've got a better story now, Mr. Mitchum. Let the battery alone."

That mention of Dan Coley's pay got under Mitchum's skin, Steve saw; he'd meant that it should. If Mitchum was a real newspaperman he'd know well enough that the story wasn't D Battery now; it was the man who had commanded D Battery when a Nike had been accidentally loosed and a man killed. Let him play that up, Steve thought grimly.

Mitchum's lips had thinned into a bloodless line. "Yesterday the Gazette carried a story suggesting that you were a man with a criminal record, captain!" he said harshly. "In tomorrow's Gazette I mean to accuse you of murder!"

Steve glanced at Ramspeck. The latter was still slouched, unmoving, with the hair falling down over his forehead, his mouth slack. He didn't meet Steve's eyes.

"You've given Mr. Mitchum all the facts, no doubt," Steve said dryly. "You considered it your duty, didn't you, Hal?"

Mitchum, paying no attention, was going on in a dull monotone. "My son was killed in Italy because of stupid, arrogant officers like you, Stevenson. I could do nothing about them until it was too late. I can do something about you."

"I'm not trying to stop you, Mitchum," Steve murmured absently. A music program, coming from the radio in the orderly room, had suddenly been interrupted for a new bulletin about the rain. "Print what you please, so long as you leave the battery out of it."

That subconscious worry over the Coleyran grew stronger in Steve as he caught fragments of the radio's words: ". . . a dangerous situation is developing in New England . . . flash floods have already sent a dozen streams out of their banks . . . warnings to prevent last year's loss of life after Hurricane Diane ——"

Amos Mitchum started to say something, but Steve interrupted him. "You're a newspaperman, Mr. Mitchum. Has Coley Falls been alerted to its possible danger? The Coleyran is coming up fast."

"I'm not interested in the Coleyran right now," Amos Mitchum retorted coldly. "I'm interested in what happened here."

"What happened here can wait," Steve said sharply. "You'd better think of what could happen at the Gap. I've lived here and I know what I'm talking about. If the river keeps rising, Dan Coley's spillway won't carry it much longer. Debris will jam against the power plant and the dam, and you could have a situation on your hands down in Milltown that could be damned dangerous, Mr. Mitchum!"

"And just what would you suggest?" Mitchum asked acidly.

"Get hold of Dan Coley and tell him to get the gates open—blow them, if he has to. Then start a crew patrolling down there to break up any jam before it gets a chance to set. Warn Milltown that it may have to evacuate the place. You've got the means to do that!"

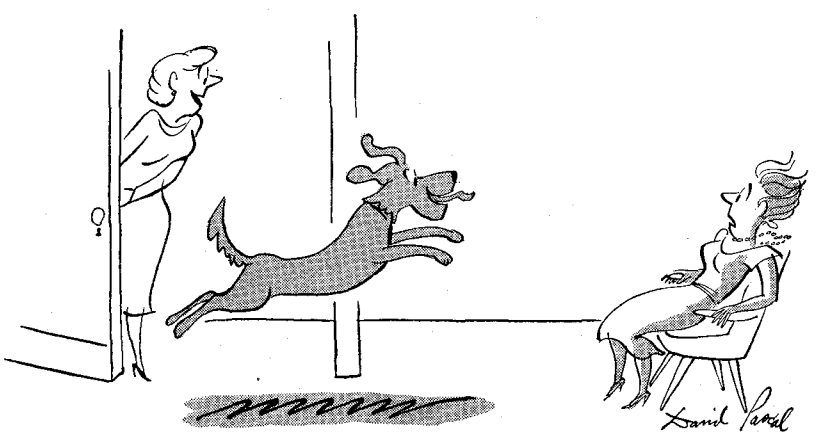
Mitchum smiled thinly. "Trying to draw me off with a red herring, captain? It won't work. I've a more important story here."

"No, you've got no story, father," Pat Mitchum's voice said.

She stood in the outer doorway, her coat dripping rain, and with Stanton Coley behind her, Steve saw. Amos Mitchum turned his head slowly, his eyes glittering behind his glasses.

"You've got no business here, Pat," he said thinly.

"I think I have," she said, and came on across the room, leaving Coley to stand by the door. Then she turned her attention to Ramspeck, still slouched in his



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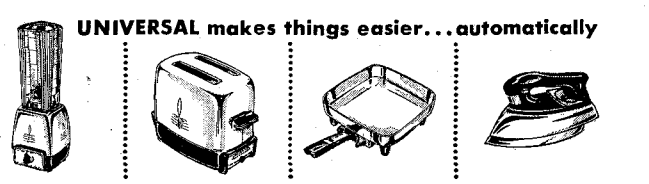

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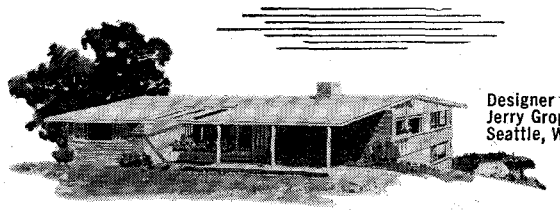

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chair, and tossed a rain-damp envelope onto the desk in front of him. "That's yours, isn't it, lieutenant? A copy of the letter you destroyed last night?"

Steve saw Ramspeck's eyes get wary as he reached for the envelope; he took a long time about pulling the folded letter out, looking at it and putting it into the envelope again. Then he turned the envelope and scowled at the handwritten address, and Steve could guess what was going on in his mind. Ramspeck was not so stupid that he didn't know what that letter could do to him now. It could cut his throat just at the moment when he was sitting pretty. Finally he laid the envelope down, his mouth sullen.

"You can't print this," he said morosely. "The application has been withdrawn. Besides, I didn't send this to you. That's Sergeant Desbrow's handwriting on the envelope."

Pat didn't look at Steve and her face was cold as she watched Hal Ramspeck narrowly. "The letter was written yesterday, lieutenant, and I suspected that Sergeant Desbrow was the one who addressed the copy to my father. I overheard the reprimand that Captain Stevenson gave the two of you yesterday. Could it be that there was some sort of collusion between you and Sergeant Desbrow to discredit the captain? A collusion that resulted in the accidental firing and the sergeant's death? I'd like to hear your answer to that, lieutenant."

"Keep out of this, Pat!" Amos Mitchum said harshly. "It's none of your business. Stevenson is responsible for ——"

"I'm darned well making it my business!" Pat interrupted violently. "You've allowed your old hate to warp your mind until you're no longer capable of being fair! You wouldn't have come here to take Dan Coley's money if that wasn't true! Well, I'm through with Dan Coley and all he stands for, and I mean to see that people are told the truth about this whole miserable business here at Coley Falls!"

Amos Mitchum's face was bleak and grim now. "Tomorrow's Gazette is going to charge Stevenson with murder," he said tonelessly.

Pat stared at her father for a moment. "If it does," she said in a low voice, "you'd better read the story that the city papers will carry. Under my by-line. The story of how Dan Coley bought an editor to do the things he didn't have the guts to do himself!"

Silence lay heavily in the room for a moment after she'd finished. Absently, Steve noticed that Stan Coley was no longer there; he'd slipped out unnoticed. Ramspeck was slouched lower in his chair, sunk deep in his own problem.

"You can't print my letter," he mumbled again. "You've got no right to print it."

Pat whirled on him and her hand went swiftly out to take the letter and the envelope from the desk. "I've got no intention of seeing it printed, lieutenant," she said with scorn acid in her voice. "I'm going to give it to Colonel Diamond; I think that he'll draw the same conclusions from it that I have drawn."

Steve came forward from the door now to stand between Pat and Amos Mitchum. "Thanks, Pat," he said, and his eyes smiled at her for a moment. "I appreciate your try, but it won't wash. The responsibility is mine, and there's no getting around it; that's the way the ball bounces." He paused for a moment, scowling past her. "Pat, the people in Milltown could be in for bad trouble tonight. Somebody ought to tell them. Do that, will you?"

Pat studied him for a long moment, then nodded. "I'll tell them, Steve," she said softly. "You're a good guy."

Bill Diamond called at seven that evening, and rain was a steady hammer on the roof now. Steve had been to the launching site just before daylight had gone; the Coleyran had been a foaming brown torrent in the last of the light. Diamond's voice was hard to hear over the wire—because of the storm, Steve guessed.

"Can't hear you, Bill!" he said, lifting his own voice. "Talk louder, will you?"

". . . said . . . how's storm down there . . . Steve?"

"Pretty bad," Steve yelled back, and then the buzzing of the wire stopped and Diamond's voice came clearly for a moment:

"You in danger of flooding?"

"Not at the battery sites," Steve told him. "We're on high ground and the water's running off. They may have trouble in Coley Falls, though. There's a lot of debris coming down the river. If it gets jammed up against the dam and the power plant, (*Continued on Page 156*)

"You're right, madam—it is stale."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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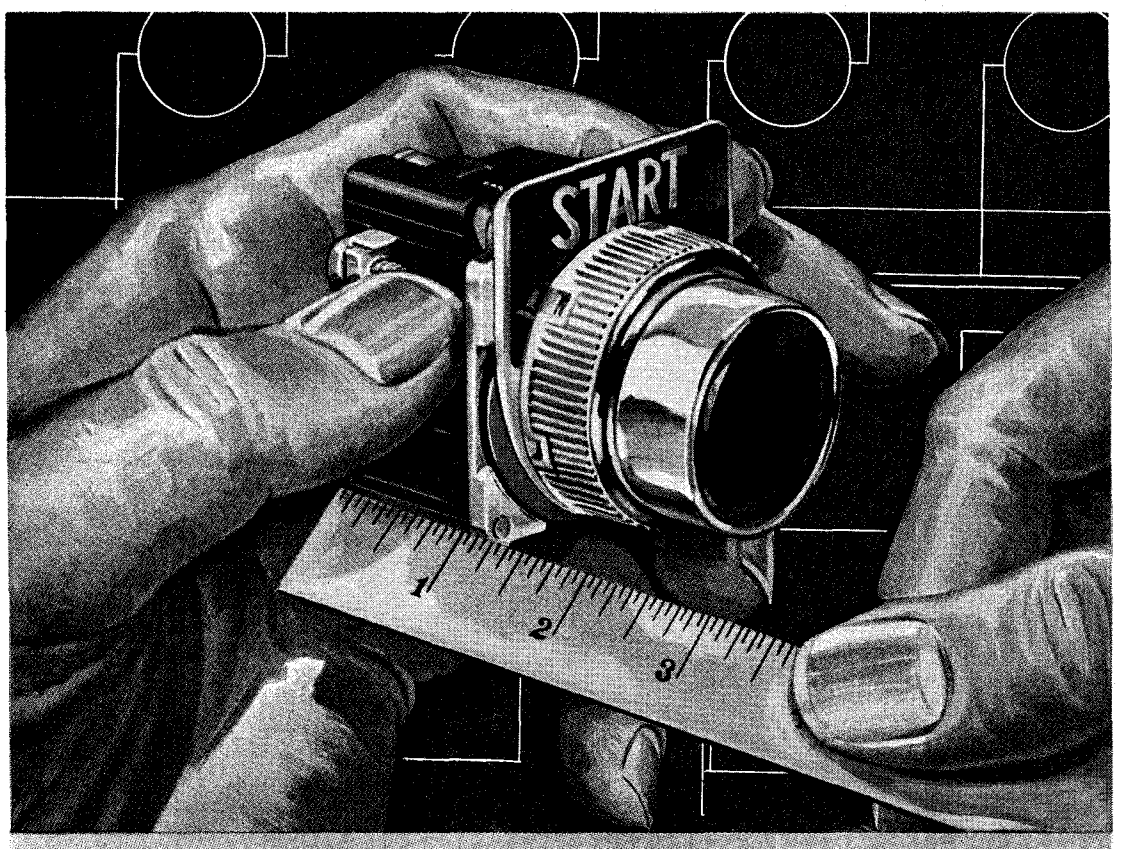

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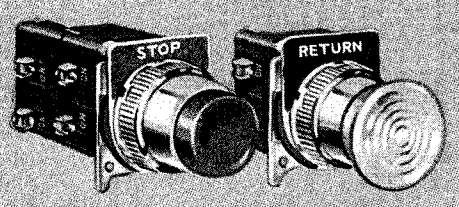
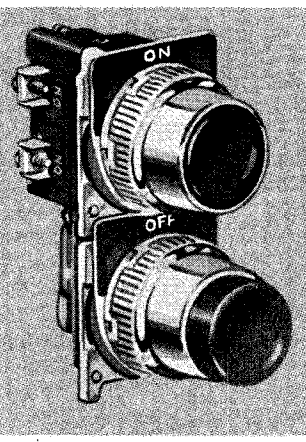
Design engineers are quick to recognize that these new heavy duty pushbuttons have *everything*. There is nothing on the market like them. They are amazingly compact to require the least back-of-panel depth. They are one-hole mounting and they are oil tight. They easily provide for as many as eight separate control circuits per pushbutton, eight completely isolated heavy duty contacts either normally open or normally closed. The buttons may be flush type, the extended type or with mushroom heads. They can be black, red, yellow, green or gray. See the new one-button control station, C-H Roto-Push. See the easiest-to-install maintained-contact pushbutton attachment and the means for padlocking any of the standard pushbuttons. There are both knob and key operated selector switches in this complete line. Also matching indicating lights and the new automation safety light, PresTest. Be sure you have complete information *now*. Write today on your company letterhead for a copy of the new Cutler-Hammer Panel Builders Handbook Pub. EE-120. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



These pushbuttons may be flush type, extended type or with mushroom heads . . . in a wide range of colors for quick control identification. Standard, large, and jumbo size legend plates fit every type of operator and indicating light in the entire line.



A maintained-contact pushbutton assembly that saves more than its entire cost by installation savings. New attachment with its pushbuttons mount in minutes; no fussy adjustments. Neither alignment nor spacing of units is critical. Pushbuttons will not bind or stick; always operate perfectly.

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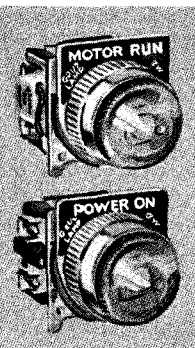
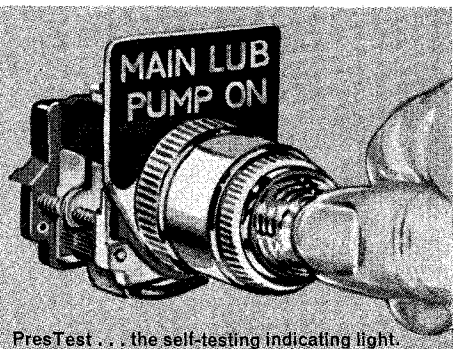
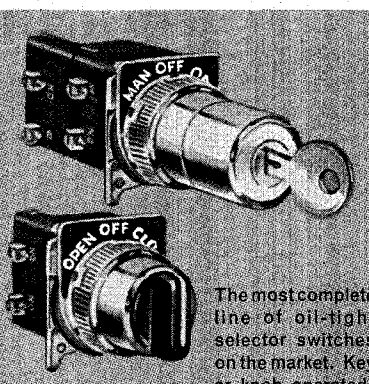
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H



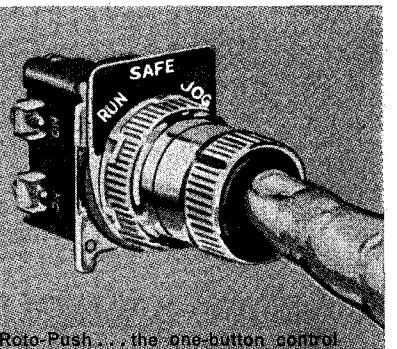
The C-H one-hole mounting oil-tight indicating lights with new wide-visibility lenses are the most visible from all angles by actual light meter tests. Available in either transformer or resistor types. Lenses offered in six different colors.



PresTest . . . the self-testing indicating light. Vital to safety and proper use of machines, particularly in automation. PresTest now permits instant proof light is NOT off because of burned-out bulb. Merely pressing on the light lens disconnects bulb from its normal circuit and checks it on a test power supply. Resistor and transformer types available.



The most complete line of oil-tight selector switches on the market. Key or knob operated; two or three position. Positions may maintain contact or have spring return. Three standard contact blocks provide a wide range of circuit combinations with the use of just a single block. Unlimited circuitry by adding blocks.



Roto-Push . . . the one-button control station. One Roto-Push can provide all the control functions for which two or three separate pushbuttons would be used normally. Available in a wide range of selector and button operators. Roto-Push simplifies panel design and saves installation time to cut costs. Improves machine-operator efficiency.

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The new Keystone Bel Air K-42 8mm Magazine Camera with fast f2.5 coated lens
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FREE illustrated booklet shows complete line of Keystone Cameras and Projectors. Write Dept. G, Keystone Camera Co., Inc., Boston 24, Massachusetts • Prices slightly higher in Canada © 1956

(*Continued from Page 154*) things could be pretty bad in the lower part of town. People down there could get hurt. Any instructions?"

"None," Diamond said glumly. "I've been on the phone again to topside. Nothing's changed there. Your neck's still in the noose; Dan Coley's calls to Washington have seen to that."

"Don't take it so hard," Steve grunted. "Do something for me, though, will you?"

"Anything I can. What?"

"Get somebody down here tomorrow morning to take over from Ramspeck, Bill. Don't ask me to give you reasons; just get somebody here before anything happens to make things worse."

The line went spotty again, so that Diamond's voice advanced and receded like waves running on a beach. "... try ... first thing . . . tomorrow," he said, and then the line went dead altogether. Steve tried to call back, but an operator's harried voice came on presently to say, "I'm sorry. The lines to Weston are out."

Well, that was that, Steve thought, and hung up.

Hal Ramspeck came into the office, his face dripping rain. The sullen look was pasted tighter on his face now and his eyes avoided Steve's. Ramspeck had paid off the battery before evening chow and he'd announced that there'd be no passes to town, while Steve had stood there to see that he did. That was still rankling now.

"The commercial wires are out to Weston," Steve said shortly. "You'd better check to see if you've still got a command line through."

Ramspeck hung up his dripping raincoat and turned to glower angrily. "That's Ballard's job," he said stiffly.

"Nope," Steve told him in a flat voice. "It's your job. You're battery commander now, Hal. You'd better remember that."

Ramspeck started an angry reply, but Jock Ballard came in, wiping water from his face. "Judas wept!" he said wryly. "In case you haven't looked lately, it's raining outside."

"How about your communications, Jock?" Steve asked. "The commercial line to Weston's just gone out."

"Everything was O.K. at the regular check at nineteen hundred," Ballard said, but he wheeled and started for the door again. "I'll have another check now," he grunted over a shoulder as he left. He was back in five minutes with his face worried.

"All of our wire communication is dead, skipper," he said, speaking to Steve and ignoring Ramspeck, who'd gone to slouch at the desk. "Can't raise anybody. What do we do?"

For a moment Steve was tempted to toss the ball to Ramspeck; say to Jock, "Ask Hal. It's his show now." But he didn't. Because when the chips were down you didn't shrug off responsibility so easily.

"How about the radios?" he asked instead.

"We've still got contact with the center," Ballard said in a worried tone. "It's not too good, though. They say that things are bad there; they may get flooded out if things get much worse."

"Things are pretty apt to get worse," Steve said tightly. "Hal, you'd better get hold of Pete; tell him to get over here. If all communication goes out, you boys will be on your own."

He saw the suddenly startled look that came into Ramspeck's eyes at that. Well Lieutenant Ramspeck was going to learn before long that there was more to command than he had bargained for, Steve thought. And Lieutenant Ramspeck probably wasn't going to like it.

Pete Zerner came after a little while and Steve sat on a corner of the desk and lighted a new cigarette. "I'll lay it on the line for you," he said evenly. "The chances are good that we're going to be out of communication with other echelons before long. That means two things. No early warning of approaching planes. No identification if we pick up a target on the radar scopes. Got it?"

"Judas," Ballard said softly. "That's dandy."

His eyes slid around to Ramspeck, hunched at the desk, but the latter appeared not to have heard.

Steve flipped the ash from his cigarette and went on in a dry, dispassionate voice, "The chances of a hostile attack tonight are no less than they'd be on any other night—maybe they're greater. The difference tonight is that if communications go out, we're on our own. If a target shows on the scopes the decision to fire or not to fire has got to be made right here. It's a decision that can't be side-stepped."

He paused to let that soak in, and saw the implications of his words dawn in the faces of Ballard and Pete Zerner. Ballard said then, "That bird in his private plane last night could have been out of luck if he'd come tonight instead? That it, skipper?"

Declaration of Dependence

By Anita Raskin

A young man's fancy makes
its bow
In spring. If indestructible,
It well may be—a year
from now—
Deductible.

"That's it," Steve said evenly. "He was flying a course last night that I would have considered hostile. If there had been no communications or if the identification hadn't come when it did, I would have shot him down. The decision would have been squarely up to me. . . . You, Hal, could be up against that tonight. Do you understand?"

Ramspeck suddenly stood up, the hair falling across his forehead. "You're crazy!" he said, and his words were a little incoherent. "If you think I'd take a chance like that —— Fire on a —— There wouldn't be one chance in a million that it would be a hostile plane, I tell you! Not one chance in two million!"

Steve cut him short. "This battery is here because there is still that one chance," he said harshly. "Get that through your head, Hal! Maybe I'm no longer in command, but I'm telling you now what you are going to do! If all communications should go out and you pick up a target moving on a threatening course toward the defended area, you push the button! Do all of you understand?"

For a moment silence hung in the room. Then Ramspeck said in a high, thin voice, "I won't do it! Do you think I'm a fool? Because I'm in command now you're trying to trap me! Well, I tell you I won't do it!" He turned away and the door slammed behind him.

The silence came back. Then Jock Ballard said softly, "I don't think that Brother Ramspeck is the hero type."

Steve paid no attention. He was scribbling the gist of what he had said to Ramspeck onto a sheet of paper; he dated it back and (*Continued on Page 158*)

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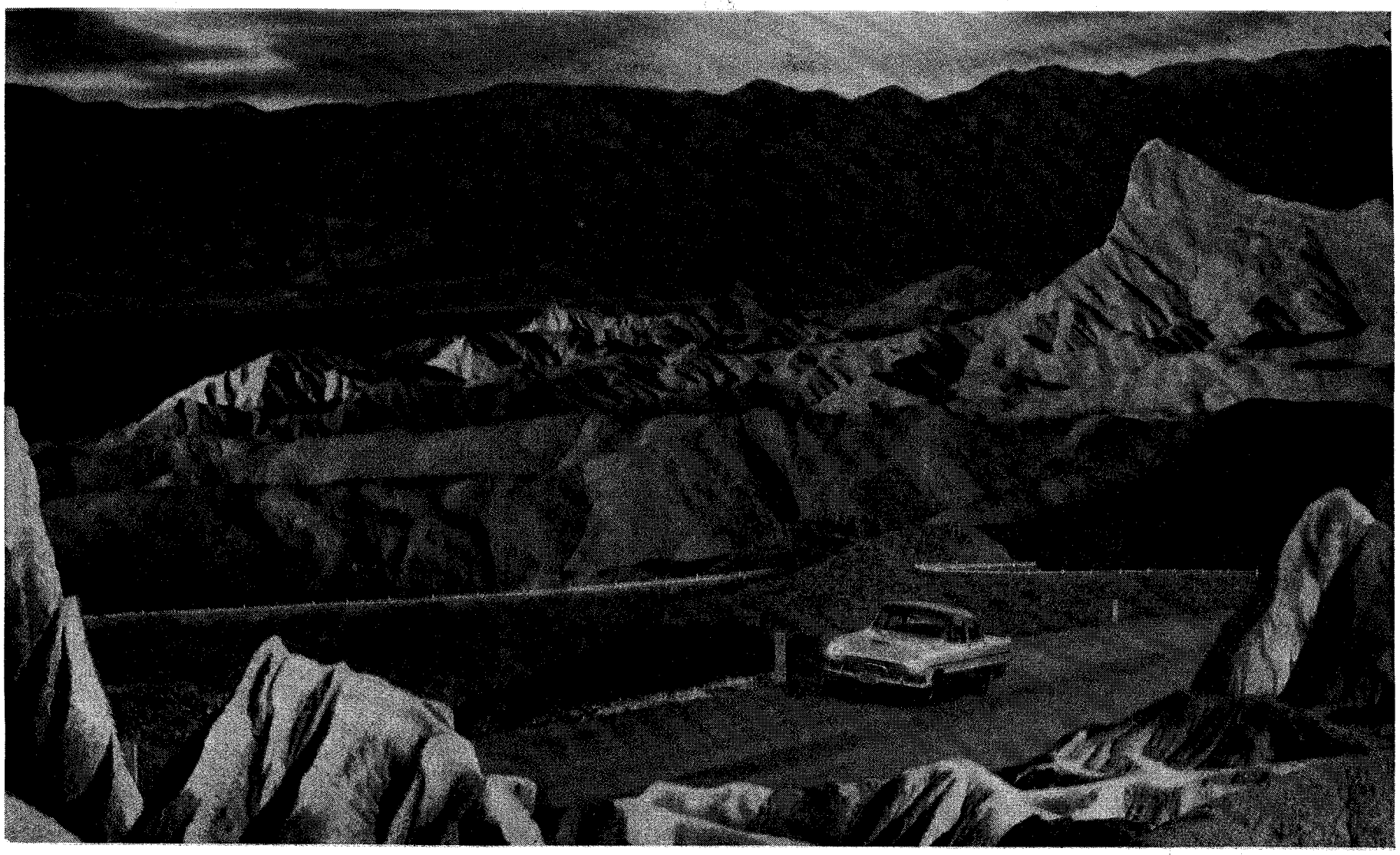

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Picked right off the line! 100 Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries, selected at random at Auto-Lite plants, were installed in 17 different makes of cars in all parts of the United States and Canada.

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The rugged test covered two years and two million miles of actual day-in, day-out driving by 100 car owners in the United States and Canada.

The batteries used were Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries which have three times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries. They were equipped with tamper-proof seals so *no water could be added* except by authorized personnel.

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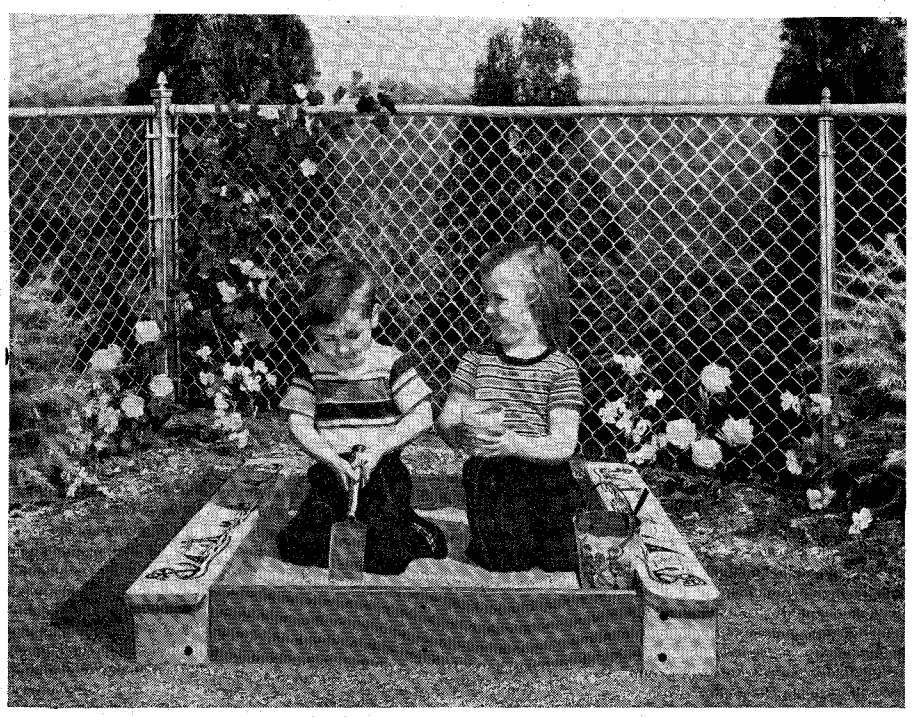

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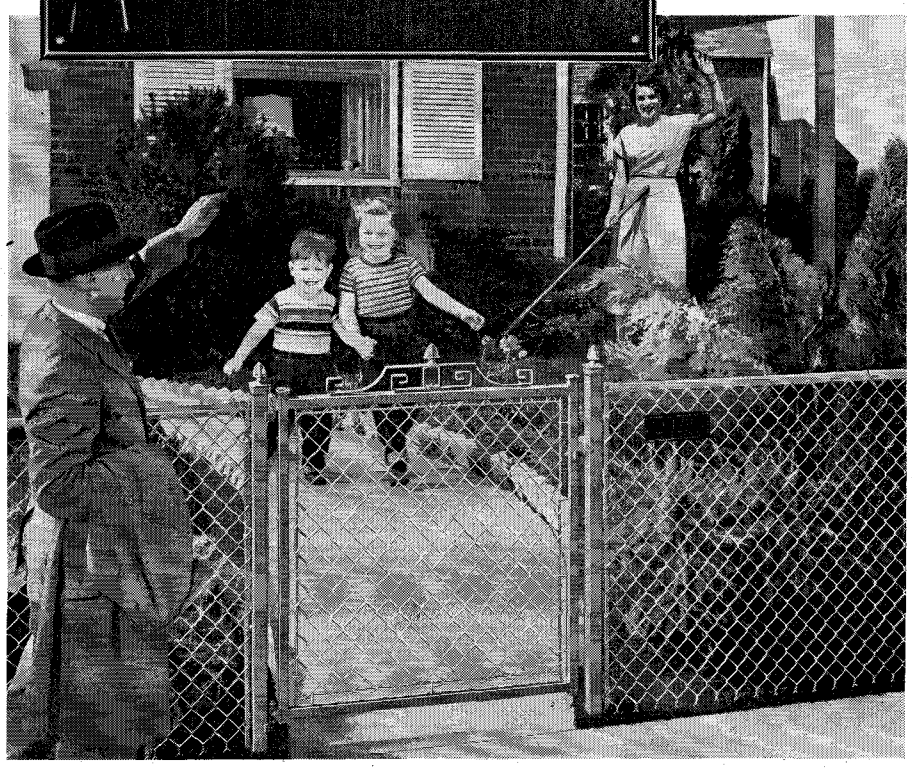

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Branches and Warehouses in all principal cities.

(*Continued from Page 156*) signed it with his name and rank. Then he shoved it across the desk.

"I'm going out for a look around," he said curtly. "Those are your instructions, dated as of yesterday. They'll protect you if I'm not here and either of you should have to act on his own. You'll get no help from Ramspeck. The man's in a blue funk."

After Steve had gone, Jock Ballard rubbed at his chin. "I'm beginning to see how that guy outlasted the Chinks, Pete," he murmured. "Where do you suppose Brother Ramspeck has gone?"

"Into hiding," Pete Zerner said cryptically. "I hope he stays there. That'd suit me just fine."

The rain was coming down in a steady, implacable beat—as though God had opened all the taps of heaven for another flood of the forty days—as Steve drove the jeep through the gate and took the road that led to the launching area. Water covered the black top and, angry in the headlights, rushed away across the road's low shoulder. Steve could hear the roar of the gully running full as he came to the other gate and turned in..

Jeff Quigley was waiting for him and they splashed on foot around the site's perimeter; checked the run-off from the spots where the elevators were let down into the earth.

Things were O.K., Steve decided, as the two of them stood in the darkness for a moment, listening to the dull roar which came from the south. That was the Coleyran off there, and it must be raging full now.

He said that to Jeff as the two went down into the A Section pit. The ready crew was here, unbothered by the hammer of the rain on the iron doors over their heads and cheerful with the hot coffee that had come down. Beyond, the Nikes—slim and white under the lights—lay waiting on their cradles.

"It's not fancy," he said to Jeff with wry amusement, "but I'd rather be here than in Milltown tonight."

"What's Milltown?"

"Where we came through town with the convoy," Steve told him. "From the way it sounded, the river is on a real tear; if it backs up at the Gap there can be hell to pay in Coley Falls."

"I'm supposed to care?" Jeff asked sourly.

They didn't speak again until they were splashing back to where Steve had left the jeep. Jeff said then, as though he'd been thinking of it for a long time, "You remember that eyeglassed Chink that you beat up at Camp Three? Soong?"

"I remember him," Steve said.

"I always thought he was a hell of a silly little buzzard," Jeff grunted, and clumped on off to the guard room. . . .

One of the cooks had brought coffee from the kitchen, and it was hot and strong as Steve sipped at it back in the battery office. Jock Ballard was at the control van and Pete Zerner sat, smoking cigarettes and staring out of the window at the rain. Steve didn't know where Hal Ramspeck was—didn't much care. The alarm clock on top of the filing cabinet said that it was ten minutes past eleven.

"I remember when I was a kid in the Philippines," Pete Zerner said finally. "My old man was stationed at Corregidor and it used to rain like this during typhoon season. Came down in bucketfuls."

"Worse than rain came down on Corregidor," Steve said absently. His mind kept going to Coley Falls and Pat Mitchum, and a little thread of worry began to run in him. "You're lucky that it didn't catch you, Pete."

"It caught my old man," Pete said with no expression in his voice. "They sent my mother and me back in '41. The old man stayed. He was killed on one of those prison ships that got bombed by mistake. Seems like a hell of a while ago now."

Silence fell between them for a moment, and then Steve said slowly, "Sorry, Pete. I didn't know."

A vague anxiety as to what might be happening in Coley Falls nagged Steve more strongly now and he finished his coffee and reached for the phone. He got nothing but the emptiness of an open circuit.

"Out?" Pete asked.

Steve nodded grimly and reached for another cigarette. Hal Ramspeck came presently to wander aimlessly around the room and (*Continued on Page 160*)

"Will you have the postman shout 'Surprise!' when he delivers this?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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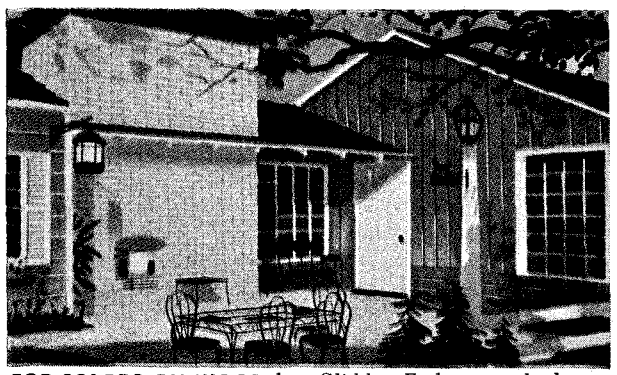

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(*Continued from Page 158*) speak to no one. Then Jock Ballard came from the orderly room, his face streaming water.

"They're catching hell at the center," he grunted. "We should have brought our ark, Steve."

The hands of the alarm clock stood at twenty minutes to midnight when the dull glow of a car's headlights washed across the rain-streaked windows and a sudden premonition ran through Steve. There were voices, and then the door opened and Pat Mitchum came in, drenched with rain and followed by Stanton Coley. The guy tagged after her like a dog, Steve thought sourly as he got to his feet.

"Trouble at the Falls, Pat?" he asked quietly.

She nodded and came swiftly toward him, leaving Coley to stand by the door. "Bad trouble, Steve," she told him. "I've got no right to ask this, after the way that Coley Falls has treated you and after the way my father laughed at your warning. I've got to ask it anyway. Will you bring some of your men and come?"

Why should you, Luke? The question ran roughly for an instant through Steve's mind. If he did what had to be done there at the Gap, he'd just be sticking his neck out further. There was no reason why he should; he'd been relieved of command. Let somebody else carry the ball now. Only that wasn't the way you played it.

"Give me the picture, Pat," he said in a flat voice.

Standing there, looking down at her, Steve had the crazy notion that he wanted to reach out for her, pull her into his arms. And something told him that she'd come willingly because that was the way that things had to be between them from now on. Then he put that thought away and concentrated on what she was saying.

The thing he had foreseen was happening at the Gap—debris, swept down by the raging river, had jammed against the spillway gates so that they couldn't be opened. It was piling against the powerhouse and dam in a growing barrier that was backing the waters into Milltown, so that presently the heart of Coley Falls would be drowned beneath a swirling brown lake. Then, when the pressure had built great enough, the dam would go out and the pent water—suddenly released—would surge through the lower end of the town, flushing everything before it with the smashing force of a thousand runaway trains.

Pat paused and Steve said curtly to Pete Zerner, "Get Jeff Quigley on the battery phone! He should be at the launching area."

"Matt Gould has a crowd of volunteers down there trying to pick at the jam," Pat went on soberly. "They're getting no place. A lot of people can get hurt, Steve."

"It's too late for picking now," Steve said flatly. "The only way is to blow the spillway before the water backs up too far. If we do that the dam and part of the powerhouse will go too. It's going to raise hell with Dan Coley's mills."

"The mills don't matter!" Pat said violently. "And the Coleys don't matter, either! It's the people in Milltown that matter. Will you do what has to be done, Steve, in spite of Dan Coley?"

Stanton Coley came forward from where he'd been listening by the door. Most of the arrogant assurance had gone out of the man, Steve noted indifferently. Coley's hands were fumbling with the buttons of his raincoat and he didn't look at Pat.

"You can't do that, Stevenson," he said hoarsely. "You've got no authority. My grandfather will ——"

Steve turned a flat stare on him and Coley's voice broke off in the middle of the sentence. Dan Coley's errand boy, Steve realized absently; nothing more. And his words meant nothing. Dan Coley would get even with the man who blew up his mills, but you did what had to be done and you let the chips fall where they fell. It was no different from jabbing a thumb down on a firing button when you had to do it.

"I tell you ——" Coley began again, then stopped abruptly and whirled to disappear through the door.

Pete Zerner said tightly, "Here's Jeff, skipper."

Steve's voice was clipped and hard as he spoke into the phone. "Load that warhead you brought back this morning into a truck, Jeff. Then get over here in a hell of a hurry!"

"What's up, Steve?"

Steve told him in clipped sentences. Added, "Tell Harvey O'Keefe to bring whatever he needs to rig up some sort of an emergency firing circuit. We're going to blow the jam."

For a moment Jeff's voice was silent at the other end. Then he said softly, "You're already in bad trouble, skipper. You blow up Dan Coley's dam and he'll really nail you to the door."

"Never mind Dan Coley," Steve said harshly. "Just get over here with a crew and that warhead, Jeff!"

"The same like with Major Soong up on the Yalu, huh?" Jeff asked, still softly. "I guess it figures. I'll get Spivey and his launching section and be with you in ten minutes, Steve."

Steve dropped the phone back into its cradle and swung around to face Pat again, his mind leaping ahead to what would have to be done when they reached

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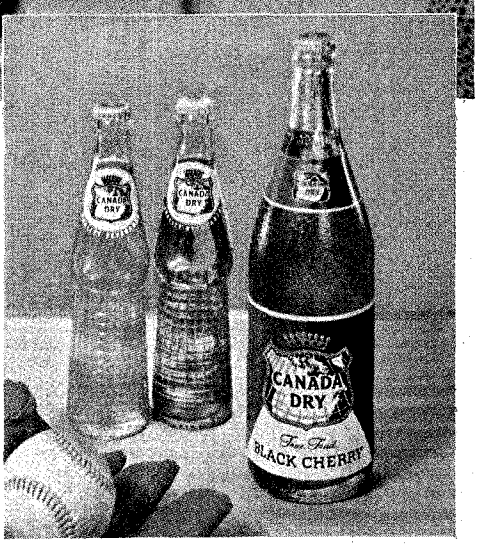

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the Gap. He saw the question in Pat's eyes and reached out to touch her shoulder.

"Take it easy, Pat," he murmured. "It'll be O.K."

Ramspeck had been standing mute through all this, frozen beside the window, but he came forward now, walking like a man in his sleep. The hair was down over his eyes as he pushed by Pat and came on to stop in front of Steve.

"You can't do this!" he said hoarsely. "I'm in command here and I forbid it! Do you hear? I heard what you said to Quigley about taking one of the launching sections! I forbid them to go!"

"You don't forbid anything, Hal," Steve told him softly. "You'll still have two launching sections left here. I'm taking Spivey and his men with me."

Ramspeck's voice rose higher. "I forbid it, I tell you! I refuse to be a party to what you're going to do!" He swung around to peer at Jock Ballard through the screen of his hair. "You're a witness to this, Ballard! I forbid it!"

"I'm a witness all right," Jock Ballard said thinly. . . . "You want me to clobber him, skipper?"

A sudden silence fell into the room and Ramspeck stood there in the middle of it, swinging his head slowly from side to side as he looked at the faces watching him, suddenly realized that he saw no friendliness there.

●

An uneducated female is one who hasn't reared a family.

CY N. PEACE

●

He spoke slowly then, his words thick. "All right. Do what you please—all of you. I won't take the responsibility any longer. Not any of it."

He turned and crossed to the orderly-room door, disappeared through it, and Steve heard the outer door slam as he turned to Jock Ballard. Anger was bright in Jock's eyes, he saw.

"You're in command, Jock," he said quietly. He jerked his head toward the desk where the order he had already written and signed still lay. "You've got your orders."

"I don't need them," Ballard said between his teeth. "We'll take care of things at this end. Good luck, skipper."

Jeff Quigley opened the door to put his head in and say easily, "We're ready, Steve. Spivey and his crew are loaded."

Pat went ahead of Steve out into the rain. Stan Coley's car was gone, Steve saw; Coley had probably gone back to report to grandpaw, he thought sourly. The guy was like a Western Union messenger.

"Tell Spivey to follow in the truck," he said to Jeff. "You and I'll go in the jeep. . . . You'd better stay here, Pat."

"I'm coming," Pat said briefly.

"O.K.," Steve told her. "It's your town."

Steve, at the jeep's wheel, led the way out along the access road and they turned left on the highway. In the jeep's headlights the ditches on either side were running full and, as the grade dropped, the jeep's wheels began to splash water. In his mind, Steve could picture what was happening down there where the Gap narrowed and the Coleyran backed its angry flood behind.

The roar of the river came to them and they rode without talking, the rain driving into their faces. Steve broke the silence once to call to Jeff Quigley, crouched in the back of the jeep, "Did you bring pick mattocks and shovels?"

"Yeah!" Jeff yelled back. "Them we got!"

"Good!" Steve answered. "That charge won't be too big for the job it's got to do! We'll have to dig it in!"

They came after a little to the river, and its roaring was a sullen thunder now that beat at them with great hands. Steve caught a faint glimpse of it through the rain as he turned the jeep into River Avenue; the Coleyran was a cresting flood which smashed itself at the rapids with a wicked violence which shook the night. Only three days ago, Steve thought somberly, he had come along here to see the river nothing but a lazy trickle defeated by the August heat. Well, a lot could happen in three days. A lot had happened to Luke Stevenson, he concluded dourly. Then he felt Pat Mitchum's presence in the seat beside him and he knew, suddenly, that he wouldn't have things otherwise.

The walls of the power plant loomed ahead of them, and the jeep was running hub-deep in water now. Not much time, Steve knew. He pulled the vehicle in close to the brick wall on the river side of the plant and stopped; he stepped down into a hard-running current which plucked at his legs. Small bits of debris—floating planks, empty crates—bumped against him. Little stuff now; later it would be worse—houses and bodies hurtling through here as the brick walls crumbled, as they would unless the jam was broken soon. The water was coming up fast; Steve could feel it about his knees now.

"Stay in the jeep!" he yelled at Pat, and went back toward Sergeant Spivey's truck, halted close behind. He shouted to Jeff, "Keep the men loaded until I have a look!"

He went back in the direction they had come until he was clear of the powerhouse again. The stabbing beam of his flashlight showed him what he sought—the spillway with its jammed gates flanking the wall. There was a little backwater here and he splashed through it, waist deep, until he came to what he was seeking—the buttress which joined the power plant with the dam and the spillway. He stopped here to send the beam of his light searching while he made his plans.

Beyond him, the surface of the river ran off to lose itself in the rain; above hung the tangle of debris which the Coleyran was bringing to build higher by the minute the barrier which held it back. Behind that barrier the river's potential fury was building up, second by second. Steve knew that as he turned and started back.

Not much time and they'd be allowed only one chance. The refrain ran through the back of his mind with steady insistence. Funny how many things there were that gave you only one chance. The world was full of them. And, when they came, either you measured up to them or you went down the drain—just as Coley Falls could go down the drain too.

He rounded the corner of the power plant and came into River Avenue again with the water halfway to his waist. There were more headlights now where he'd left the truck, and voices, lifted in angry tones, came to him faintly above the roar of the river, and his sixth sense told him that here was more trouble. Then he saw figures grouped in the reflecting pool of the light and he moved faster against the quickening push of the current.

Amos Mitchum was there, he saw, and Matt Gould's heavy frame loomed in the shifting shadows. A half dozen more, and in the center was a man that he remembered across the thirteen years that he had been away. A gaunt figure of a man with the rain making a silver shine against his white hair.

That was old Dan Coley, Steve thought with a vague detachment. Dan Coley, whose grandfather—old Ephraim—had built the first water wheel here on the banks of a river now running wild. Dan Coley, uncaring of the rain and the flood, exercising his seignorial right in the town which bore his name.

Steve pushed on to come into the light, and Dan Coley stopped what he was saying to turn deep-seated eyes on Steve. "You're Stevenson?" he demanded, his voice cutting through the river's roar.

"That's right," Steve said tiredly. "What do you want, Mr. Coley? We haven't got much time."

"My grandson tells me that you've come here to blow my dam!" the old man said harshly. "I forbid it!"

"It's the only way you can save your town, Mr. Coley," Steve said, not caring much now. "Do you want to save it or don't you? I told you there's not much time."

For a moment Dan Coley stood there, swinging his head from side to side as he

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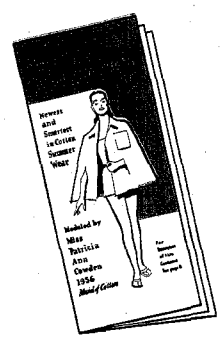

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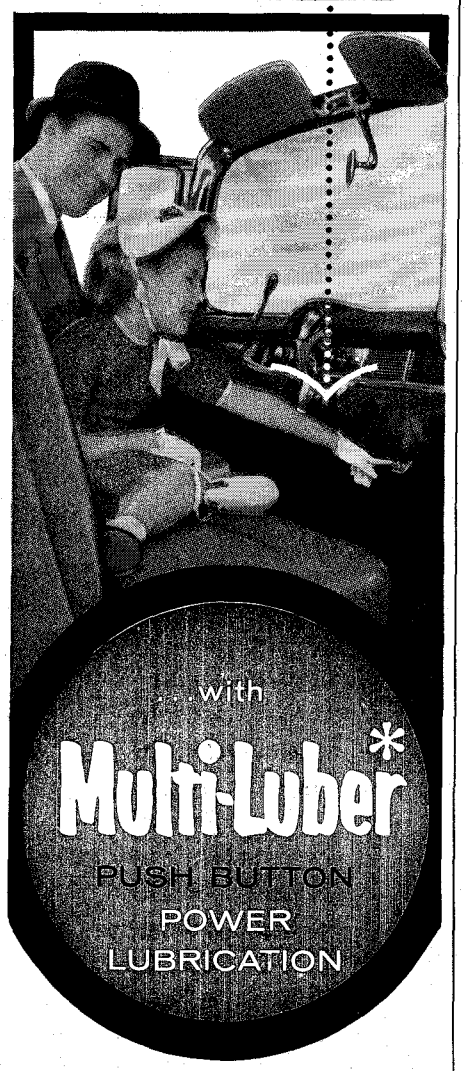

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looked at the people in front of him. More people were coming now, Steve noted absently. They moved up, making shadowy shapes in the rain.

A man's voice called out hoarsely, "For heaven's sake, blow it! The water's already up another foot!"

"Well, Mr. Coley?" Steve asked.

"No!" Dan Coley said. "I forbid you!"

Amos Mitchum stepped into the circle of light then, and Steve caught a glimpse of his face—the face of a man coming out of a nightmare with a little of the nightmare's horror still on him. He moved close to Dan Coley and his voice carried above the night's noise.

"I took your money and I refused to see you for what you are, Dan Coley," he said with a terrible distinctness. "I see now. Give the word to blow that dam or I'll paint the blood of every soul in Coley Falls who dies tonight on your forehead! I'll paint it there for everybody in the world to see, Dan Coley!"

For a space tension held the group that huddled there in the subdued glimmer of the headlights. Matt Gould was gone now, Steve saw; faded away to be swallowed by those other shadows back there at the outer fringe of the light. Matt Gould wasn't a man to stand and fight when the odds were against him.

Then another faceless voice came through the rain with a terrible urgency, "The water's rising faster! Blow the dam!"

Dan Coley's shoulders suddenly sagged—as though the starch which had held them stiff had melted in the rain. "Blow it," he said in a voice so low that Steve barely heard.

Too much good time gone, Steve thought as he led Jeff Quigley and eight men around the corner of the power plant to the point that he'd selected. Warrant Officer O'Keefe had stayed back at the truck to rig his makeshift detonating apparatus, with Sergeant Spivey to help him. At Steve's orders, Pat—with her father beside her—had taken the jeep on up River Avenue to warn people away from here. Tell them to seek shelter for when the backed-up river started to move.

"Here," Steve said, and laid the beam of his light against the buttress. "We've got damned little time."

There was room for only two men to work at a time on the narrow ledge clinging to the wall just above the water. The others waited, waist deep, to take their turn while, above them, the jam creaked and groaned ominously with the pressures building behind it. If that pressure built too fast the Army could write off a launcher crew—to say nothing of a captain in arrest, Steve thought grimly.

He had lost track of time now, and it seemed a long while later that he was boosting himself onto the ledge for the dozenth time and saying, "Let's have a look."

It would have to do, he decided. There was no more time. A hole, chopped into the ancient bricks of the buttress, sloped down to reach beneath the water's surface. Jeff Quigley came up to kneel and look as Steve shone his light down.

"Will she do?" Jeff asked.

"It's got to do," Steve answered roughly. "Go back and bring up the warhead, Jeff."

Jeff went away; he came back presently, with his crew moving carefully through the water as they carried the charges between them. They boosted them up and Steve guided the explosive packages down into the hole; moved aside to hold the light while Harvey O'Keefe fixed his detonators with expert fingers.

"Will your gadget blow her, Harvey?" Steve asked.

"She'll blow," O'Keefe said. "There's not much wire, though. Just enough to take us around the corner."

"It'll do," Steve said. He took the coil from O'Keefe and handed it down to Jeff; he said, "Take it back toward the truck as far as it'll go. The rest of you start passing up mud."

He and O'Keefe worked, packing the charge tight with the wet clay; then it was done, and he sent Harvey and the others back while he lingered for a moment longer, taking a last look around while the jam complained above him. Finally he went back, running the detonating wires through his hand as he went.

"Take the truck up a side street, Jeff," he said curtly. . . . "Harvey, you stay here with me. . . . The rest of you go with the truck."

The truck backfired savagely and then moved away, water almost to the tops of its wheels. Harvey O'Keefe fixed the firing wires to his makeshift detonator; he said shortly then, "She's ready to go, Steve. Shall I push the button?"

Steve reached and took the thing from him. "Get lost, Harvey," he said gently. "Pushing buttons is my job."

"I'll stay, Steve."

"Get going, Harvey!"

Steve waited while he counted off sixty seconds; then closed the contacts. For a moment, it seemed to him, everything hung still in the rain. Then a searing glow washed across the mill walls and a roar, like the clang of giant furnace doors being slammed shut, rocked the night, and the river's noise took on a deeper and more rushing note. Then, from far off, he heard O'Keefe yelling hoarsely, "The wall! Steve, look out!" and Steve felt the footing begin to crumble beneath him and was dimly aware that the wall at his side was starting to bulge outward like a blown-up paper bag. He turned to run, but he was too late, as something struck him a buffeting blow on the side of the head and he went down into muddy water.

As darkness closed in on him he thought, *That warhead made a better boom than I had thought, but that is a good thing. . . .*

It seemed a million hours later when consciousness came into Steve again. It came slowly, with little things beginning to make their impressions on his mind like succeeding slides thrown on a screen.

Gray light coming from windows no longer washed by the rain. Smells that were acridly antiseptic. A tight band seemed to be squeezing his head with iron fingers. Then came a voice that he remembered from someplace where he'd been a long time ago.

"Lie still, Steve," it said. "You've been hurt, but it's going to be all right. Everything's going to be all right now."

He lay staring at the ceiling, and then it all came back, so that he turned his head and saw Pat Mitchum sitting there beside him. She was smiling, and he suddenly knew that everything that he ever wanted to see was there in her face. For a moment he was content to lie and think of that. Then pain began to come, and it sharpened his mind so that last night came into clearer focus.

"O'Keefe? The rest?" he asked, and was surprised at the odd sound of his words.

Pat reached out to touch his hand. "They're all all right," she said. "So is Coley Falls. I think that you've bought yourself a town, Steve, whether you want it or not now."

"A town?" Steve asked.

"Coley Falls, Steve. I don't think that it would let you go now even if the Army thought differently. Which it doesn't. Colonel Diamond was here a little while ago to tell me that. How does it feel to own a town, darling?"

Steve looked back at her for a long minute; then grinned with a faint lift of his lips. "Do you go with it, Pat?"

"I go with it," Pat said softly.

"Then I'll take it," Steve said.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Bob, an impatient young man used to eating in diners, had a habit of whistling for service. So when he tried to impress a new girl by taking her to a smart suburban inn, he presently started whistling for the nearest waitress.

When the waitress didn't rush right to his table, Bob whistled several times more, despite the curious looks of those at other tables. Finally, when the waitress came over, he took a deep breath preparatory to scolding her for her tardiness.

But before he could utter a word, the waitress asked in a clear voice, "What will it be, sir, birdseed?"

Ray Turner

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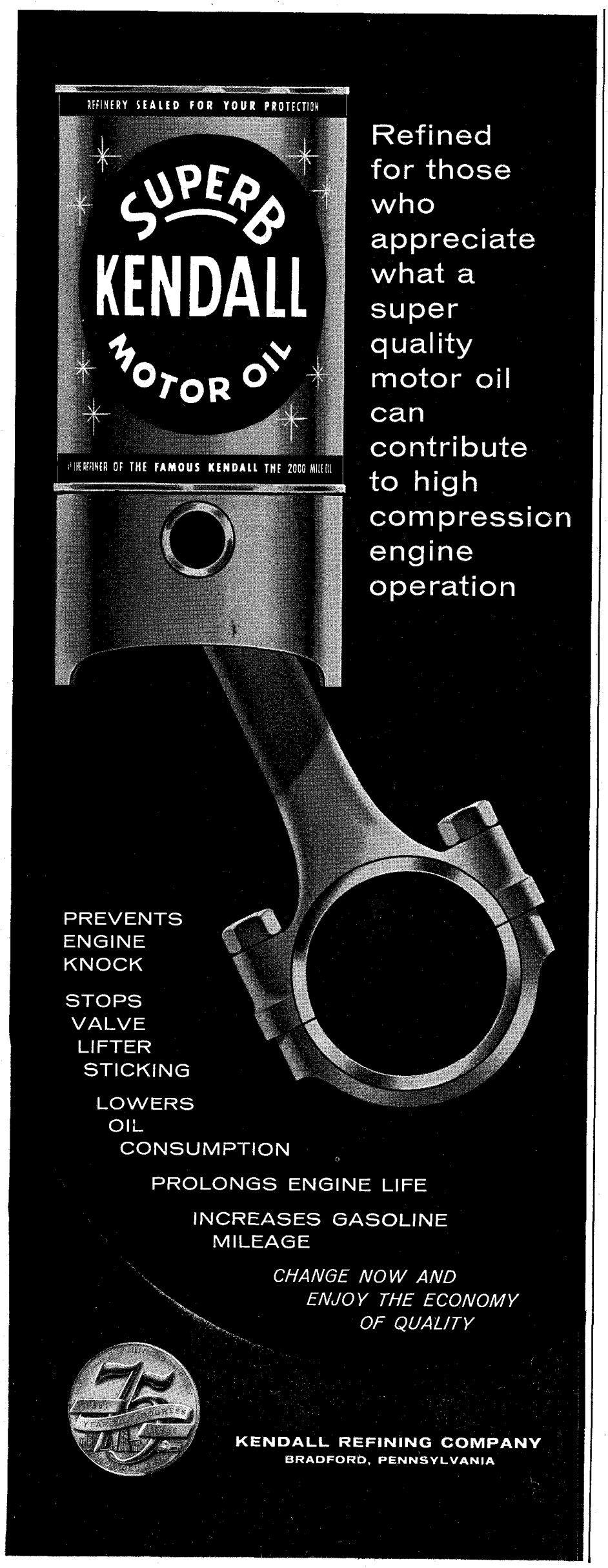
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Next! (Continued from Page 36)

achievement, that had been a standout day. He loved to talk about it.

Clippers down, scissors up, snip-snip. Drifting into that creative obsession which only the dedicated craftsman knows, intent on his task, and happy in it, Charlie tried not to look at the rosy, outsize ear which came into view as he turned the chair. Yet presently all else faded and he and the ear were alone in the universe. A cheerful upwelling took place within him and remarks of lively interest swirled up against his thin resolve.

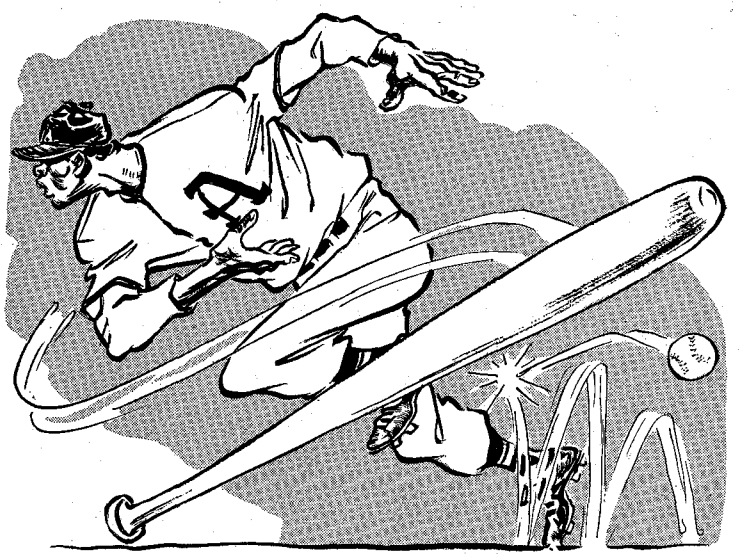
"Well, sir," he said in his breathless way, "the windows fogged up about noon, but she's snug as a bug in here now, ain't she, though? Van installed a new thermostat, best there is. I worked in lots of shops, seventeen states and the District of Columbia, but this here is the best-equipped two-chair shop I ever see. As Myra, m'wife says, when people live in the same towns for generations they take more pride. Why, Vivi—that's our daughter—she's got a boy friend, Chip Farnol, his folks've owned the same house since 1775! How's that for permanent? Myself, I've got itchy feet, but you find women hanker to settle down. A girl gets more invitations when she stays in one school, they tell me.

"Chip Farnol's a senior at the military academy at Lexington, Virginia, and he's invited Vivi to their prom in June. Big compliment for a new resident, I understand. Funny how girls underestimate theirselves sometimes. Vivi's pretty as a sunny April morning, but still she's flattered when a young fella in uniform comes callin' at our trailer like it was the ancestral home. You familiar with Serenity Trailer Park below town, on the Potomac? Nothin' to be ashamed of. A real homey spot. Myra's planted a garden ten feet by twenty. If we move our foldin' chairs two feet east, to a space between the neighbors, you can see the Washington Monument across the river. Beautiful and right handy for Viv too. She goes across the bridge nearly ever' Satiddy to study history where it happened. Tells us we'd ought to concentrate now on our American background, and we aim to, once we're outta Plutarch. Three years ago, in Bisbee, when Vivi started takin' freshman Latin, I says to Myra, 'Kiddo, we better read a book.' Doggone if she didn't come home with four volumes of Plutarch's Lives, in limp leather, secondhand. We've tussled with 'em clear across the U.S.A. Say, there's one anecdote you'll enjoy about a fella named Rusticus who got a letter from the Emperor ——" Charlie snapped the hair cloth, intending to pin it back on again, but the fat man had bolted wildly from the chair.

"Hey, wait!" Charlie laughed. "I ain't through!"

"But I am!" The fat man slapped down the exact change. No tip. "I should've told you. I'm the nervous type." He grabbed his coat and hat. Charlie chased him along the sidewalk to return his glasses, followed by loud laughter from the butch and the crew-cut.

He came back into an ominously quiet shop, breathing hard. "Next!" he said sheepishly.



So You Think You Know Baseball!

BY HARRY SIMMONS

The two major leagues still differ over interpreting some rules. Here is a play, in a hypothetical major-league setting, which causes sure-fire controversy.

Say the Kansas City Athletics, trailing Detroit 3–2 in the bottom of the eighth, come to bat with Vic Power leading off. Vic hits a bloop single to center. Hector Lopez, following orders, then bunts. His flung bat flies down the third-base line. The slow-moving ball thumps against the bat and rolls foul.

Lopez and Power get safely to first and second, respectively. But the Tiger manager protests that Lopez is out for interfering, intentionally or otherwise, with a batted ball.

If you were the umpire, how would you rule?

See Page 168 for answer

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The two high-school comedians clowned it up in extravagant politeness, each offering Charlie's chair to the other with sweeping gestures; finally Ossie Oatman came over, probably because Vivi sometimes helped him with geometry.

"Butch," he said, with a silly grin. "Make it fast, like that time in Bisbee."

Charlie nodded, lips compressed. He sensed something. Van had paused with razor above the strop. Their glances met in the mirror, and into Van's eyes came a look of deep compassion. Charlie felt somewhat reassured.

Clippers down. Up with the scissors. Up with the comb. Six silent minutes drifted by. Here were the simple, soothing sounds of snipping and scraping; the fragrances of soaps and perfumes expanding in the heat; the boar's-nest privacy of a barbershop, coziest place in the world on a rainy afternoon. Like a club. The agreeable obsession overtook him and he was happily lost in his task until, not six inches away, he saw the small, compact ear, set close to the head.

"Well, son," Charlie said in his hushed, hurried manner, "makin' use of your Easter vacation? Vivi tells me you don't study much. Vivi always does her homework first thing. She's been in five different high schools in three years and she'd 'a' never got by if she hadn't ——"

That's the beauty of a lively conversation: time dissolves. He found the blinds closed, the door locked, the crew-cut waiting for Ossie. Charlie made change, didn't expect a tip, didn't get it, and let both boys out. The striped pole was no longer spinning.

As the key turned in the lock, Van called from the other room, "Charlie? Stick around, please."

He knew then. But he certainly didn't let it get him down. "Keep the flag flying," Myra always said.

As he took off his white jacket he called, "Van? The Oatman kids ast me what's the mortality rate for barbers and I says I never seen a dead one. Did you ever, Van?" There was no response. But he laughed heartily. "It's standin' up all day, exchangin' ideas and concepts, that's what makes us so healthy. We ——"

Van had brought out the money sack and proceeded to count a week's pay, plus the percentage. Yep, this was final.

"O.K.!" Charlie said, and swallowed hard. "Don't explain. I'm on my way."

He could stand anything but their speeches.

Van began one anyhow, "Charlie, you're the biggest ——"

"Don't say it!"

"But you're a first-class barber, fella." Van gave him the money. "If only you weren't such a wind——"

"Don't say it!" Charlie warned.

Then his eyes misted. He fumbled around the shelf for his cap. Next he found Van helping him with his suit coat, which was heavy with paperback novels, and his raincoat, heavy with limp-leather volumes of Plutarch's Lives; he had never known such courtesy while being fired.

"Charlie, Charlie," Van lamented as he opened the door, "why do you do it?"

Charlie responded to the warmth. "It's their ears!" he cried hoarsely. "I never yet started a haircut intendin' to talk, Van. But pretty soon, here's his ear and I think, 'Shucks, a word or two ain't gonna hurt nobody,' and then I'm off."

He aimed his body, adjusted his cap and plunged away into the wet spring evening.

"No hard feelin's on my part, Van!" he cried, and ran for the bus.

Watching his watery reflection in the window, conscious of chattering passengers all around him he prepared an announcement, seeking words to present the calamity in a more attractive light. "We'll stay until after the prom," he'd promise Vivi. "Oh, we'll be here for your flowers!" he'd tell Myra. "I'll find another job within drivin' distance." The job, of course, wouldn't be in Washington. He'd worked his way through Washington last summer; three hotels, a side-street shop and the Union Station; word gets around.

"Careful!" the driver cautioned, but he wasn't listening and sailed off into a puddle. There was raucous, cracked-baritone laughter. Young Oatman and his crew-cut brother were hanging around the office porch.

"Hi, Yackety!" they guffawed. "Your glasses! Wait, sir, your glasses!"

Charlie trudged through the pelting rain down the gravel road between the trailers. Here were more voices. Men's, women's, children's and TV voices sounding through the thin walls. Talk, talk, talk. Chatty world for sure, but nobody else paid a penalty.

He stopped in his tracks. Oh, my! How small, how sad! Myra's garden boasted new white caps to protect the twenty-four snapdragons. He hunched his shoulders against the downpour and thought of other budding plants, of other brave departures. Myra was always first to rally after the shock. "We'll find our right place someday," she'd say stoutly.

Vivi came along from the public library with a wrapped-up bundle of books.

"Daddy!" she said, astonished. "Why don't you go in?"

She was in rain cape and drizzle boots, aglow with happiness. The sight of her stirred him into action.

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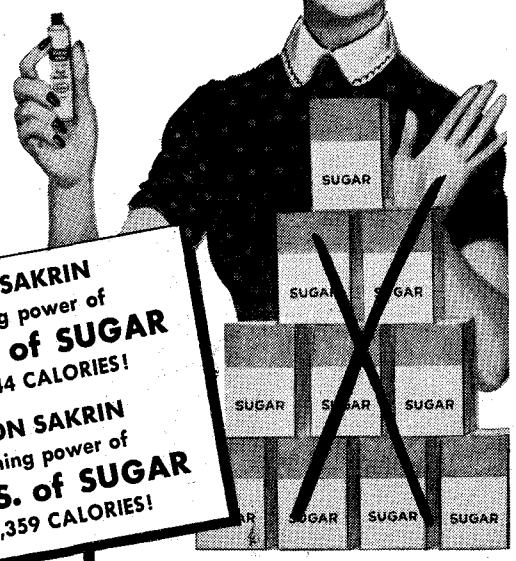

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SAVE ONE POUND A WEEK IN SWEETENING CALORIES ALONE! Squeeze a drop of PEARSON SAKRIN from its attractive squeezable dropper bottle—and you have the sweetening power of 1 whole teaspoon of sugar *without any of its calories!* In just coffee, tea, with desserts and in cooking, it can save you up to 511 calories and more a day—*that equals over one pound of weight a week in "sweetening calories" alone!* Every calorie saved helps control weight.

Start with PEARSON SAKRIN Liquid Sweetener today. Carry the Regular Size container to use at lunch and coffee-breaks. Get the Super Size to keep at home on the table.

HOW PEARSON SAKRIN CAN SAVE YOU 511 CALORIES DAILY

(in foods where you usually use sugar)

		CALORIES ADDED BY: PEARSON SAKRIN	SUGAR
Breakfast	Fruit Juice	0	16 (1 tsp.)*
	Cereal	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Morning Break:	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Lunch:	Fruit Cup	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Dessert	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Afternoon Break:	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Dinner:	Grapefruit	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Dessert	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Misc. sweetening, incl. mixed drinks, snacks while watching TV, as well as between meals and late evening snacks, etc.		0	175

TOTAL DAILY CALORIES SAVED WITH PEARSON SAKRIN 511

Figure out your daily calorie savings with PEARSON SAKRIN—there may be more or less than above—but each calorie saved helps control weight.

SAVE ONE POUND A WEEK IN SWEETENING CALORIES ALONE!

*LEVEL TEASPOON

Saves You Money, too!

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING GUARANTY SEAL!

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REGULAR SIZE 69¢ (Equals sweetness of over 10 lbs. sugar)

SUPER SIZE $1.49 (Equals sweetness of over 25 lbs. sugar)

—SAVES YOU CALORIES— SAVES YOU MONEY, TOO!

Free — In every package of PEARSON SAKRIN— helpful reducing guide: "PEARSON SAKRIN Way To Slimness".

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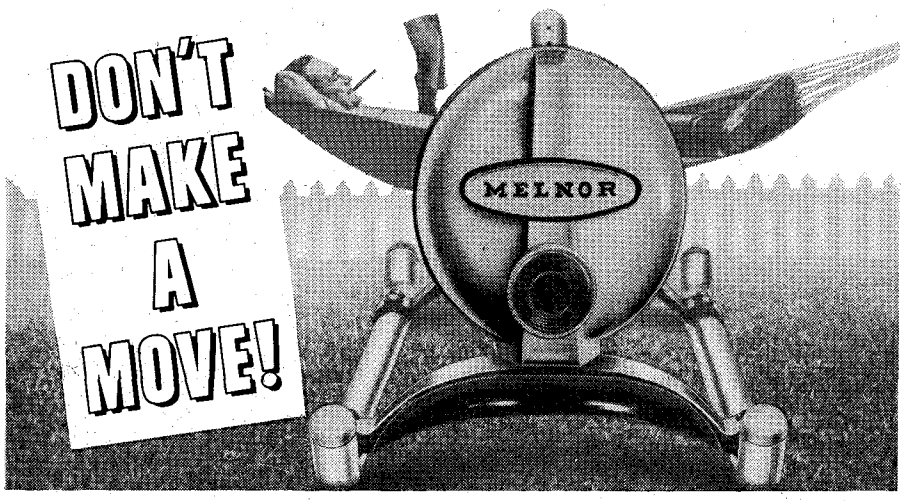

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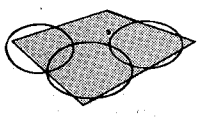

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- must be moved frequently
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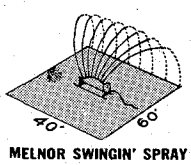

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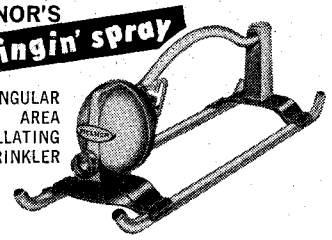

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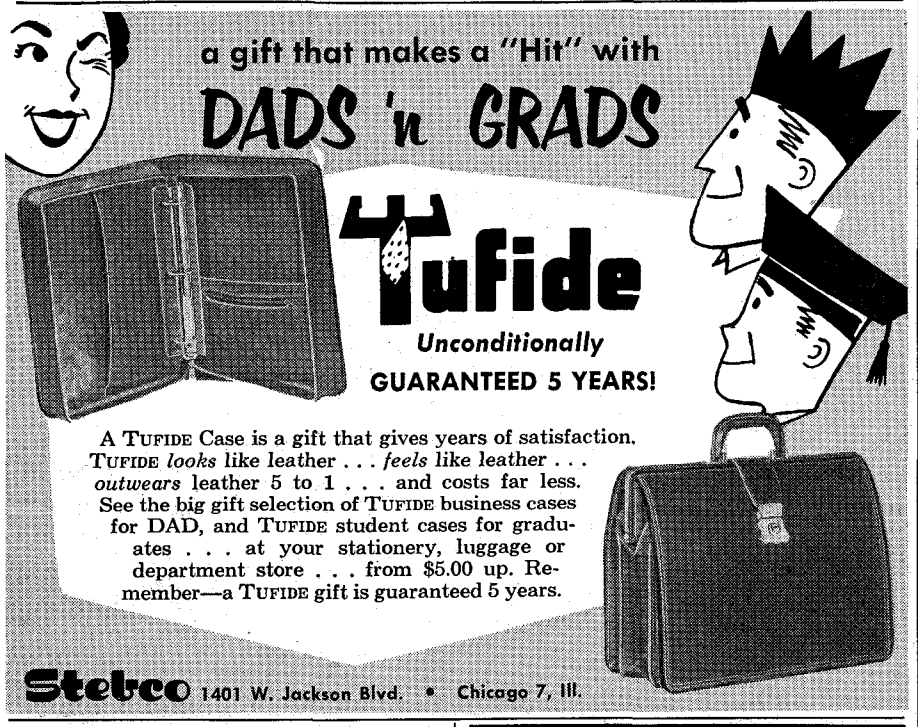

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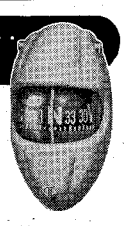

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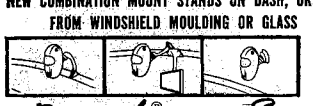

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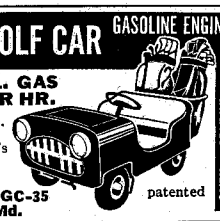

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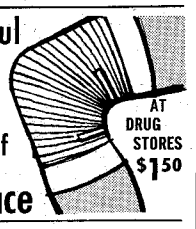

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A slim gloved hand rested on his shoulder while she took off her boots at the door.

"I hear something funny happened," she said.

"Who to?"

"At the shop."

"When?" he asked suspiciously.

"I saw Ossie Oatman," she explained, putting the boots aside. "Was there something about a man forgetting his glasses? Ossie wouldn't tell me any more."

"Someday," Charlie predicted, as he reached for the door latch, "that boy will get a notched ear."

And there was Myra. She always wore a fresh apron, always had dinner ready, always held wide her arms. But they both knew she didn't greet a returning hero; presently she would ask, "Everything's all right, is it, Charlie?" But tonight his dripping garments saved him.

"Oh, Charlie, you're soaked! Go change while I talk to Vivi."

Their conversations were conducted in abbreviations. Changing clothes in his corner he caught snatches: "Another date, mom! . . . Movie? . . . No, field trip. . . . For what? . . . Political science. . . . Oh? Where? . . . Washington; he's calling for me at eight in the morning. Guess what, mom! He said all the traveling I've done would be good training for life in the Army. . . . Viv, he didn't really! . . . Oh, sure, but joking. . . . Joking! How joking? . . . Well, mom, sort of—grinning. . . . H'm-m-m. . . . Now, mom, stop. It doesn't mean anything. He's a darling, just an honest forthright boy, no side to him. . . . Still, Vivi—oh, my dear, wait till the prom. . . . Now, mom. I'm not counting on a thing, and don't you either. But he's nice. I like him best."

Charlie shuffled out in his robe, pajamas and woolly slippers. The trend of the talk had depressed him.

"You say grace tonight, Myra," he said, and this was a mistake.

When they had squeezed up to the table in the lounge, Myra bowed her head. "And thank you, dear Lord," she concluded, "for our continuing happy association at Van's barbershop. Amen." She spread out her paper napkin and passed the cream. "What was the big joke, Charlie?"

The way they pressed him, he got a little sore. "What's funny depends on where you sit," he said, overloading his coffee. "A fat man gets nervous and forgets his glasses. I hadta chase him along the sidewalk. Pretty doggone hilarious to half-baked kids."

"What made the man so nervous?" Vivi asked.

"Now that's a good question," Charlie admitted. "I'll talk about it later on."

There was a swift exchange of glances.

"Charlie," Myra asked, "everything's still all right, of course?"

On the verge of a decision to get it over with, he found to his surprise that he had already spoken—and loudly too. "I'm fired!" a voice shouted.

"Oh, no!" cried Vivi, slamming down both hands on the table. "Oh, no, daddy!"

"Now, now," Myra said soothingly. "Your father can always pass the examination. Nobody needs to worry about finding work."

"Not if we move far enough!" Vivi said bitterly. She threw down her napkin. "Well, I'm not going to move. I'll quit school if I have to. I'll find a job. I'm staying. I like it here."

"You'll go with your family ——" Myra began.

"Look, mom!" Vivi stormed. "It's time we faced the facts. Everybody knows what dad's trouble is. Why, I've realized since I was six years old. He's a chatterhound, that's all; he's a windbag ——"

The words acquired velocity once they were spoken. They went past Charlie like so many bullets and bounced around the narrow lounge with slowly diminishing force. He struggled to his feet, but sank down again. Then what she had said began to hit him and something collapsed inside.

"Why, Vivian Verborum!" Myra cried, when she had caught her breath. "Why, shame on you!"

Vivi was already sorry. She dropped tearfully to her knees beside the slumped figure, and implored Charlie's forgiveness. He looked dazedly at the top of her lovely blond head and kissed her lightly.

"She's right, Myra," he said in a strange, taut voice. "I'm going to bed now. I'm not feeling so hot."

He roused at three o'clock in the morning, sensing something amiss in his larynx. A cool breeze had blown through it, leaving it hollow. Myra stirred beside him, and he said, by way of testing, "Well, well, well, well, the rain's stopped." There was no answer, and no wonder. He hadn't uttered a sound. *What's this?* He sat up and tried again: a hoarse, disembodied whisper floated in the darkness. Dreadfully bottled up, he lay back, sweating. But then a heartening thought flitted through his mind, his eyelids fluttered and he pillowed his cheek on his hand. He was in Van's barbershop on a busy Satiddy, cutting thirty-two heads of hair, and not a word was said from start to finish.

And now here it was a sunny spring morning. He swung his feet out of bed, stretched joyously, and the words in his mind were: *Hey, wait'll I tell you my dream.*

Then he went looking for Myra, clutching wildly at his throat.

"Morning, Charlie," she said, sipping coffee. "Chip (*Continued on Page 171*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 166

Under an American League regulation, Lopez is out for interference and Power returns to first base. (The regulation reads: "If, after having hit or bunted a ball to fair territory, his bat again hits the ball on or over fair territory and deflects its course, the batter is out and other base runners cannot advance.")

However, National League umpires would rule this a fair ball and let the play stand. (Section 6.05H of the playing rules says in part: ". . . If the batter-runner drops his bat and the ball rolls against the bat in fair territory and, in the umpire's judgment, there is no intention to interfere with the course of the ball, the ball is alive and in play.")

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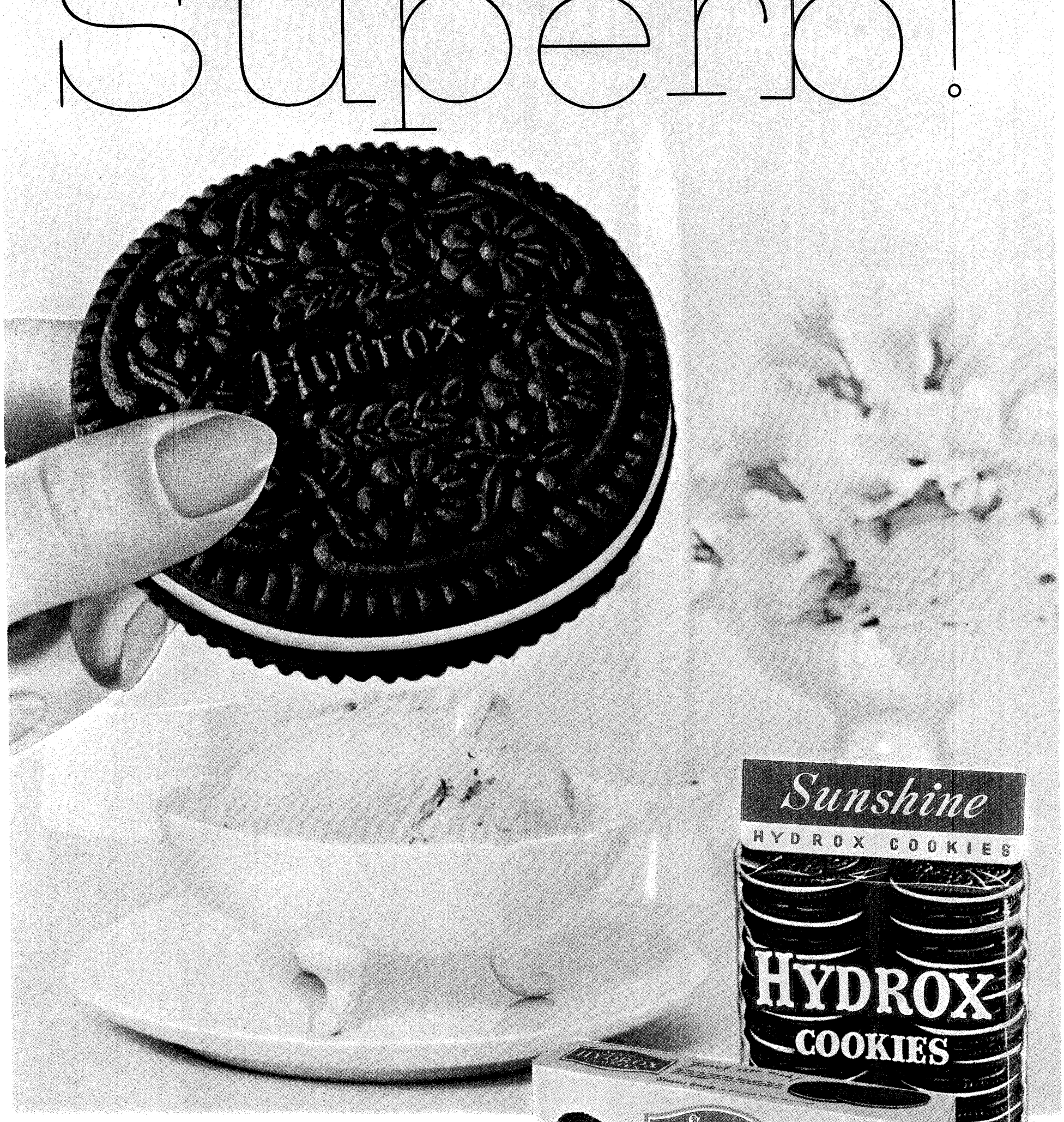
Superb!



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Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

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(*Continued from Page 168*) picked Vivi up at eight o'clock. Did they waken you? She said to tell you ——" Charlie had started to write a note, but he couldn't spell "calamity." "Charlie, what is it?"

He pointed frantically at his neck.

"Voice?"

He nodded vigorously.

"Oh, it's just from being out in the rain," Myra said calmly, and felt his forehead. "You haven't a bit of temperature, Charlie."

But he knew better. Terror gripped him. A conviction, born he knew not of what chance reading, told him this would be no ordinary affliction. No voice at all! Despair beset him. He banged open closets, threw clothes right and left, stamped his feet in terrible frustration; then grabbed a pencil, broke the point, snatched another and wrote to Myra:

"Warm up motor. Clinic! Hurry!"

Myra caught some of his alarm and hurried out.

They sent him from nurse to nurse, doctor to doctor, X ray to X ray. They were cheerful, efficient, full of medical wisdom and closemouthed as clams. At two o'clock, with Myra holding his trembling fingers, he found himself sitting at the desk of a Dr. Herman Evarts, laryngologist, awaiting a verdict. The doctor toyed with a pen.

He addressed Myra. "Has your husband recently experienced an emotional shock?"

Charlie sat tensely forward in his chair.

"Well, sort of," Myra admitted guardedly. "Why?"

"Well," the doctor smiled, "I rarely see a throat in such splendid condition! Physically, there's nothing wrong whatever. The trouble may be psychological."

Both Verborums heaved a mighty sigh, but Myra seemed even more relieved than Charlie.

She asked brightly, "Will it last very long, doctor?"

Doctor Evarts bounced his finger tips. "I can't diagnose in another man's field," he said. "But speech clinics sometimes encounter cases known as hysterical aphonia in which the patient subconsciously rejects the speech factor for fear of what he may reveal."

"Is that so?" said Myra, fascinated.

Doctor Evarts picked up his pen again. "Naturally," he said, writing, "the cures vary with the problem." He tore off the note and came around the desk, linking arms with Charlie as they walked out.

"Here's a list of speech clinics, any one of which I recommend. Good news, eh, Verborum? On the credit side you've had a physical checkup and you're in tiptop shape." He opened the door. "And with psychological problems there's always a chance the condition will disappear overnight. Good luck!"

Charlie was sensitive to gaiety in Myra's light, quick step. She was enormously cheered up. "Isn't it a relief!" she cried, as they got into the car.

Relief? He wanted to write: "I still can't talk!" But it was too much trouble to take out a pencil. He sat slumped in a corner of the seat all the way home.

Myra made him a nice egg sandwich and a cup of tea.

"Now, Charlie," she said happily, putting the tray in front of him, "as soon as you're through, why don't you go over to Van's and write him the news?"

Charlie arched an eyebrow.

"Explain about your voice," she said. "If he hasn't already hired somebody, he'll want you now."

Charlie blinked at her.

"And if your condition shouldn't pass away overnight, and should linger till after the prom—why, it would be an answer to prayer, Charlie, wouldn't it? It really would."

It was a low blow to an old wound. He angrily pushed the tray aside, dodged her apologetic fingers and slammed hatless out the door. How's that for irony? His desperate affliction had brought happiness to his loved ones. How's that for cherishing in sickness and in health? He walked miles along the drying boulevards, ranged out into unfamiliar countryside and found himself aware of sounds he had never heard before; he walked over bridges under which small rivers sang, through still-wet fields where liquid noises came from the grass beneath his feet. He listened. It was a strangely uplifting experience. How much a man can hear when he isn't talking! At twilight he turned for home, his legs aching, his anger spent, a decision made.

Pleasantly tired, he moved through the fragrances of a hundred dinners to Myra's paper-hatted garden. And then abruptly he found himself shaking hands with Chip Farnol, who had hurried out to greet him.

"I was sorry to hear about your troubles, sir," Chip said with his vigorous military manners. He was an angular, freckled young man with an attractive grin. "Vivi's got some news that may make up for it."

Engaged, he thought. As if that would hearten him! But he kissed his women soundly to show that he forgave them, and sat down to write a note about his big decision. But they interrupted, all talking at once.

"Let Vivi tell it," Myra laughed. She was wearing her best apron and looked young and gay.

"Well, daddy," Vivi said. "We were in the Capitol across from Room ——"

"F-Eighty-three," Chip said.

"Yes, across from the meeting room—what committee?"

"Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy," Chip said.

"Yes, across from there. Well, there was a big celebration going on. Guess what? A barber eighty-five years old was retiring from the Senate barbershop."

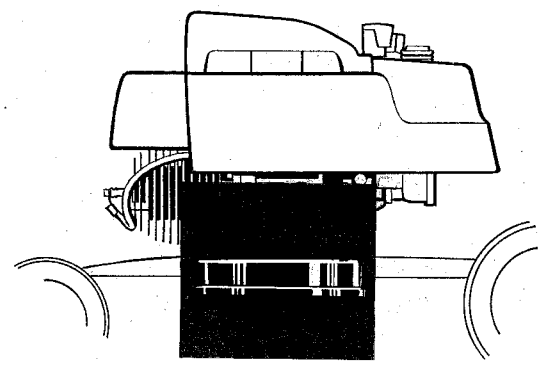
"They never die!" cried Myra happily.

"So," Chip took over, "I went in to find out about it. They're going to interview for a new barber on Monday morning. It's a splendid job, sir. Why, the boss, Mr. Alexander Culver, has worked there since 1933."

"Twenty-three years!" said Myra.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why, Harold, what a clever way to propose."



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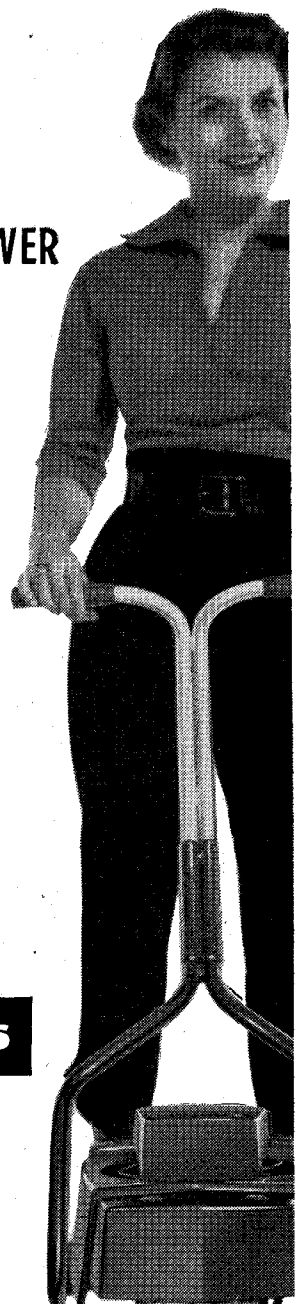

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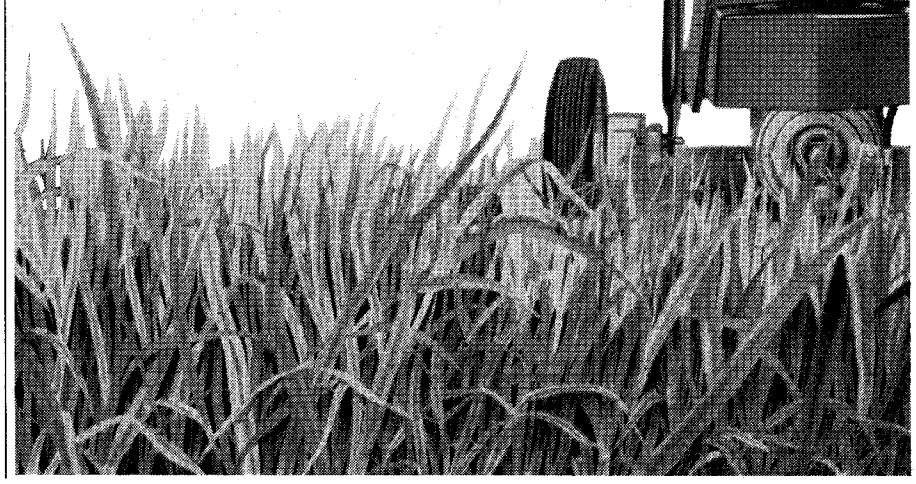

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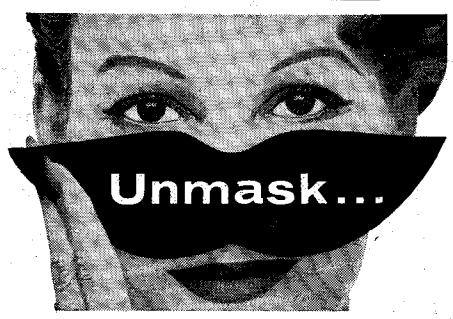

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"And it's historical, daddy," Vivi exclaimed. "It's comfortable and old-fashioned. Henry Clay got his haircuts there. And John C. Calhoun!"

"And just think," Myra interrupted, "it's a Government job, and they go on and on and on!"

"But wait," Vivi shushed her. "Here's the best of it: They told Chip there's no patronage connected with it. . . . Explain to him, Chip."

"Well, sir, the Sergeant at Arms of the United States Senate hires the barbers and"—Chip paused for dramatic effect—"in this case it's Mr. Joseph C. Duke, of Bisbee, Arizona!"

They held their breath.

"Will he know you, Charlie?" Myra bent forward.

Charlie couldn't remember a soul in Bisbee, Arizona.

"Well, even if he does recognize him," Vivi reassured them, "we'll explain he's lost his voice. I—I mean ——"

"What you do, sir," Chip said quickly, to cover Vivi's confusion, "is this: go to the union office Monday morning, get a number, and then wait your turn for an interview at Mr. Duke's office in the Capitol Building. You'll stand as good a chance as anybody."

"Better than most," Myra said loyally. "Considering."

"I'll go with you and do the talking," Vivi promised.

Myra held up one hand. "Unless"—she said firmly, "unless he'd rather go to a speech clinic first, and recover his voice."

He hoped they would always remember him in that moment of ultimate decision. He wrote the message gravely with pen and ink:

"I decline to be cured. This is a blessing in disguise," and then handed Vivi the pen for a souvenir.

They sat with interview Ticket No. 13 in Mr. Joseph C. Duke's outer office, having selected chairs which allowed them to peer into his private room whenever the doors opened.

Vivi said, "Did you see him, daddy? Do you recognize him?"

Charlie shook his head.

Vivi moved him to a better seat. She was taking motherly care of him this morning; it warmed his heart. They waited patiently, side by side, watching the slow parade of barbers.

At last the door swung open to exchange Applicant No. 11 for Applicant No. 12, and Charlie leaned to the right in a half-crouching position and got a better look inside. He sat down again.

"Don't remember ever seein' him, Vivi," he said, hushed and hurried. "Of course, we weren't in Bisbee too long, and when you've cut as many heads of hair as I have ——" He stiffened. Vivi was staring, open-mouthed. "I'm talking!" Charlie shouted. "Did you hear me? I'm talkin'."

"Daddy!" Vivi said, and tears were shining in her eyes. "What did it?"

"One, two, three—testing, testing!" Charlie exulted. "I'm as good as ever!"

Vivi turned her head away.

"Oh, I'll watch it," he assured her. "I've got a grip now, baby." He was bubbling over. "The prospect of workin' again, with you here helpin' me, that's what did it. Makes a fella feel good all over. That loosened 'er up."

He was still whispering steadily when they were ushered into Mr. Duke's private office. He was an amiable-looking gentleman, a little tired of interviewing barbers.

"Not a charming lady barber!" he smiled, gallantly rising.

Charlie performed clipped introductions.

"I came along with daddy," Vivi explained, "because he—well, he's had a little trouble with his voice until this morning."

"Comes and goes," said Charlie, and compressed his lips again.

Mr. Duke seemed puzzled. "Haven't I seen you somewhere, Mr. Verborum?"

Charlie cut it short. "Once worked briefly in Bisbee, Arizona!"

"Well, of course! I come from there, you know." Mr. Duke slapped his desk. "By George! Plutarch! I thought I knew you. Fastest haircut, most intelligent conversation I ever had in a barbershop."

"That so?" said Charlie, twirling his hat between his knees.

"Well, well," beamed Mr. Duke. "You know, Miss Verborum, your daddy told me a fascinating anecdote about inquisitiveness. Something about a letter from a Roman emperor."

"About Rusticus, sir?" asked Charlie, in his new, incisive manner. "Plutarch says people shouldn't rip open their mail in public. Well, one time he was lecturing in Rome when in rushed a messenger with a letter for Rusticus from the Emperor. Everybody waited for Rusticus to bite the strings and tear it open. But he didn't. No, sir, Rusticus put it aside until the lecturer was through talkin', as a matter of courtesy. This impressed everybody as serious, dignified behavior."

"That's it!" Mr. Duke laughed. "Most remarkable piece of gossip I ever heard in a barbershop."

He flicked the intercom. "That will be all," he told his secretary. "Thank the rest for coming. We've found our man."

It was 8:45 on a dazzling springtime Tuesday when Charlie Verborum, in his best suit and new straw hat, presented himself in the four-chair shop of the Senate of the United States. He had said a reassuring farewell to Myra and Vivi at

After the Quarrel

By JAMES FACOS

We walked without a word,
In stillness stung with pride.
A wood thrush called—and
an answering song
Trilled from the
mountainside.

We listened, hushed, uneasy;
Then, eye averting eye,
We climbed the rocks where
a plunging brook
Rushed thunderously by.

Suddenly, bright in a clump
of moss,
A yellow violet!
We knelt to see it closer.
Slowly our glances met. . . .

The brook whorled down
the lichened rocks.
(I doubt we even heard.)
We only rose and, hand in
hand,
Walked on—without a
word.

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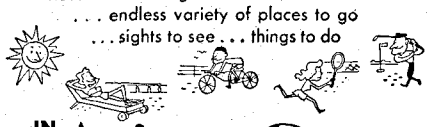

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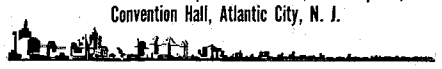

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the Serenity bus stop. "Say good-by to Yackety-Yak," he told them jovially. "From now on, I'm Silent Charlie Verborum!" And so, with four short words, he introduced himself to Mr. Alexander Culver, the boss barber.

"I'm the new man," he told him, and dropped at once into a watchful silence.

It was a shop of magnificent atmosphere, with high ceilings and shiny brass cuspidors, a courteous porter, Mr. Culver, two other barbers and himself. All were friendly, but Charlie made no effort to engage in conversation; instead, he tidied his shelf, sprinkled cologne on his fingers and stood at attention beside his chair. Shortly after nine the first distinguished patrons drifted in; none came to him—they had their favorites. He listened with approval to the communion of voices; sniffed with exultation the expanding fragrances of oils and perfumes; congratulated himself on being on the very threshold of a brilliant new career; concluded that of all havens in a hard world none could excel a clean barbershop in the early morning of a warm spring day.

"Next!" Mr. Culver said, pointing to Charlie's chair. An impressive gentleman had come hurrying in. This was the senator from California, the Honorable William F. Knowland.

"Good morning!" the senator said affably. "You're new, aren't you?"

Charlie nodded.

"Name?" asked the senator.

"Just call me Silent Charlie," he said, and compressed his lips.

Politely, he waited for instructions. Then he was off and into it, a master barber at his quiet best: gentle, fragrant fingers pinned the hair cloth; electric clippers purred smoothly up the neck. Oh, what a day! What a triumph! What a shop! What patrons! He would steady down here, he thought; he'd build a farmhouse in Virginia with a big garden for Myra, and a big play yard for the grandchildren. Whether Vivi married Chip or some other good boy, there'd surely be grandchildren to whom he would surely become a hero. "Here comes gran'pa!" they'd shout, and run to greet the silent barber from the hundred-year-old barbershop of the Senate of the United States.

He turned the chair. And there, within six inches of his lips, was the senatorial ear. *I must not look*, he told himself. *Don't look, don't look.* But there it was. You had to see it. Presently, a cheerful upwelling took place within him and all else faded; into the ear of the gentleman from California he poured the tale of these last few days, of Vivi, Myra, Chip, his lost voice and the garden. The senator said neither yes nor no, but sat in perfect composure. It wasn't until Charlie snapped the hair cloth that the horror of what he had done swept over him. Blindly, he moved to the window, his face aflame with shame.

A finger tugged at his sleeve.

"Um?" he said.

A dollar bill was pressed into his hand. He whirled to find the senator submitting to the porter's brush on his way out.

Charlie drew the boy aside. "He tipped me!" he said, holding up the money.

"Why, sir, they all do," the boy explained. "They get their haircuts free. There's some pretty big tippers and some not so big."

"But," protested Charlie, "I talked too much!"

The boy laughed. "To a senator?" he scoffed. "Why, mister, these poor gentlemen, they're bathed in words. Like one of 'em says here, one time, they're inured. They train themselves to hear it or not hear it. They got to, in self-defense."

Later, Charlie spoke to Mr. Culver. "I want you to know," he confessed frankly, "I sometimes talk maybe a little bit too much."

"Oh, well," Mr. Culver said, philosophically, "a barber's a barber." Then he mused, "Y'know, we've had the reputation all down through history. I wonder why?"

Charlie could have told him. But right then he was laying sandbags to shore up his thin resolve. Besides, the other chairs were full and a gentleman from Pennsylvania had come bustling in.

"Next!" Charlie said. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The New Marilyn Monroe (Continued from Page 42)

switch," Jones said. "Here we were, issuing communiqués about this 'silly and stubborn girl who was ill-advised enough not to come back and take this important part' in whatever the picture was—Pink Tights, I think—when all of a sudden she ups and marries Joe, the All-American Boy. After that, if we kept on beefing about her absence, the studio would be the big bully in the plot so far as the public was concerned.

"Then, to add to the studio's confusion, the pair went off to Korea to entertain the troops. How are you going to snap a blacksnake whip at a girl's calves for doing a thing like that? Snow White has married Prince Charming and they've gone off to Korea together to entertain the servicemen. So the studio started talking sweet in a hurry.

"However, the sharp-eyed and cynical could tell that that marriage was in danger as early as their arrival in the Orient," Flack Jones went on. "The press interviewed Marilyn in Tokyo, and a story was radioed back which said that Marilyn had talked about this and about that, and—oh yes—there was a man in the far corner of the room whose name was Joe DiMaggio. It didn't take much of a genius to figure that situation was the beginning of the end. Then, after an interval, the lovebirds flew back to Beverly Hills."

"Did the studio start having its troubles making her report for work before she married DiMaggio or after she married him?" I asked.

"We were having trouble before," Flack Jones told me.

"When was the first fly in the Monroe-Fox ointment?" I asked.

"I don't know the exact time," he said. "But it was not peculiar to Monroe alone. It's peculiar to life in Hollywood. It almost invariably happens when money and success make an impact on a male or female ego. We expect it to set in when the fan mail of the party in question zooms up to over two thousand a week. It's almost as much of a sure thing as the thermostat in your house turning on the heat. Two thousand fan letters a week is when we begin to say, 'We'll be having troubles with this doll.'"

"What form does it usually take?" I asked. "'I want more dough,' or 'I don't like my contract,' or 'My script stinks'?"

"A better way to answer your question is to say that when they realize they've got weight to throw around, they start throwing it," Flack Jones said. "They don't do those things you mentioned right away; they do less serious things first. They complain about wardrobe, or, if it's a musical, they complain about the songs or the dances, or, if it's a plain comedy or a straight drama, they gripe about how a certain scene is being directed. Whatever's handy, that's what they complain about. It makes no sense, but it's a means of saying that they have some weight now, and they want you to know it."

"What's the next move?" I asked.

Flack Jones rubbed his fingers over his scalp thoughtfully and said, "Ordinarily it's a preliminary test of strength, like bracing the front office for more dough for your dramatic coach.

"When she found out that she had that much weight, she decided to go out for herself, and she did. Some people think that she has always been a naïve, flibbertigibbet girl moving through life. This is utter nonsense. She wasn't that way when she first was under contract; she was a grown person then. She kept her dates, she was always on time.

"From now on," Jones said, "what I say is merely my own opinion, but I think that it was then that she discovered that there are people in Hollywood who respect other people who kick their teeth in. That's not just Hollywood for you. Most people do."

"Let's cut to the split-up between Joe and Marilyn," I said. "As I recall it, first there were rumors of strife, then things reached an impasse."

"Joe and Marilyn had a rented house on Palm Drive, in Beverly Hills," Jones said. "We had a unique situation there with the embattled ex-lovebirds both cooped in the same cage. Marilyn was living on the second floor and Joe was camping on the first floor. Then a famous attorney, Jerry Giesler, was brought into the act for Marilyn, although why they had to employ such a great lawyer to handle a simple divorce case I don't know. The public was all worked up, the press was, too, and they're circling the house like Indians loping around a wagon train, waiting for somebody to poke a head out. The next move was Giesler's announcement that come Wednesday, at eleven o'clock, Marilyn would hold a press conference in his office.

"In the Fox publicity department," Jones said, "we concluded that if you call a press conference in a lawyer's office, it presupposes an obligation to say something, and what could Snow White say when she was breaking up with Prince Charming, or Cinderella say when she was phffting from the All-American Boy? Any press conference would only bring more characters out to chase Marilyn from her house to Giesler's office. And once they got there, if anybody issued one of those 'They're just a young couple who couldn't make a go of it' statements, it would only irritate everybody.

"So the studio issued a statement of its own in advance. We said that Marilyn wasn't going to hold any press conference, but she'd be leaving for work at ten o'clock from her house, to fulfill her commitment on Seven Year Itch, based on the Broadway play of the same name and costarring Tom Ewell, in Cinemascope. Once we'd got in that plug, we said that while we didn't promise an interview, the boys would get some pictures. So forty or fifty of the press congregated. In addition, there were several hundred volunteer reporters and photographers in the trees and trampling the lawn.

Tolerance is what keeps a new bride from reforming her husband right away.

HAL CHADWICK

"Then an unbelievable thing happened," Flack Jones said. He grinned when he thought of it. "They were all there to get a picture of Marilyn going to work, because it would be the first picture since her announcement that she wanted a divorce, and all at once, in front of the house a great, big, beautiful automobile pulled up. In it was a friend of Joe's from San Francisco. As I've said, Joe's been in that house for three days on the first floor, with Marilyn on the second. There was a back alley, and a rejected husband could have snuck out of that back alley and disappeared if he'd wanted to. But Joe faced up to his responsibilities and took them like a man. So what do the press and newsreels get? A bonus! Out of the front door comes Joe, grim-lipped, walking the last long mile, with his pal carrying his suitcase.

"The press stopped him on the lawn, but Joe had no comment to make. They got pictures of him as he climbed into the car slowly, and one guy asked, 'Where you going, Joe?'

"'I'm going home,' Joe said.

"'We thought this was your home, Joe,' chirped the press like a Greek chorus.

"'San Francisco has always been my home,' Joe said. He stood there waving farewell, then he drove away."

Looking at Flack Jones, I could see that he was still marveling at a scene which no press agent would have thought of inventing in his wildest dreams. He said, "I've always admired Joe for that. A lot of guys would have sneaked out the back way and gone to San Francisco, avoiding that encounter in the front yard. Not old Joe.

"About ten minutes later, Marilyn came down the stairs, sobbing, on Giesler's arm. She was all broken up. Everybody was shoving and pushing. A lady columnist kicked the crime reporter for the Los Angeles Mirror on the shins. He

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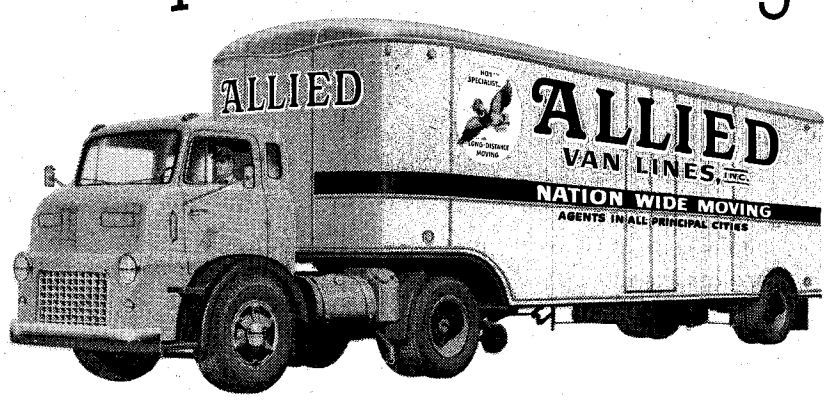

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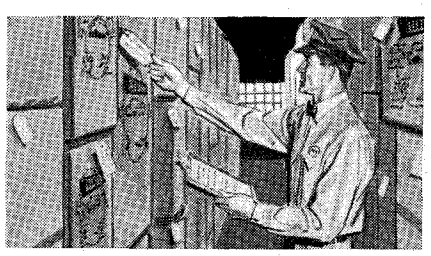

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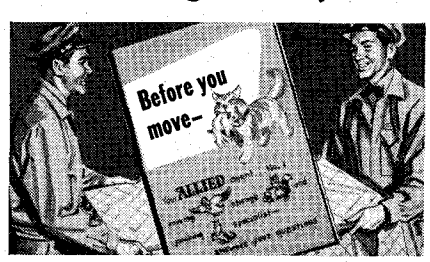

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turned on her and asked, 'Who do you think you're kicking?' and she said, 'I'll kick you in the pants if you don't get out of my way.' All in all, there was quite a hubbub. The newsreel guys were grinding away, and somebody asked, 'How about Joe, Marilyn?' and Marilyn said, between sobs, 'I can't talk! I can't!' And she got in a car and drove off."

Later, when I talked to Marilyn in New York, I guided our conversation around to a story written by Aline Mosby, of the United Press. The story was about how Marilyn had told her that she had bought Joe a king-size, eight-foot bed because she didn't approve of separate bedrooms. "People say it's chic to have separate bedrooms," Marilyn told me. "That way a man can have a place for his fishing equipment and guns as well as sleeping, and a woman can have a fluffy, ruffly place with rows and rows of perfume bottles. The way I feel, they ought to share the same bedroom. With a separate-bedroom deal, if you happen to think of something you want to say, it means you have to go traipsing down the hall, and you may be tired. For that matter, you may forget what you started out to say. Besides, separate bedrooms are lonely. I think that people need human warmth even when they're asleep and unconscious."

There were other things I wanted to ask her. "I've heard that in Asphalt Jungle you displayed a highly individual way of walking that called attention to you and made you stand out. I've heard a lot of people try to describe the way you walk, and some of those descriptions are pretty lurid. How do you describe it?"

She leaned forward, placed her elbows on a table and cupped her chin in her palms. She was very effective that way. "I've never deliberately done anything about the way I walk," she said. "People say I walk all wiggly and wobbly, but I don't know what they mean. I just walk. I've never wiggled deliberately in my life, but all my life I've had trouble with people who say I do. In high school the other girls asked me, 'Why do you walk down the hall that way?' I guess the boys must have been watching me and it made the other girls jealous or something, but I said, 'I learned to walk when I was ten months old, and I've been walking this way ever since.'"

In California I had asked Flack Jones, "What would you say Marilyn does best? Is her walk her greatest asset?" Jones regarded the feathery top of a slender, swaying palm tree, as if searching for an answer. "She does two things beautifully," he said. "She walks and she stands still. Also, as I've already told you, she has wit enough to buy her clothes one or two sizes too small, and with a chassis like hers, this infuriates women and intrigues guys. From a woman's standpoint, there is no subtlety in such gowns. I remember when Marilyn came to a party in a number which fitted her like a thin banana peel and the other women there thought it outrageous. Comments were made about that gown in a gossip column."

"How did Marilyn react to that?" I asked.

"Marilyn asked me, 'What should I have done?'" Jones said. "I said, 'Look, honey, the men loved it. Pay no attention to what the gossip-column cat said. You're a man's woman, so dress for men, not for other women. Any time you quit dressing for men you're out of business.'"

I told Jones that I'd been trying to find a phrase which would describe her walk, but that I hadn't been able to. "I can't help you there," Jones said. "I've heard the words 'quivering' and 'trembling' used in connection with her walk, but I don't know a description that really does the job. But when she walks across a screen a couple or three times, she attracts attention—a whole lot. That much I know.

"The public laughed at her walk in Niagara," Jones told me, "but Marilyn was only doing what the director wanted her to. It wasn't up to her to cut the picture or to tell the director not to point the camera at her during a long walk across cobblestones. I challenge any girl to walk down a cobblestoned street in high heels without wiggling at least once."

After his analysis of Marilyn as a pedestrian, Flack Jones picked up our conversational threads where we'd broken them off with her parting from Joe DiMaggio, and tied them together again. "After that she came back and finished Seven Year Itch at Fox," he said. "Her agent, Charlie Feldman, flung a snazzy party for her at Romanoff's, and she went to New York. The next thing anybody knew, she announced that, with a New York photographer named Milton Greene, she had formed Marilyn Monroe, Inc. She's the president of the corporation; Greene's vice-president. But I have reason to think that she'd done that before she left Hollywood, for a hairdresser at the studio told me that one day when he had Marilyn in front of his mirror, she had said, 'Gee, I feel good. I'm incorporated.'"

I put it to Jones, "When she left the studio that last time, was it a clean, sharp break or did her relations with the studio gradually become fuzzy and vague?" (*Continued on Page 177*)

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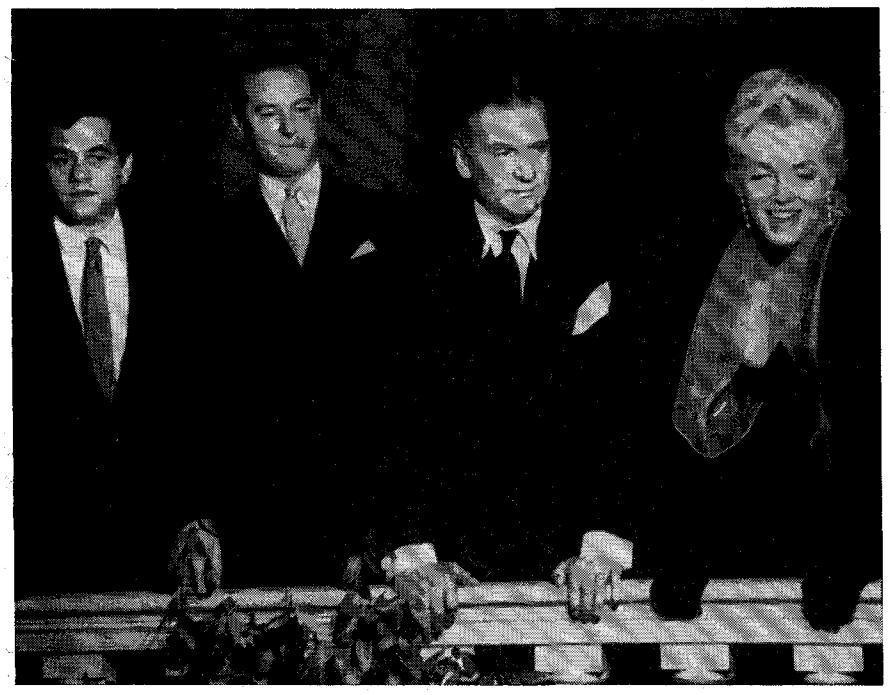


Milton Greene, vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, playwright Terence Rattigan, Sir Lawrence Olivier and Marilyn in New York. The occasion: To announce plans for a movie version of a Rattigan play, costarring Olivier and Monroe.

(*Continued from Page 175*) "After Itch," Flack Jones said, "she simply didn't show up again. I don't know whether you'd call that sharp or vague."

I said, when I finally met Marilyn, "The way I get it, you invented a whole new system of holding out; you just disappeared."

"I disappeared because if people won't listen to you, there's no point in talking to people," Marilyn told me. "You're just banging your head against a wall. If you can't do what they want you to do, the thing is to leave. I never got a chance to learn anything in Hollywood. They worked me too fast. They rushed me from one picture into another.

"I know who started all of those stories which were sent out about me after I left Hollywood the last time," she added. "One paper had an editorial about me. It said: 'Marilyn Monroe is a very stupid girl to give up all the wonderful things the movie industry has done for her and go to New York to learn how to act.' Those weren't the exact words, but that was the idea. That editorial was supposed to scare me, but it didn't, and when I read it and I realized that it wasn't frightening me, I felt strong. That's why I know I'm stronger than I was."

She thought for a while; then she said, "I'm for the individual as opposed to the corporation. The way it is, the individual is the underdog, and with all the things a corporation has going for them an individual comes out banged on her head. The artist is nothing. It's tragic."

Going back to a straight question-and-answer routine, I said, "You're habitually late for appointments. What are the psychological reasons for your lateness?"

"I don't know," she said. "I've never come to any conclusion. If I knew, I'd get over it."

I said that I'd heard she was so nervous before appointments that she was sometimes nauseated. I asked if this was caused by a feeling of pressure—of people pushing and hauling and pulling at her.

"You'd throw up, too, in some situations," she told me. "I flew into New York at eight o'clock one morning and there were photographers waiting to take pictures of me at the airport, and all that morning I had a series of interviews with newspaper people. Those interviews came twenty minutes or a half hour apart. Then I was rushed to a luncheon with a group of magazine people, and right after luncheon I tore over to the Daily News Building. I don't think anybody can take that routine very long. Another complication is that I have a certain stupid sincerity. I don't want to tell everybody who interviews me the same thing. I want them all to have something new, different, exclusive. When I worry about that, I start to get sick at my stomach."

I asked her if writers had ever prepared material for her to use in an "interview" or in a "by-line story."

"I refuse to let articles appear in movie magazines signed 'By Marilyn Monroe,'" she said. "I might never see that article and it might be O.K.'d by somebody in the studio. This is wrong, because when I was a little girl I read signed stories in fan magazines and I believed every word of them. Then I tried to model my life after the lives of the stars I read about. If I'm going to have that kind of influence, I want to be sure it's because of something I've actually said or written."

"I've been told that you devote hours to selecting and editing pinup pictures of yourself," I said.

"I haven't so far," she told me. "But maybe it's time I did. At least I'd like to have my pictures not look any worse than I do. I'd like them to resemble me a little bit. With some photographers, all they ask is that a picture doesn't look blurred, as if you've moved while they were taking it. If it's not blurry they print it."

"Somewhere," I said, "I've read that at least half of the photographs taken of you are killed because they are too revealing."

"That's the Johnston Office for you," she sighed. "They're very small about stuff like that, and what the Johnston Office passes, the studio ruins with retouching. After one sitting of thirty poses, twenty-eight of those poses were killed. The Johnston Office spends a lot of time worrying about whether a girl has cleavage or not. They ought to worry if she doesn't have any. That really would make people emotionally disturbed. I don't know what their reasoning is," she went on with a puzzled air. "They certainly can't expect girls to look like boys."

"I've read that your measurements are 37-23-34," I told her.

"If you're talking about my lower hips, they're thirty-seven inches," she said. "If you're talking about my upper hips, they're thirty-four." Eying her, I tried to decide where "upper" hip left off and "lower" began. I gave up.

"Nowadays," she said, "there's a vogue for women with twenty-twenty-twenty figures. Models in the high-style magazines stick out their hip bones and nothing else. But I'm a woman, and the longer I am one the more I enjoy it. And since I have to be a woman, I'm glad I'm me. I've been asked, 'Do you mind living in a man's world?' I answer, 'Not as long as I can be a woman in it.'"

"There's another thing I want to ask you," I said. "It's about something you said to a man in the Fox Studio legal department. You said, 'I don't care about money. I just want to be wonderful.' He didn't know what you meant by that."

"I meant that I want to be a real actress instead of a superficial one," Marilyn herself told me. "For the first time I'm learning to use myself fully as an actress. I want to add something to what I had before. I want to be in the kind of pictures where I can develop, not just wear tights. Some people thought that they were getting their money's worth when they saw me in The Seven Year Itch, but in future I want people to get even more for their money when they see me. Only today a taxi driver said to me, 'Why did they ever put you in that little stinker, River of No Return?'

"I thought it was a good question," Marilyn told me. "I'm with that taxi driver. He's my boy. Knowing what I know now, I wouldn't accept River of No Return today. I think that I deserve a better deal than a Z cowboy movie, in which the acting finishes third to the scenery and CinemaScope. The studio was CinemaScope-conscious then, and that meant that it pushed the scenery instead of actors and actresses." Without missing a beat, she switched gears into another subject. "One of the things about leaving Hollywood and coming to New York and attending the Actors' Studio was that I felt that I could be more myself," she said. "After all, if I can't be myself, who can I be?" I shook my head. She had me puzzled too.

Nunnally Johnson had directed How to Marry a Millionaire, costarring Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall and Marilyn. "Do her pictures make a lot of money?" I asked him in Hollywood.

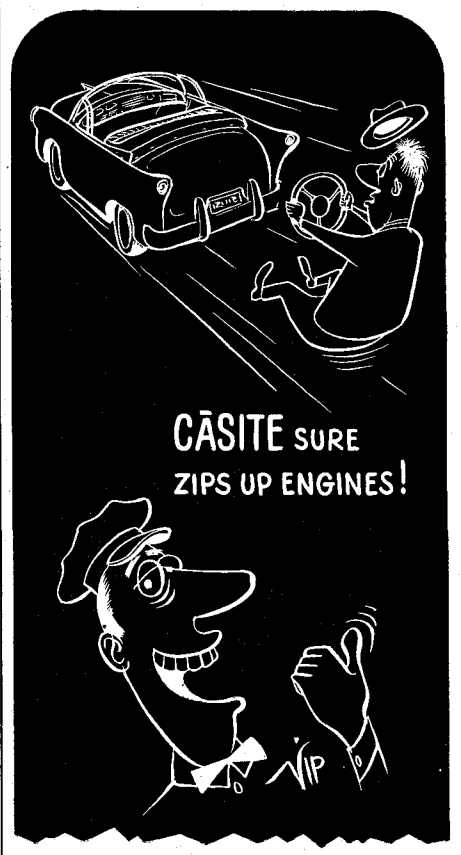
"Millionaire earned a tremendous amount," Nunnally told me.

"What about The Seven Year Itch?" I asked.

"Variety reports it as the top Fox grosser for 1955," he said. "But speaking for myself, I can't say that I saw the 'new Marilyn Monroe' in The Seven Year Itch that some others did. I thought that essentially it was the same performance, just longer. Still, this could scarcely be a cause for worry for her; God had given her that equipment and it was still magnificent. She was still a phenomenon."

"Maybe she'll grow into a young Mae West and make people laugh at sex," I suggested.

Johnson agreed that it might be a good thing if she could do that. "I believe that the first time anybody genuinely liked Marilyn for herself, in a picture, was in How to Marry a Millionaire," he said. "She herself diagnosed the reason for that very shrewdly, I think. She said that this was the only picture she'd been in in which she had a measure of modesty. Not physical modesty, but modesty about her own attractiveness. In Millionaire she was nearsighted; she didn't think men would look at her twice, because she wore glasses; she blundered into walls and stumbled into things and she was most disarming. In the course of the plot she married an astigmatic; so there they were, a couple of astigmatic lovers. In her other pictures they've cast her as a somewhat arrogant sex trap, but when



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Millionaire was released, I heard people say, 'Why, I really liked her!' in surprised tones."

These comments of Johnson's were made before Marilyn was enlightened by exposure to the Actors' Studio. Upon her return from New York to work at Fox in Bus Stop, Johnson did see a "new Marilyn Monroe."

"In contrast to the old Marilyn, in her present incarnation she is a liberated soul, happy, co-operative, friendly, relaxed," he wrote me. "Actually, it is as if she had undergone a psychoanalysis so successful that the analyst himself was flabbergasted. Now she's different; her behavior and her manner as a member of the social order are O.K. As for her acting, that remains to be seen."

I told Marilyn that I had read an Associated Press story which estimated that her newest contract—scheduled to run for seven years—would bring her more than $8,000,000. When I mentioned this, she said, "Eight million dollars is a lot. However, no matter what they tell you, it's not for money alone that I'm going back to Hollywood. I am free to make as many pictures for my own company as I do for Fox, and I can do TV and stage shows."

Among others I'd talked to about Marilyn, before discussing her with herself, was Milton H. Greene, the New York photographer who'd become vice president of Marilyn Monroe Productions.

"I don't know where they got that figure eight million, either," Greene had told me. "Not from me or Marilyn." He went on, "I don't ask you what you make, do I? Everybody wants an exclusive release or an exclusive interview with Marilyn on the subject, and I want everybody to be happy, but things like that are confidential."

Like Marilyn, Greene asked me not to use a tape-recording machine when interviewing him. "Makes me stutter," he said. So, carefully, laboriously, and word for word, I wrote down everything he said to me. While doing it, I noticed no signs of stuttering. Evidently a notebook and pencils didn't bother him. Greene had also asked me to put the initial "H" in his name, making it Milton H. Greene. "Would you mind very much?" he said. "There're other Milton Greenes who are also in the photography business."

He had met Marilyn when he had gone to California to do a series of photographs of Grace Kelly, Elizabeth Taylor, Jean Simmons and Marilyn Monroe. It hadn't been his idea to do anything too sexy. "After all," he said, "in a national magazine you can only expose so much of a girl, even if the girl is willing. Marilyn turned out to be different from what I thought she'd be. More sensitive."

Greene had gone to California on a second assignment, and had begun to think of doing a book of photographs of Marilyn. "The book isn't out yet," he said, "but I'll show you a few of the pictures I made for it. It will be Marilyn in different moods and settings, as if she were playing different parts." He went to a shelf and brought back a box of aluminum squares. Each square contained a color transparency. "Here's one where she looks as if she's in England," he said. "As you can see, she's wearing an Edwardian hat. Here's one where she looks like Bernadette in The Song of Bernadette." I looked at that one for a long time. It was, I thought, a novel idea.

Milton H. Greene watched me write down what he'd said in my notebook; then he went off on a slight tangent. "One day I plan to do a cookbook for dogs," he said. "It would contain dog-dish recipes. I think it would be amusing." I brought him back from his dog-cookbook project to his association with Marilyn. "In Hollywood," he said, "we got to talking. This was after she'd made Seven Year Itch and after her divorce from Joe, and I told her that I hoped to go into television and theatrical production. I found that all Marilyn wants is to make just enough money to be able to afford to make good pictures. That's the way I feel about it, too, so Marilyn Monroe Productions hopes to buy a good story property; then approach the right studio about making and distributing the picture."

He stood up, walked around his office and came back to his chair. "If Marilyn had been only interested in making money," he said, "she wouldn't have been interested in me."

When I asked Marilyn to tell me about her association with the Actors' Studio, she said that she not only attended classes there, but had also had private lessons from Lee Strasberg and his wife, who are the mainsprings of the project.

Greene told me, "Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean, Kim Stanley, Julie Harris and Montgomery Clift all studied under the Strasbergs. Marilyn observes, studies and watches. She listens to lectures. Occasionally she is allowed to take part."

The Actors' Studio lets interested people like Marilyn sit in on an informal, guest basis. She is not an officially enrolled student member of the Actors' Studio, because you are not admitted there on that basis unless you have contributed something notable on the stage in a performance or have passed a series of exacting auditions. Just wanting to be in isn't enough. This is very smart of the Strasbergs, because it eliminates all those who are without talent; otherwise the studio would be full of women all seven feet tall and all trying to be actresses.

I said to Marilyn that I'd heard she'd spent some time with Terence Rattigan, the British playwright, discussing the screen play he was adapting for her from his London stage success, The Sleeping Prince, a vehicle in which Sir Laurence Olivier had played the prince. Sir Laurence had also agreed to play the same role opposite Marilyn and also to direct the film. "I had a bad cold the evening I spent with Mr. Rattigan, and he said I sounded like Tallulah Bankhead," Marilyn told me proudly. Then she added thoughtfully, "Mr. Rattigan is young, but not too young."

I asked her what she meant. She smiled and said, "I guess you want me to say over twelve and not quite ninety. I don't know how old Mr. Rattigan is. I'd say he's kind of ageless."

I asked her to give me a hint of the story line followed by The Sleeping Prince. "I'm an American chorus girl in London, in it," she said, "and the regent of a foreign country notices me and asks me to a reception at his country's legation. I wriggle into my only formal and go, only it turns out it's not a large gathering at all. In fact, it's the same stale bit that's been tried out on girls for the last three thousand years: dinner for two, candles, wine and soft music, when she's expecting other guests. The next thing I know, I've had too much champagne and I've passed out. I won't tell you any more. You ought to be willing to spend money to find out what happens next.

"The truth is," she said, "the plot is about a man who's been asleep—at least his emotional something or other has been asleep—but little by little a relationship builds up between him and this American chorus girl, and he begins to stir in his sleep, as you might say. He's a married man, but that doesn't complicate things because he's sophisticated about the whole deal. Terence Rattigan describes it as 'an occasional fairy tale or a comedy with serious overtones.'"

Weeks before, when I'd talked to Billy Wilder about Marilyn, I'd said to him, "I should think it would take a great deal of mature mental and moral strength to cope with becoming an enormous success overnight. It must be unsettling to suddenly become a sex symbol known all over the world."

Wilder replied, "It's my opinion that she's basically a good girl, but what's happened to her is enough to drive almost anybody slightly daffy, even someone who is armored with poise and calmness by his background and bringing up. You take a girl like Marilyn, who's never really had a chance to learn, who's never really had a chance to live, and suddenly confront her with a Frankenstein's monster of herself built of fame and publicity and notoriety, and naturally she's a little mixed up and made giddy by it all. However, I'd like to go on record with this: I worked with her in Seven Year Itch and I had a good time with her. She was seldom on time, but it wasn't because she overslept. It was because she had to force herself to come to the studio. She's emotionally upset all the time; she's scared and unsure of herself—so much so that when I worked with her I found myself wishing that I were a psychoanalyst and she were my patient. It might be that I couldn't have helped her, but she would have looked lovely on a couch."

"You mean you didn't get annoyed when she was late?" I asked.

"I understood the reasons for it," Wilder told me. "There was no use getting annoyed. Even at the beginning, when I discovered that I had let myself in for a certain amount of trouble, I found myself liking her. At no time did I find her malicious, mean, capricious or anything but conscientious. There are certain urges and drives in her which make her different, but, as a director, I think it worth combating those things and living with them in order to work with her."

I found myself hoping that Josh Logan, who will direct her in her next picture, the filmed version of Bus Stop, and Buddy Adler, the producer who bought that play for Fox, would feel the same way about her Wilder feels. That's what she does to you. In spite of her spells of procrastination carried to fantastic lengths, in spite of her verbal convolutions, you wind up liking her.

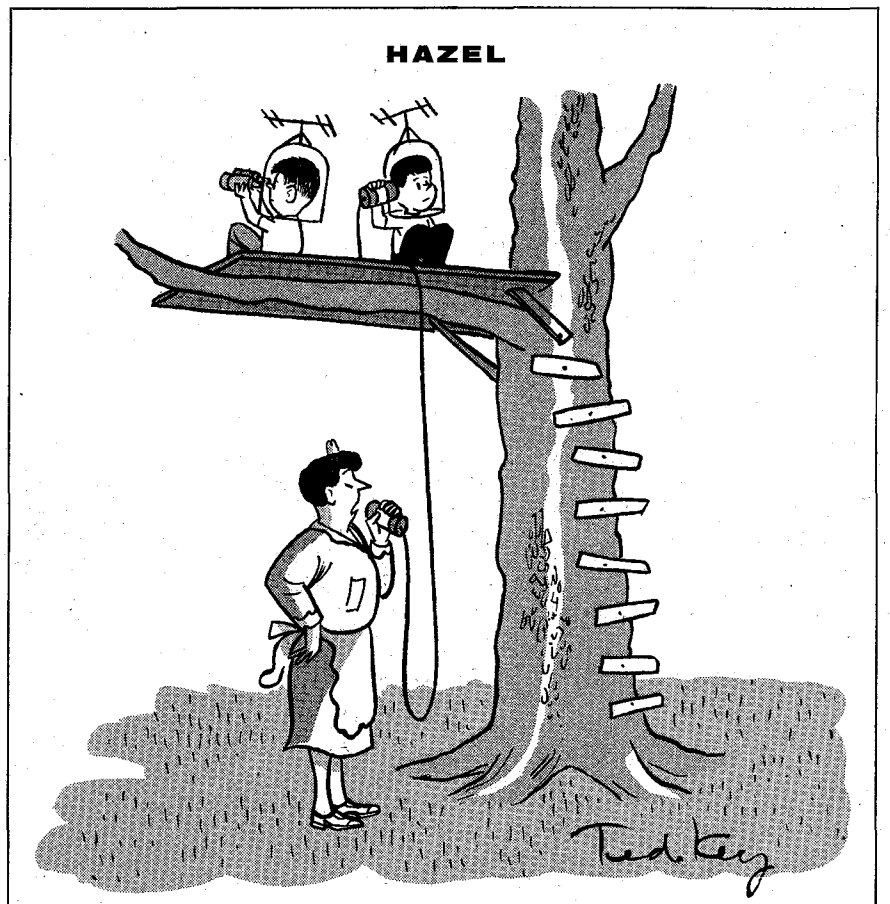
By "her" I mean, of course, all of the various Marilyn Monroes—and there are several of them. There is the sex-pot Marilyn Monroe; she's the one who tries so hard to live up to the legend of her sexiness that even her own stomach sometimes can't take it. Then there's the frightened Marilyn Monroe, product of a broken home and a battered childhood—a girl named Mortenson who still can't believe that she's that girl on the screen they're making all the fuss about. And last of all there is "The New Marilyn Monroe"—the one who is supposed to have emerged from the Actors' Studio as a composed and studied performer, "having achieved growth" and "developed more."

Somehow, as I neared the end of my interview, I found myself wondering if people would accept her as the new and different Marilyn Monroe she thinks she is. I had heard one man say, "Even if you hung Ethel Barrymore's and Helen Hayes' talent on Marilyn's beautiful body, people wouldn't take her acting seriously."

To my surprise, I realized that I was dreading the possibility that when she turned on her new brand of acting, audiences might laugh at her, as they laughed at Zasu Pitts when she went in for "heavy drahma" after a lifetime as a comedienne.

"It doesn't scare me," Marilyn told me bravely, when I mentioned my fears. "If I have the same things I had before I started to go to the Actors' Studio and I've added more—well, how can I lose?"

Whether she has really "added more" or not, I don't know. But, as she herself points out, she does—emphatically—still have the same things she had before. My guess is that they're still negotiable at the box office. THE END



"Earth to Venus. Your soup's getting cold."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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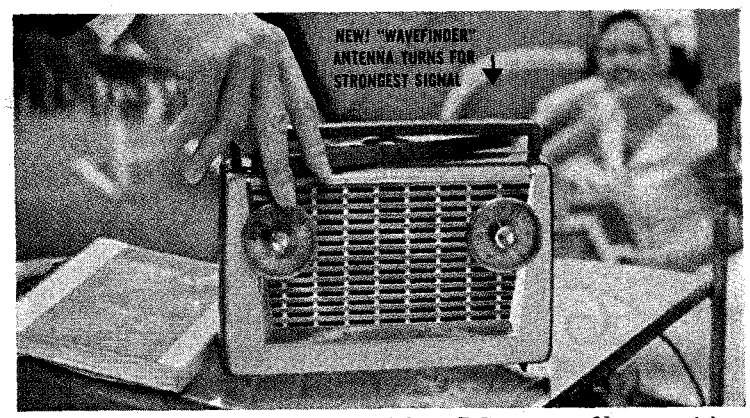

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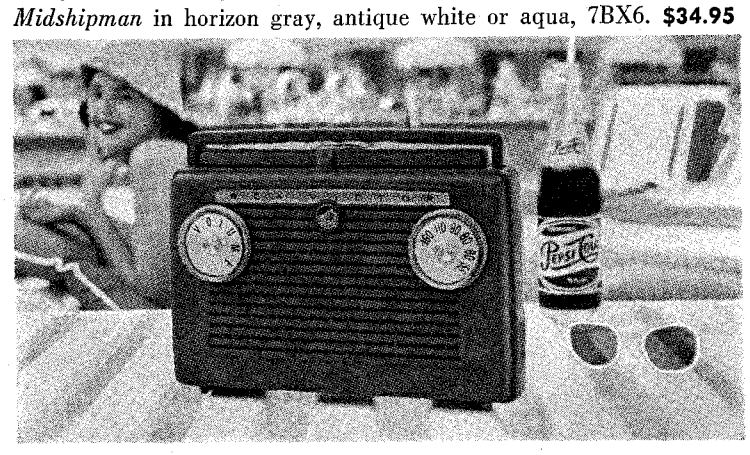

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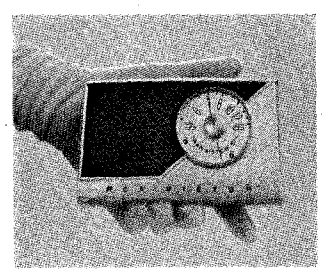

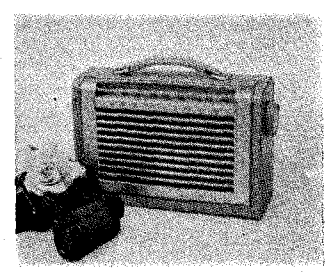

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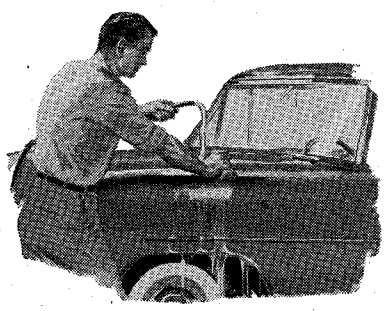

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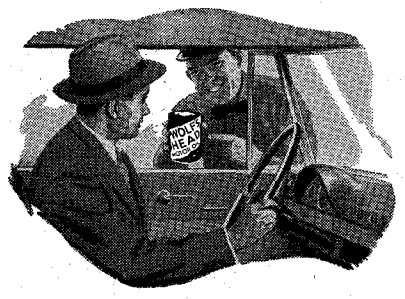

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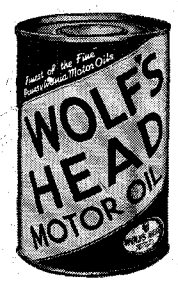

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Keeping Posted

Dog Kisses Man

Larry Keighley, in this rather terrifying photo, gives you Burton Rowles, page 48, being embraced by a patient in the Davis Animal Hospital. The Irish wolfhound, when all his feet are on the ground, is not taller than Rowles, but he weighs nearly as much. The author survived the experience.

Mellow Old England is Fun to Research

Beverly Smith, while studying Britain's rising young political star, Anthony Nutting, visited his home constituency of Melton, Leicestershire, and found it a lovely countryside dotted with village names like Frisby on the Wreak, Barrow Upon Soar, and Belvoir—pronounced Beaver. In this famous English hunting country the term "steeplechase" is said to have evolved; horsemen, when in a racing mood, used to tear across country heading for a distant church steeple.

Smith, who is our Washington editor, boarded a prehistoric taxicab and chugged over to gracious old Quenby Hall to lunch with his subject's parents, Sir Harold and Lady Nutting. On the way, they halted abruptly to let a cavalcade go by, the famous Quorn Hunt, in all the splendor of their pink coats and Thoroughbred mounts. For receiving the right of way, each horseman gravely saluted the cabbie and Smith.

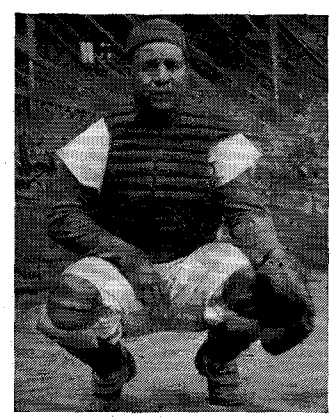
At the Hall, Sir Harold poured Smith a gin and orange, grumbling, "In London, they give you a ha'pennyworth of gin and a half-crown's worth of orange." Smith had no cause to grumble; he recalls, "Sir Harold followed an emphatically opposite recipe." After lunch there was exquisite 1917 port, and the meal included delicious Stilton cheese, which admirable product was invented at the Hall some centuries back by a dairymaid.

Smith, who is on page 34, found that Lady Nutting, despite years of living in England, hadn't lost her Irish wit and patriotism. "She pointed out (while Sir Harold remained discreetly silent) that Ireland had a considerable civilization when primitive Britons were still running around half naked." The lady observed, "They used to say that Ireland's chief exports were horses, Guinness stout and brides. I was in the third category."

Anthony Nutting's constituency contains ultramodern factories—and contrasts like Quenby Hall, rich in old portraits, tapestries and furniture dating back to Cromwell's time. During the war, government bureaucrats ruled that the Hall was a national monument, and must not be used as a hospital, whereupon Sir Harold promptly turned it into one. Lady Nutting says the only damage done was by carpenters sent by the government to protect the walls with fiberboard. "Under any flag," Bev Smith reflects, "bureaucrats are villains."

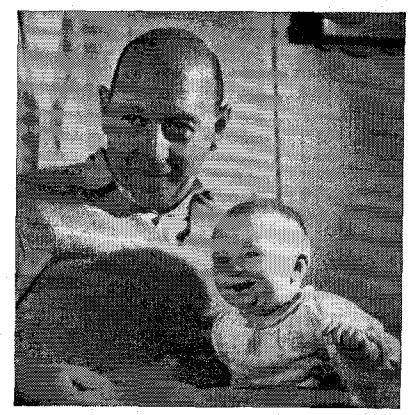
NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How I Catch a Ball Game"



As the most valuable player in the National League squats behind the plate, what does the man think about? You will be told, by Roy Campanella himself.

Mr. Herndon Could Have Kicked Himself



One evening when Booton Herndon was urging baby Sue, latest addition to his family, to go to sleep, he glanced out of the window and noticed "a bunch of fellows in the building next door, moving things around, bustling all over the place." After Sue passed out, papa strolled next door (the building was a new Lutheran church) and he found that men of the congregation were busily decorating the interior while the women stoked them with sandwiches and coffee—a real, old-fashioned church bee. Whereupon Herndon's face turned red and his brain got mad.

The reason: Herndon, who lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, had just returned from a thousand-mile motor trip through North Carolina to find out what church bees are like for page 54. He should have stood in his daughter's bedroom.

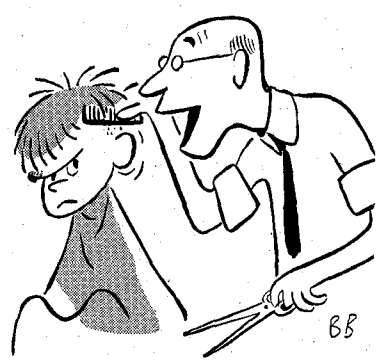
Pancakes and Calories

From author Sophie Kerr, who e presses a passion for pancakes on pa 30, comes a flash late-bulletin news e tra: "My latest adventure in pancakes having them very thin, soft with cri edges, slightly sweetened, a little melt butter brushed on, then a lavish coveri of red raspberry jelly; the cakes are th rolled and covered with more jelly, whi melts and oozes about to make a luscio ruby-colored sauce." But there's a cat in this. Red raspberry jelly without see is hard to come by, and seeds spoil t floating sauce. Bonus data: red raspbe ries don't jell like quinces and grap but this can be overcome by adding few red currants.

How about calories, Mrs. Panca Artiste? The lady says she is *not* ov weight, and finds a Size 16 dress (sui ble for her height) somewhat too loo

Why Do Barbers Talk?

Harlan Ware's appealing story of t barber who lost his voice, page 36, ca to his mind when he was four years in Plainview, Minnesota, and he had first haircut. The barber lifted up a w of little Harlie's hair, discovered an under it, and filled the ear with a men rable quantity of words. Ware then sp fifty years in research to find out w barbers talk. It took that long, avers because he interviewed them, or v versa, only during haircuts; and he o gets a haircut when his wife and t



daughters drag him, crying aloud in p test, to a barbershop. Also the wan number of his hairs has progressiv shortened the duration of the talkath

Ware thinks maybe barbers talk keep young; one of his story charac remarks, "I never seen a dead b ber. . . . Standin' up all day, exchan ideas and concepts, makes us healt The first half of that crack he attrib to barber John Vanderbur, who use tidy up Ware's head when he live Arcadia, California, and the second to his present hair surgeon, Frank Bar of Carmel, same state.

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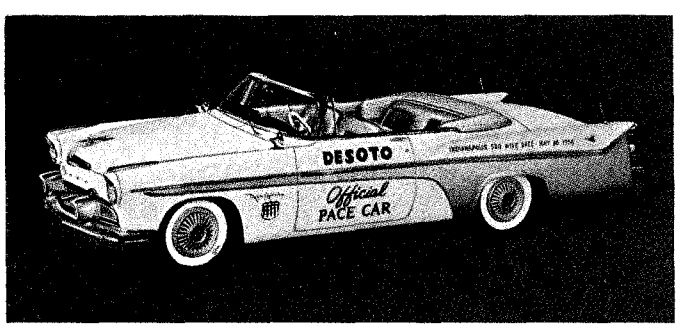

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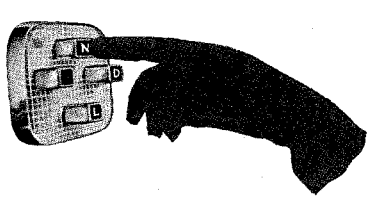

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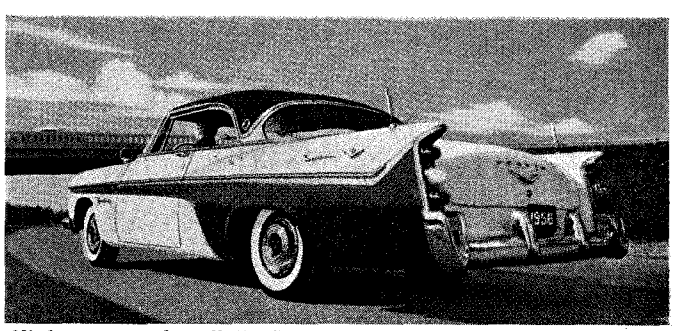

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